June 18, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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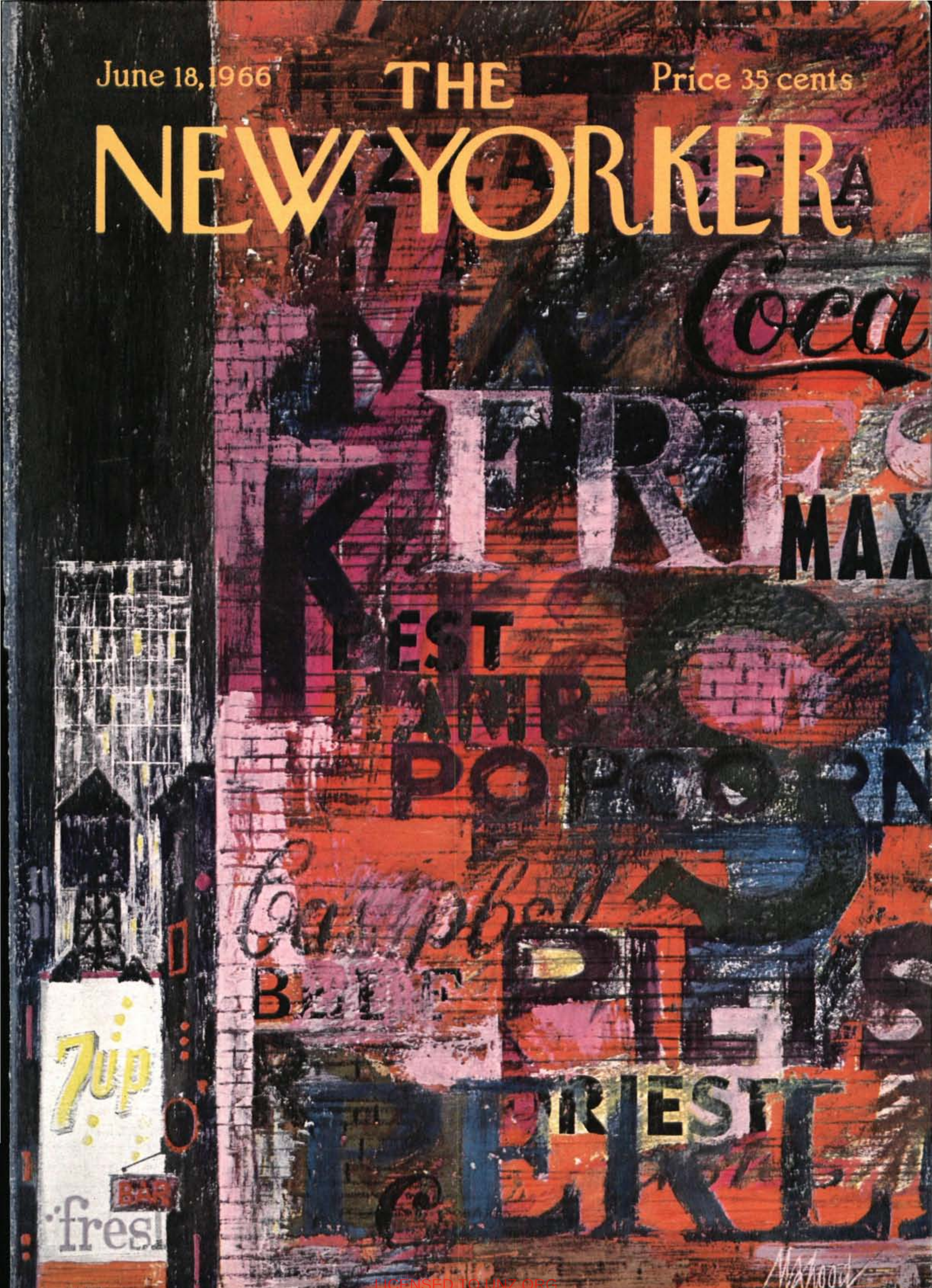
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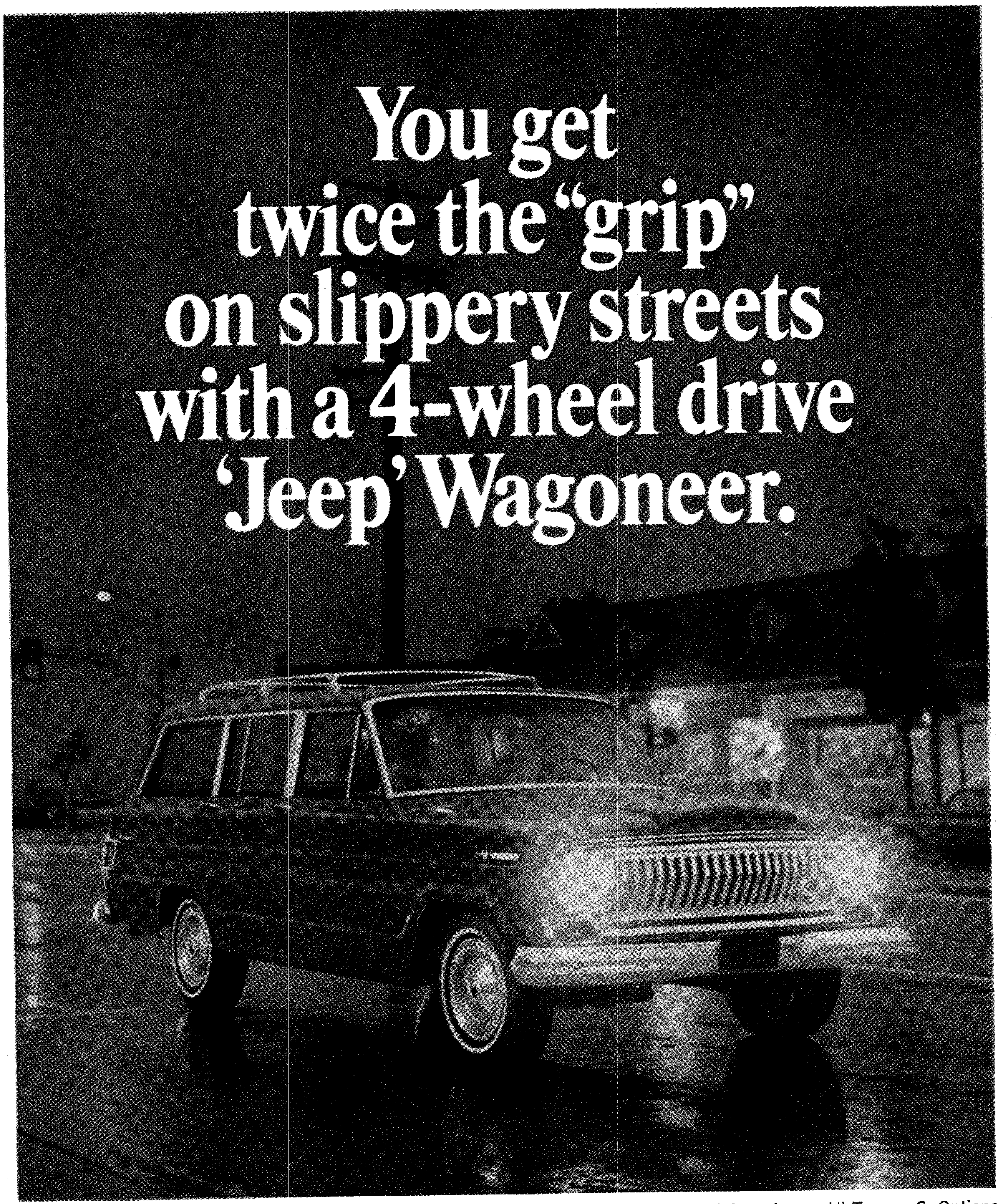
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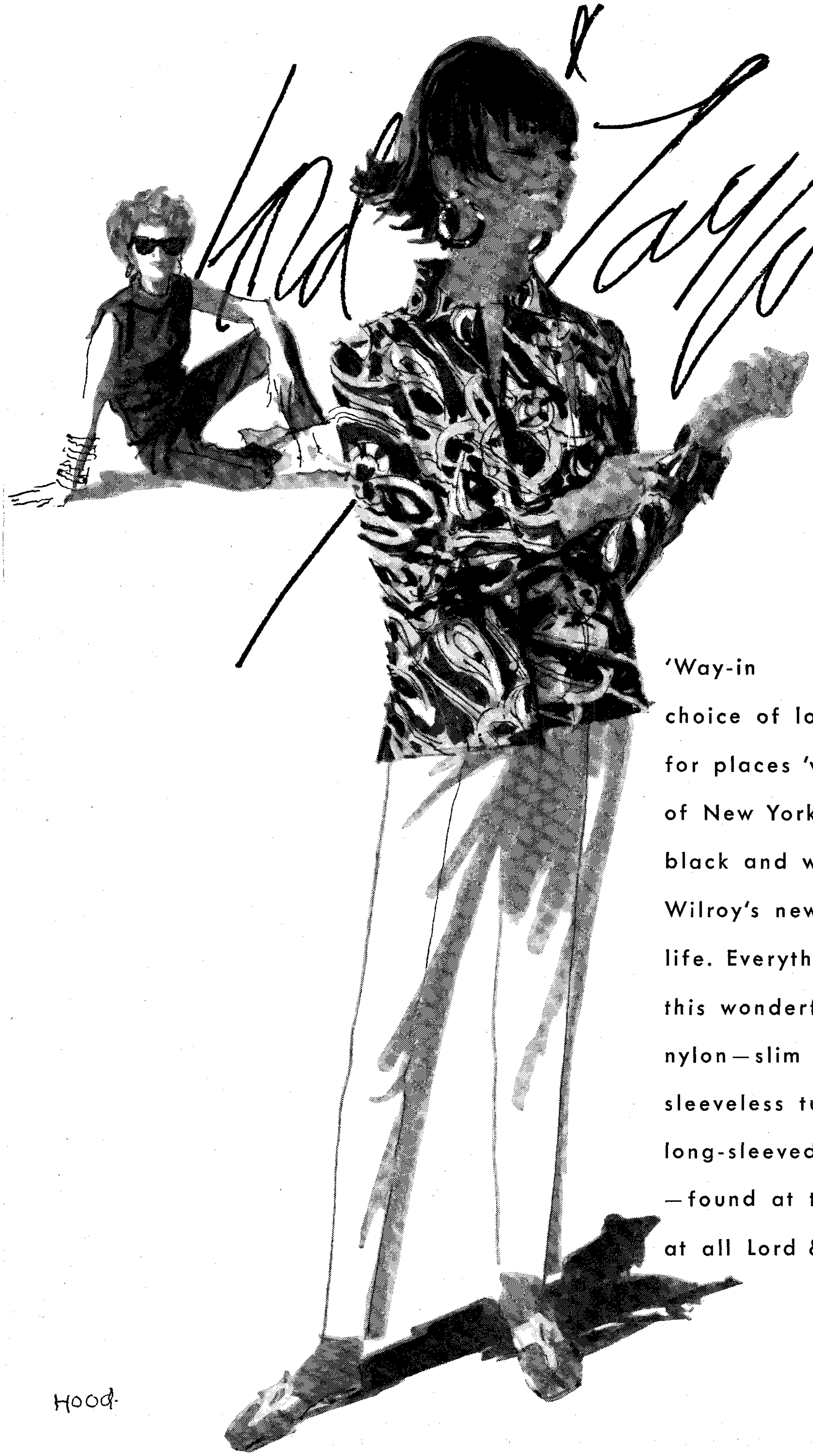

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, gambolling about in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 25.)

Hostile Witness—There are altogether too many dramatic recesses in this courtroom drama by Jack Roffey, but Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs give the proceedings a lift every now and then. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

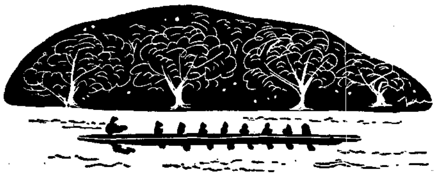
The Impossible Years—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play is by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Can't Take It with You—The APA Repertory Company's expert revival of the thirty-year-old comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb is the director, and he has made it seem as fresh and funny as it was in the first place. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 18.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Sandra Smith and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **luv:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gene Wilder. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the odd couple:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

MUSICALS

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman—The book of this rehash of a comic strip of a couple of decades ago is short on ingenuity, but its music, by Charles Strouse, and its lyrics, by Lee Adams, are not without merit. The cast—Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain are among those most prominent—is a fetching group. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Mame—In a season that hasn't been too well off for musicals, this version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and the orphaned nephew she is attempting to rear comes as something of a relief. It has a fine cast headed by Angela Lansbury, a frequently comic book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and solid music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography, by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are vivacious. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Time for Singing—Hard times in a coal-mining belt in Wales where unexpectedly the people as represented here have no lyrical ability. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **funny girl:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **half a sixpence:** Tony Tanner in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Julia Ward Howe. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**city center light opera company:** Hugh O'Brian, Vivian Blaine, Jan Murray, and Barbara Meister in **guys and dolls.** The last in a series of Frank Loesser musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **annie get your gun,** with Ethel Merman, is the first of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, July 9.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's **the caucasian chalk circle,** adapted by Eric Bentley. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 18.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **la forza del destino.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, June 16-17, at 8:30: **trial by jury** and **h.m.s. pinafore.** . . . ¶ Saturday, June 18, at 3 and 8:30: **the mikado.** . . . ¶ Sunday, June 19, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 21-22, at 8:30: **the pirates of penzance.** . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 23-24, at 8:30: **princess ida.** . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 3 and 8:30: **trial by jury** and **h.m.s. pinafore.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper

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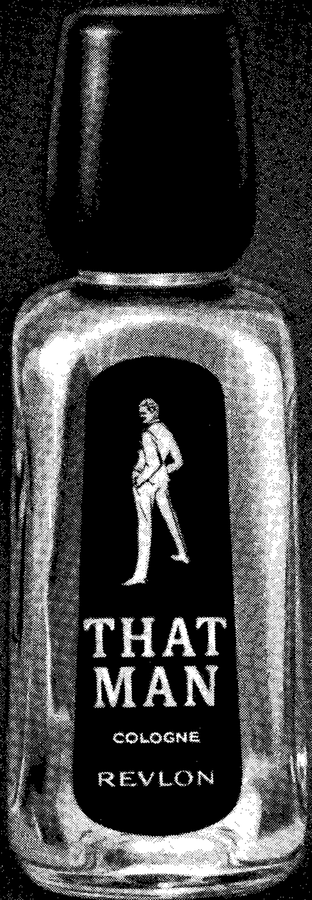
Mrs.
Paul
Newman
loves
'That
Man'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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—Arnold Wesker's play, with Rip Torn and Sylvia Miles. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, and Ray Middleton support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance—A melodrama set in nineteenth-century England about four soldiers who come to a mining town to expose the cruelty of war. The play is done as a sort of Victorian primitive, and whatever excitement it has (not much) lies in the manner rather than the matter, which is fairly conventional. Britain's John Arden is the dramatist. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Undercover Man—Robert Elston and Rebecca Darke in a two-character comedy by Norman Kennelly. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Günter Grass—A program of excerpts from the poems and novels of the modern German writer, as recited and performed by a company of five. The actors do pretty well, but it is Mr. Grass, his words evoking the spirit of wartime and postwar Germany, who steals the show. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL**, with Barbara Barrie, Richard Jordan, and Staats Cotsworth. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 2. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Edie Adams, who is always talking about cigars on the air, is speaking of many other things—ships and sealing wax and such—onstage during dinner and supper in the Royal Box. She sings and play-acts, too. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which hangs around the whole evening, is the author of the carefully thought-out dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The nights have grown longer since the dance band of Horace Diaz moved in among the dinner tables of the new wing, which, candy-striped from head to foot, looks exactly like the late Little Club—and such it actually is, complete in every detail, including Billy Reed, prop. The tunes begin at nine during the week and cease at two; they begin at ten on Fridays and Saturdays, when three is closing time. Sundays, another band is on duty from nine until two.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—After nine, *de-rigueur* dancing is par for this *concours*. Until then, Cliff Hall's band parades the restaurant. Sundays, no dancing, but perambulatory musicians are there until ten. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A convenient warehouse for keeping furs and jewels cool during the summer. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Charles Bubeck's orchestra perform for anyone who has time to dance. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Ben Cutler's boys from Boola Boola U. stick to the real New York beat every night of the week for whoever both dances and dines. Franco Pagani, a perky Roman, sings out every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The people whose business it is to convert every new soprano into a standard pattern have not quite succeeded with Bobbe Norris, who displays a zest of her own when she is given a free hand. Twice a night is her stint in the grand old Persian Room. Plenty of dance music is decanted by Mark Monte's revellers and Burt Farber's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ On the stroke of eight, the Palm Court becomes a tale of two cities—Vienna and whatever the capital of Ruritania is—with the assistance of Gunnar Hansen's gallant violin and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Peppermint striping is the decorative theme of Carmen Cavallaro's dance trio, which goes on, high in the sky, from eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

vander noot

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Les and Larry Elgart's band is the current naval architect, and complex indeed are the devices it employs. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette winds up its affairs, all of them regal ones, on Saturday, June 18, and the Roof begins its summer festival on Wednesday, June 22, with Quintero's Latin band (now in the Maisonette) and George Cort's crew. They will pulsate there every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . ¶ La Boite, the Maisonette's next-door neighbor, likewise calls it a season on Saturday, June 18, and so does Jani Sarkozi's Danubian violin, which sees action between seven and twelve-thirty.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The starlight under which the guests dance from eight to one every night (Phil Wayne's mob and a Latin assemblage do the honors) is sometimes provided only by planes hopefully looking for Kennedy or LaGuardia, but even so it's a great way to get people outdoors.

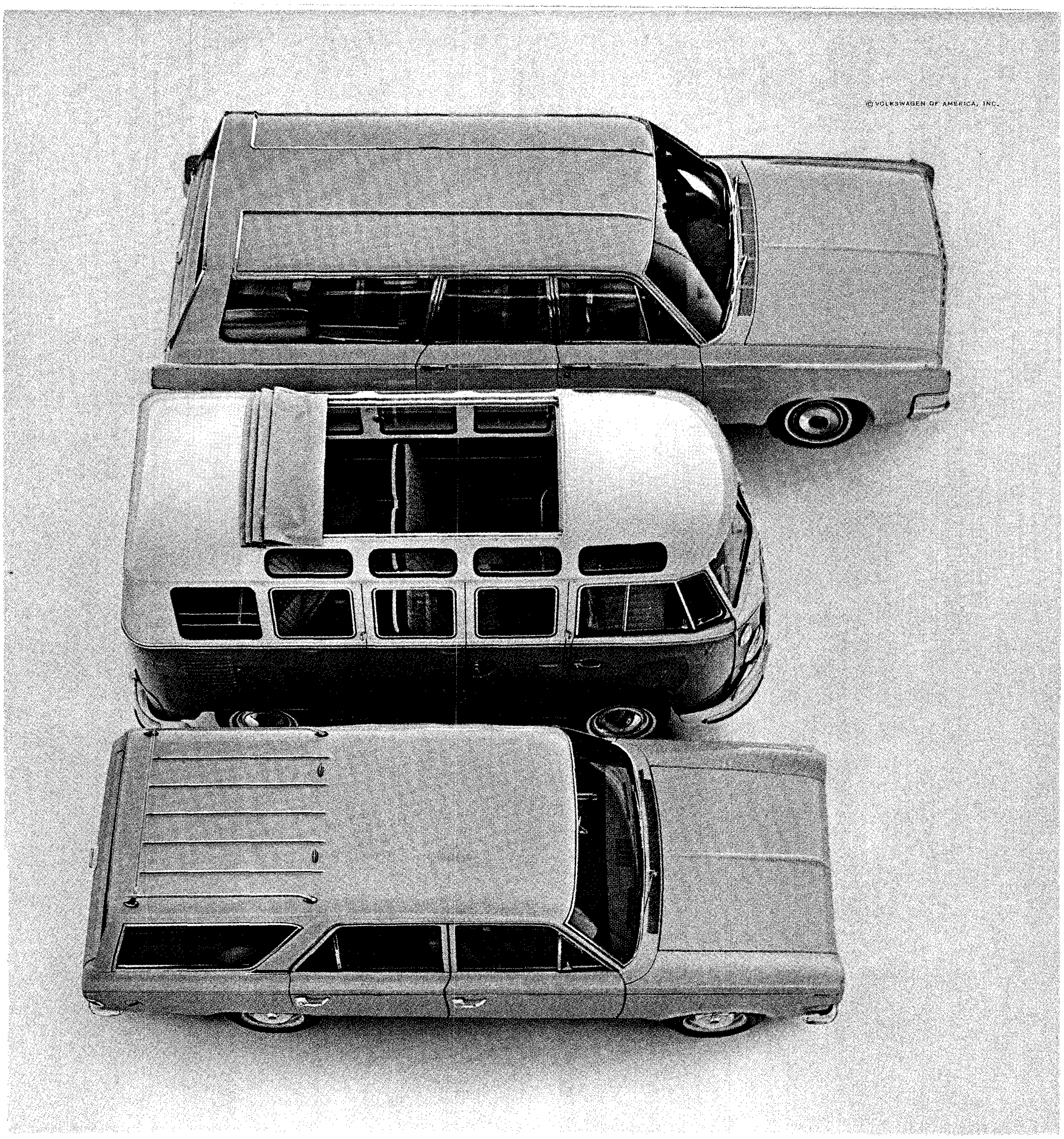
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens from cocktail time until eight or nine, is right up Peacock's Alley. The little dance band (Dino Palermo is its heartfelt tenor) that bowls in the Alley from nine to one will depart on Saturday, June 18. Thereafter, a new schedule will be in effect—Mr. Hartley at the piano from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and Roland Granier's dance trio from eight to one Fridays and Saturdays.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. Every sport but the Twist and its offspring is permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Public life made easy by customers who have been in the business for years and have loved every moment of it. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Town house in Firenze, with cookery, tenory, and sopranory to match. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday each week, there is at-your-leisure dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor is grand old Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another crew works out. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second



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Even if you own the biggest conventional station wagon made, it holds much less than the Volkswagen Station Wagon.

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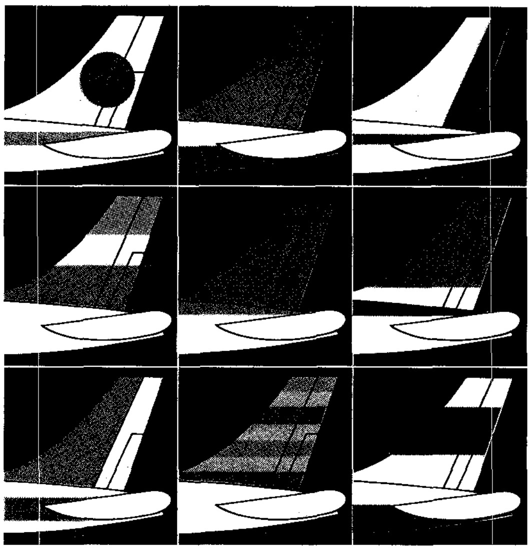
paint is only skin deep



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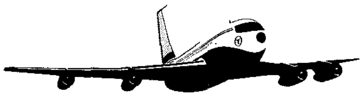

CONTINENTAL The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARLIE BATES**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Neighborhood bars may have been like this sixty years ago, but even if they were not, this effort at total recall delights the young people. The music—Ernie Kemm's piano, and the choral work of a group called the Dirty Shames, sets to at seven; Sundays, in their place, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band bleats from four until one. The menu is plain but hearty. . . . **BELL'S**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): The comforts of home, and the happy congregating of young and old for a mannerly Old Home Week. George Taylor's trio, which is always on the verge of sing-along, chortles from nine until three. It stays home Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Charles De Forest, his piano, and his songs are for the dusk-to-dawn dwellers in big cities. He is absent Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, will be best represented during its span of life by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. Some of the music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers, and some of it is woven on the spot. Killer Joe Piro, leader of the lost generation born in the shadow of the Peppermint Lounge, does a special shivaree—assisted by half a dozen acolytes—at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. Taps sounds at three or four. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine and by certain members of the human race named the Brotherly Loves (Tuesdays through Thursdays), the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the table fare is tenuous, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion whose guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one. Sundays, Forrest Perrin, his expert lieutenant, gets to use the keyboard instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do (and doing it superbly), with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, there is piano from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The scenery of this landed estate makes us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on. Kurt Maier's Viennese piano is available from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday. Tony Gorody's well-constructed piano is on approximately the same running time, except on Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dreams of Empire, all right, but of the one that once lay along the Neva and the Volga. Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is Venetian-glass. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): This portion of the Hotel Westbury is given over to dining and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on deck from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner ends his annual tour of duty (six-thirty until midnight) at the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park on Saturday, June 18. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose René Bouché murals do a reprise of Rome at sundown, an accordion burbles from seven to nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE**, 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, which is a bar first and foremost, there is voice and pianoforte by Kelly Rand from five-thirty to twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Vincent Edwards has forsworn Dr. Ben Casey, Medicare, and all that to be himself again—

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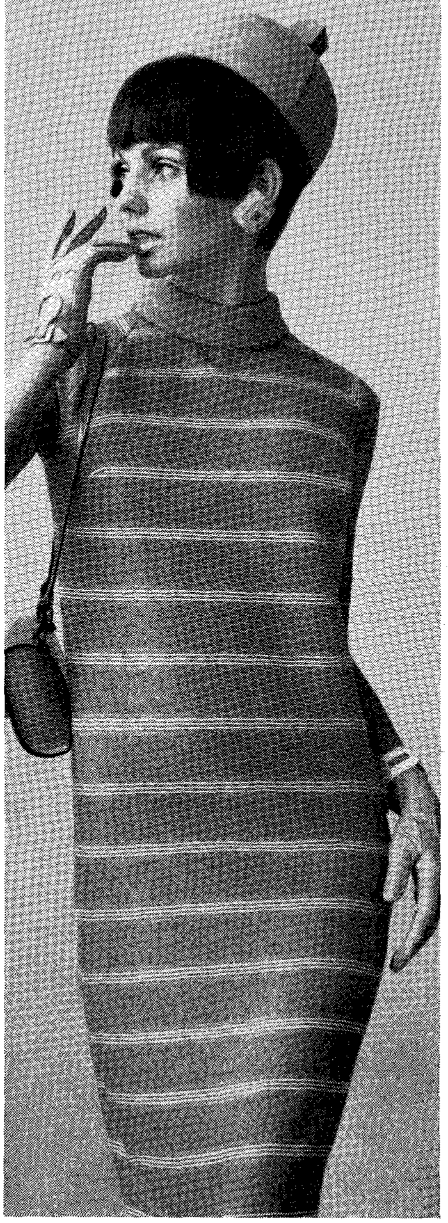

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

singer, dancer, chatterer. The humorist on the bill is not to be believed (or listened to), but there is a bouquet of new Copa ballerinas to make up for that. Mr. Edwards departs on Wednesday, June 22; next evening's accessions are singer Brook Benton and comedian Hank Bradford. Dancing for the table-sitters as well. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten until who knows when, there is boom and zoom on the bandstand. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing," a Never-Never Land in which girls outnumber boys six to one and (in a special sense) outstrip them, too, is a leisurely parade that lasts nearly two hours. The pride of the paraders is Betty Jo Alvies, a Class A puma. The principal guest is Bobby Rydell, a singer who represents Bonnie Prince Charlie to the youth of the nation. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): If all wits were as funny as Jackie Vernon sinking deeper and deeper into the depths of his special despair, we would all be as happy as kings. With him go Doc Severinsen's sextet and the caterwaulers known as the Four Tops. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The hipbone disconnected from the thighbone, the thighbone disconnected from the anklebone. The young, doing dances their fathers never taught them in clothes their mothers never made them, submit to this seemingly painless operation from nine-thirty until four every night. The lighting and the music, both of them live and voluminous, are contrived by Marat/Sade. No dining.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk, going back to the days of our collective childhood and of Le Ruban Bleu, is recreating that *hors concours* variety show, with the aid of himself (as interlocutor), Charlotte Rae (as sportive diseuse), Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra (those nimble and nutty Cantabrigians), and others of the sort. Nine-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who aim to prove that all Spanish life is not grim, earnest, and flamenco, are being (as always) musical and mobile. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. On Sundays, just one show, at ten. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados' guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre, expansive in mood and cuisine. Roberto Iglesias and his Ballet Español explode like so many firecrackers, and they're all on a very short fuse. Dancing. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Previews of a new revue, "Below the Belt," are being conducted at nine-thirty and midnight, and the official opening is scheduled for Tuesday, June 21. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them does an after-the-theatre turn in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Generous measure is the mood, for not only Thelonious Monk's quartet but Sonny Rollins' foursome is on hand. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This emporium, a two-layer cake, combines a street-level restaurant with a belowstairs cave. Up top, late every evening but Monday, there is the glitter-glitter of the Dave Pike trio and Bobby Timmons' piano. Sunday afternoons (five to nine) there are offertories by other jazz men. . . . ¶ In the grotto, Horace Silver's hemi-demi-semi-quaver quintet and Gloria Lynne's busting-out-all-over arias take place. On Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, Dick Gregory, a comedian who is always at odds with the sheriff of Nottingham, will be added to the cast. On Tuesday, June 21, Ramsey Lewis's trio and Howie Storm's witticisms will replace the Silvers and Miss Lynne. Every Monday, down under is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy and hero-sandwich forge. Clark Terry's quartet is under way in its subterranean fashion. Friday through Sunday, June 17-19, Carol Sloane, a bust-them-wide-open soprano, will also be here. On Tuesday, June 21, Randy Weston's sextet will take charge. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The land of the coffee bean and usually of the folk song, which at the moment is represented by the Highwaymen and Jake Holmes. The Uncalled-For 3 are jokers. The regulars, as is the custom here, lay off each Tuesday. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Freddie Hubbard's quintet and jazz singer Betty Carter come to a stop on Sunday, June 19, to be replaced on Tuesday, June 21, by another crew. Mondays offer a change of pace: the trio of Daphne Hellman, whose delicate weapon is the harp, and the piano of Irma Jurist, whose sharp weapon is her tongue. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A fine cottage industry—handmade music of the old-fashioned kind. It is good to listen to, good to dance to. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, and Ruby Braff. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently being put together by the Grant Green-John Patton quartet. Its final night is Sunday, June 19, and on Tuesday, June 21, Yusef Lateef's quintet returns to action. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other outfit occupies the stand.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Emile Bernard and Emile Schuffenecker—Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by both artists, plus a series of tapestries by Bernard; through July 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Max Bill—Sculptures and paintings by a Swiss artist; through Friday, June 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Frederic Edwin Church (1826-1900)—A benefit exhibition of paintings, oil sketches, and drawings, mostly landscapes; through June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

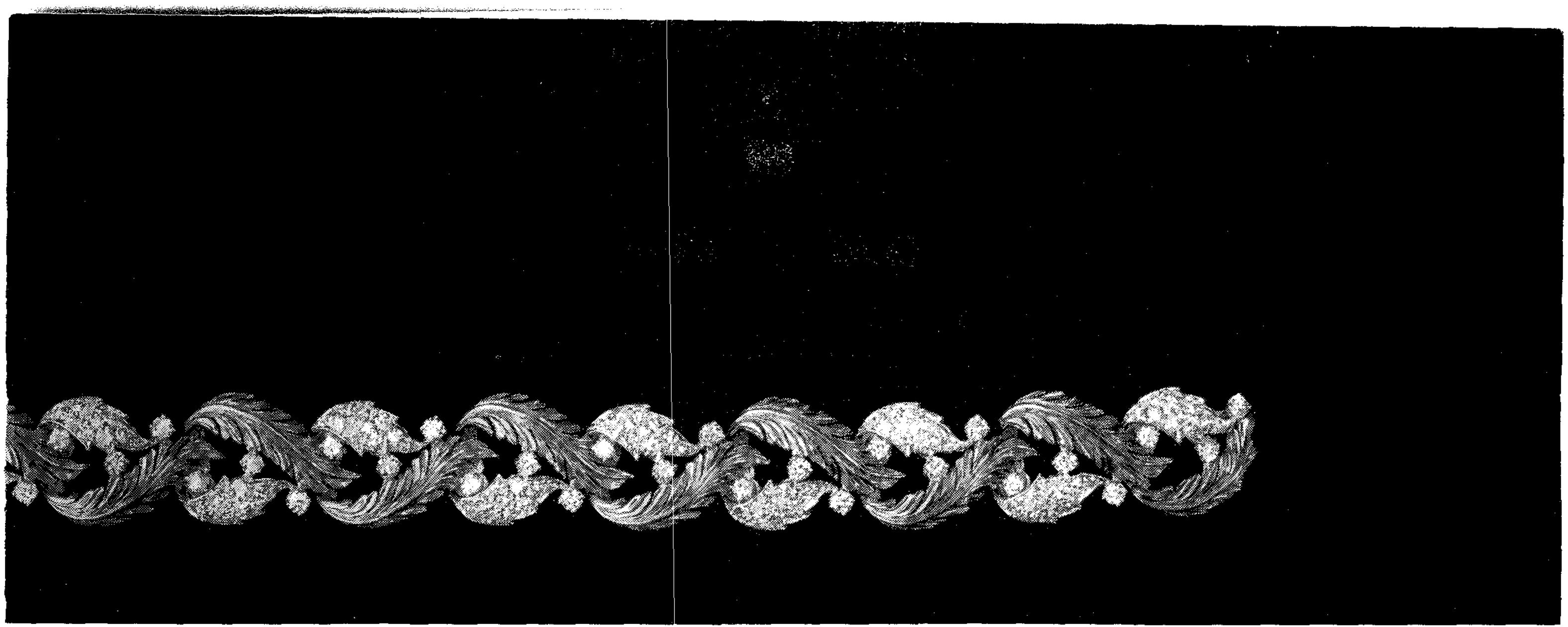
William Clutz—Paintings of New York scenes; through Friday, June 24. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Graham (1881-1961)—Figurative oils and drawings; through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Frederick Kiesler—"Creatures, Landscapes, Prairies," a retrospective show of sculptures by the late architect-sculptor-painter; through June 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Bronze and terra-cotta sculptures; through June 30. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Wilson—Abstract Expressionist paintings;



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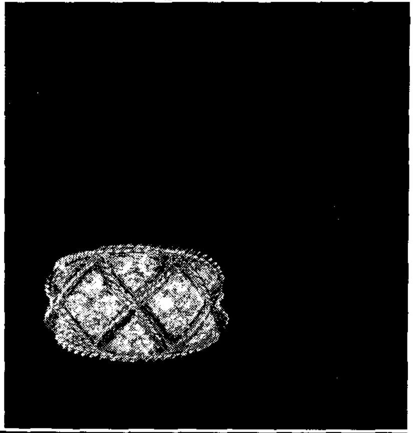

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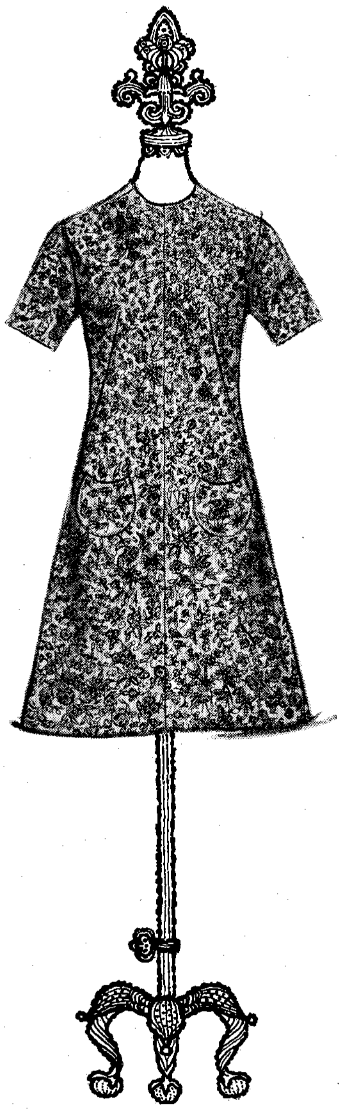

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, June 18. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Moses Soyer, William Gropper, and John Kearney; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by such gallery artists as Jack Levine, Bryan Wilson, and Oliver Andrews; through July 1. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by William Thon, Nathan Hale, Robert Vickrey, and other artists regularly associated with the gallery; through July 8. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in a show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through June 30. . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Andy Warhol, Philip Held, and Seong Moy are some of the participants in an exhibition of graphics and drawings; through June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and drawings on the theme "Of River and Sea" by (for instance) Bonnard, Monet, and Winslow Homer; through July 29. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Saturdays.)

Europeans; Group Show—Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Etienne Martin are among the contributors to an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through July 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Brazilians; Group Show—Raimundo de Oliveira, Nelson Seoane, Manabu Mabe, and four other painters; through June 30. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Saturdays.)

Chinese; Group Show—Paintings and calligraphy by Ch'i Pai-shih, James C. M. Lo, Wang Chen, and others; through Friday, June 17. (Gallery of Chinese and American Art, 399 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Americans on the Go," an exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs dealing with the westward expansion in America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and watercolors by Joseph Mallord William Turner, most of them lent by the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; through Sunday, June 19. (Thursday, June 16, from 11 to 9; Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, from 11 to 7; and Sunday, June 19, noon to 7. Thereafter weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Stations of the Cross," a series of paintings by Barnett Newman; through Sunday, June 19. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings by thirty-six artists from nine Latin-American countries; through Sunday, June 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum is scheduled to open at this new address in late September.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art, ranging from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Edward Albee, Virgil Thomson, and James Dickey. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Moses Soyer, Jacques Lipchitz, Romaldo Giurgola, Carroll Cloar, and others; through June 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"7000 Years of Iranian Art," an exhibition of metalwork, ceramics, textiles, glass, and paintings from the Archaeological Museum, in Teheran; through Sunday, June 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—The collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Weldon, consisting of paintings and drawings of the Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. The artists include Anthony van Dyck, Jacob van Ruisdael, and Constantin Guys. Through June 30. . . . ¶ "Art in Process," an exhibition of structures, together with the preliminary drawings and models relating to them, by such artists as Richard Artschwager, Chryssa, and Will Insley; through June 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through July 29. . . . ¶ Drawings of children—Parmigianino to Kate Greenaway; through July 29. . . . ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen USA '66," a selection of works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Tools, Stoneware, and Soldiers' Gear," an exhibit of hand-wrought farm implements from the collection of Eric Sloane, and decorated military items from the collection of William Guthman; through Sept. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—African sculptures (in wood, ivory, gold, and brass) from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Kinetic art (paintings, sculptures, electronic contrivances, and the like) shown in four room settings, and produced by a group of artists known as Usco; through Sunday, June 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, the final performances of the season—Andre Kostelanetz conducting a varied program on Thursday, June 16, at 8:30 (with Amalia Rodrigues, mezzo-soprano); and another varied program on Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, at 8:30 (with Grant Johannesen, piano). . . . ¶ Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting a program of romantic music on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 21-22, at 8:30 (with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin); and a program of French music Thursday through Saturday, June 23-25, at 8:30 (with Moura Lympany, piano).

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news.)—**CENTRAL PARK MALL**: Ralph V. Affoumado conducting the City Symphony Orchestra. (Saturday, June 18, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given the following night.) . . . ¶ Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30; first concert Wednesday, June 22.) . . . ¶ "Tosca," in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. (Thursday, June 23, at 8.) . . . **RIVERSIDE PARK**: Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the second of two concerts, this one with William Lewis, clarinet. (Monday, June 20, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the Strauss Community Center,

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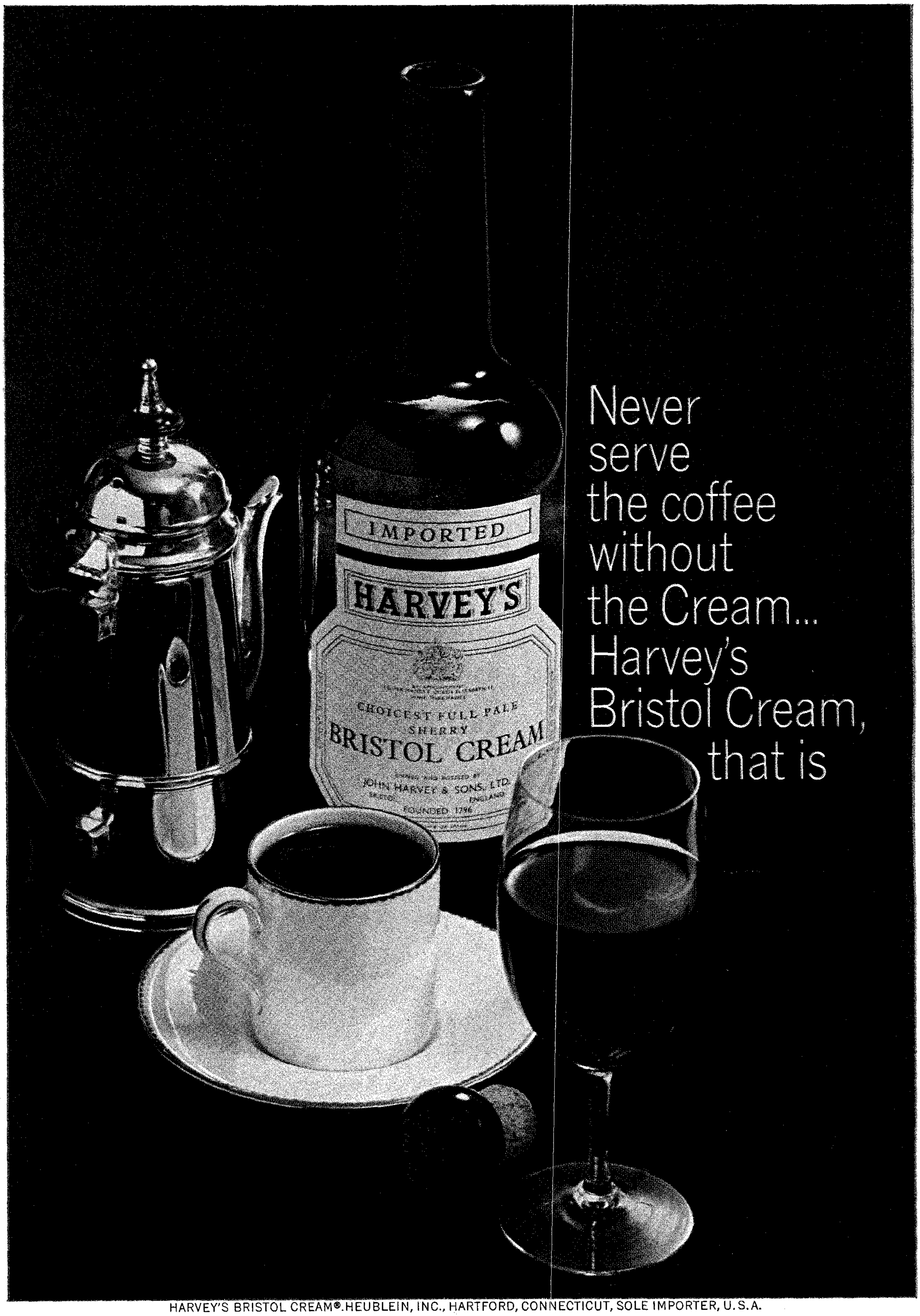
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

270 W. 70th St.)... EAST RIVER PARK AMPHITHEATRE: Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band. (Thursdays at 8:30; first concert June 23.)

Jazz Concert—Ruby Braff's septet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, June 23, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, June 16, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 17, at 8; Saturday, June 18, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 19, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Tuesday, June 21, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, June 22, at 7; and Thursday, June 23, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 24, at 8, and Saturday, June 25, at 2:15.

Boxing—George Chuvalo vs. Oscar Bonavena, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday, June 23. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 18.)... ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 18; varsity race at 7.)... ¶ New York Athletic Club Regatta. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Saturday, June 25, at 2.)

Golf—Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Jericho, L.I. Monday through Friday, June 20-24.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 16-19.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, June 18-19.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.... BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 18; the National Stallion (for fillies), Wednesday, June 22; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 25.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. Starting Monday, June 20, a boat will leave Battery Park at 10:15, and be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)... WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 25.

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, June 18, at 3:30, and Sunday, June 19, at 2.

Tennis—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (East Orange Tennis Club, East Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, June 19.)... ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Saturday, June 18, through Sunday, June 26.)

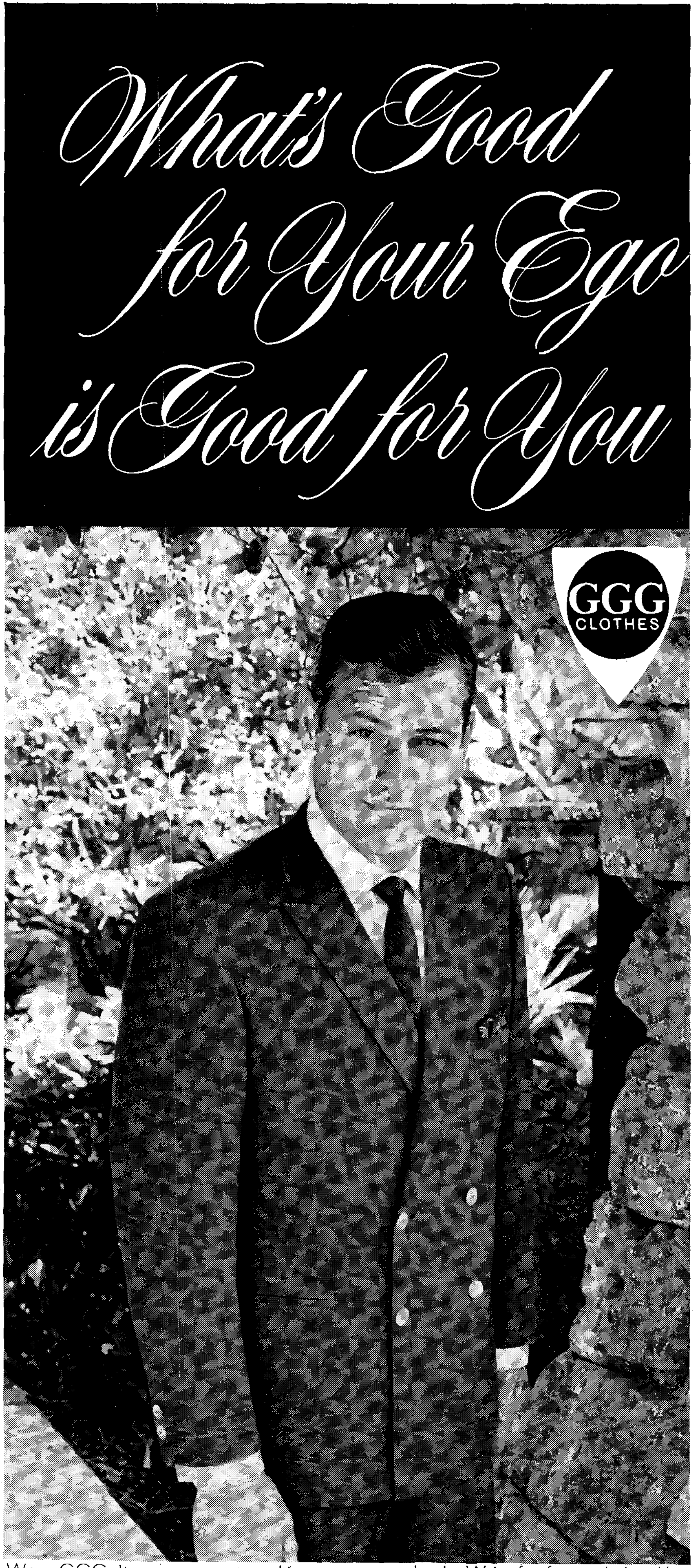
Track Meet—National A.A.U. Track and Field Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday and Sunday, June 25-26, at 2:30.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, July 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 18.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.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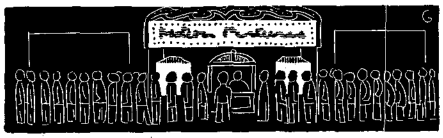
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

A Big Hand for the Little Lady—A tense and funny Western about a poker game. Among the fine actors on display (around the table) are Henry Fonda, Paul Ford, Charles Bickford, John Qualen, and Joanne Woodward, and (on the sidelines) Burgess Meredith, as a somewhat punkish doctor. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

Le Bonheur—A picture small in scale, delightful in tone, and less romantic than it looks at first glance, the subject being happiness. Written and directed with great intelligence by Agnès Varda and starring Jean-Claude Drouot, his wife, and two small children. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Dear John—Explicit in word and deed, this picture tells of a couple who find it much harder to love than to make love. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. Directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Flight of the Phoenix—A superior tale about a group of men lost in the desert and fighting to survive. With James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger, and directed by Robert Aldrich. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting June 22, tentative.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums—A documentary about the late President, originally intended only for showing abroad. It is imperfect, even as propaganda, but is, of course, worth seeing. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting June 22.)

Lady L—Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman, in a comedy that the director, Peter Ustinov, evidently doesn't expect us to believe, perhaps because he wrote the witty, flimsy screenplay. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. . . . ¶ State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through June 21.)

Mandragola—A light, unpretentious, and very decorative satire set in Florence in 1500 and based on a bawdy comedy by Machiavelli. Among the targets, each of which is hit squarely, are cuckoldry, complacency, chastity, and corruption. In Italian. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Meet Me in Moscow—The young set in a Moscow that seems very like Paris, and very cheerful, too. Directed by Georgi Danelia. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through June 19.)

Morgan!—A troubled young man tears London apart in an attempt to make people love one another as much as he thinks great apes love other great apes. A very strange comedy indeed, marvellously acted by David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave, under the direction of Karel Reisz. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through June 20. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting June 21.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; through June 19. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Ship of Fools—A superb melodrama in the old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through June 21.)

The Shop on Main Street—A Czechoslovakian picture that is both tragic and comic and is wonderfully acted by Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective who tries to stop the massacre. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664; through June 21.)

A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting June 22.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. With an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Where the Spies Are—David Niven plays a gentle doctor suddenly pitted against a passel of international secret agents. A witty movie, well written and well directed. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

REVIVALS

Atget (1963)—An eleven-minute short, made up of still photographs of Paris and environs taken by Eugène Atget a long time ago. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 16.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—A Vittorio De Sica film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 21.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through June 21.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—An account of a Russian family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 17-20.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 20.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly in a film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 21.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 22.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 22.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 19.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 16.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; June 20-21.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 19.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through June 19.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 16.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

North by Northwest (1959)—A crowded summation of all Hitchcock stories, with a dash of Pearl White. With Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 21.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 17.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through June 21.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. With Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 17-20.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Cecil B. deMille's chronicle of the life and times of Moses. Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, and Cedric Hardwicke. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through June 20.)

The Train (1965)—How the Nazis attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 21.)

Variety Lights (1965)—Federico Fellini's first film, made in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 17.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—June 16 at 2, 5:30, and 8; June 17 at 2 and 5:30; and June 18 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Adieu Phillipine" (1961), in French. . . . ¶ June 19 at 2 and 5:30 and June 20 at 2: "Salt for Svanetia" (1930), a Russian film, with French titles. . . . ¶ June 21 at 2 and 5:30: "A Simple Case" (1930), a Russian film, with French titles. . . . ¶ June 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Benjy" (1951) and three other short films. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—June 16-17 at 3 and 5:30: Entries for the Thirteenth Annual Robert Flaherty Documentary Film Awards. . . . ¶ June 18 at 2: Winners of the Thirteenth Annual Robert Flaherty Documentary Film Awards. . . . ¶ June 19 at 2 and 4: "8 x 8" and "Passionate Pastime," both directed by Hans Richter. . . . ¶ Starting June 21, showing 3 to 5:30: Eight U.P.A. cartoons and nine boxing films. . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through June 19: **MY FAIR LADY.**
June 20-22: Theatre closed.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Glass Bottom Boat," Doris Day, Rod Taylor.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Naked Prey," Cornel Wilde.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through June 21: **LADY L.**
From June 22: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, revival.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
CAMILLE, revival; and **NINOTCHKA**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters; and "High Infidelity" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Endless Summer," a documentary film on surfing.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through June 20: **MORGAN!**
From June 21 at 8:30: "The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. A limited number of seats are available at the box office. Thereafter daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
LE BONHEUR (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 20: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, revival.
From June 21: **MORGAN!**

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through June 21: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French).
From June 22: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through June 21: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.
From June 22: **THE KNACK**; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LADY L.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 21: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
From June 22: "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 21: **NORTH BY NORTHWEST**, revival; and "Sweet Bird of Youth," revival, Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.
From June 22 (tentative): **THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX**; and "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 21: **SHANE**, revival; and "Paradise, Hawaiian Style," Elvis Presley.
From June 22: "The Last of the Secret Agents?," Marty Allen, Steve Rossi; and "The Night of the Grizzly," Clint Walker.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Stagecoach," Ann-Margret.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 16: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; **ATGET**, revival; and "Ordet" (in Danish), revival.
June 17-20: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival.
From June 21: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through June 19: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
June 20-21: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.
June 22: "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Would-Be Gentleman" (both French revivals, performed by the Comédie-Française).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
WHERE THE SPIES ARE; and "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
TO DIE IN MADRID; and **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 20: "The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison; and "Johnny Nobody," Nigel Patrick, Aldo Ray.
June 21: "The Firefly," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones; and "Bitter Sweet," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From June 22: "Last of the Renegades," Lex Barker; and "The Guns of Navarone," revival, Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DARLING; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Magnificent Concubine" and "Bride-Napping" (both with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Duel at Diablo," James Garner, Sidney Poitier.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MANDRAGOLA (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Girl-Getters," Oliver Reed.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through June 19: **MEET ME IN MOSCOW.**
From June 20: "Engagement Italiano" (in Italian), Rossano Brazzi.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

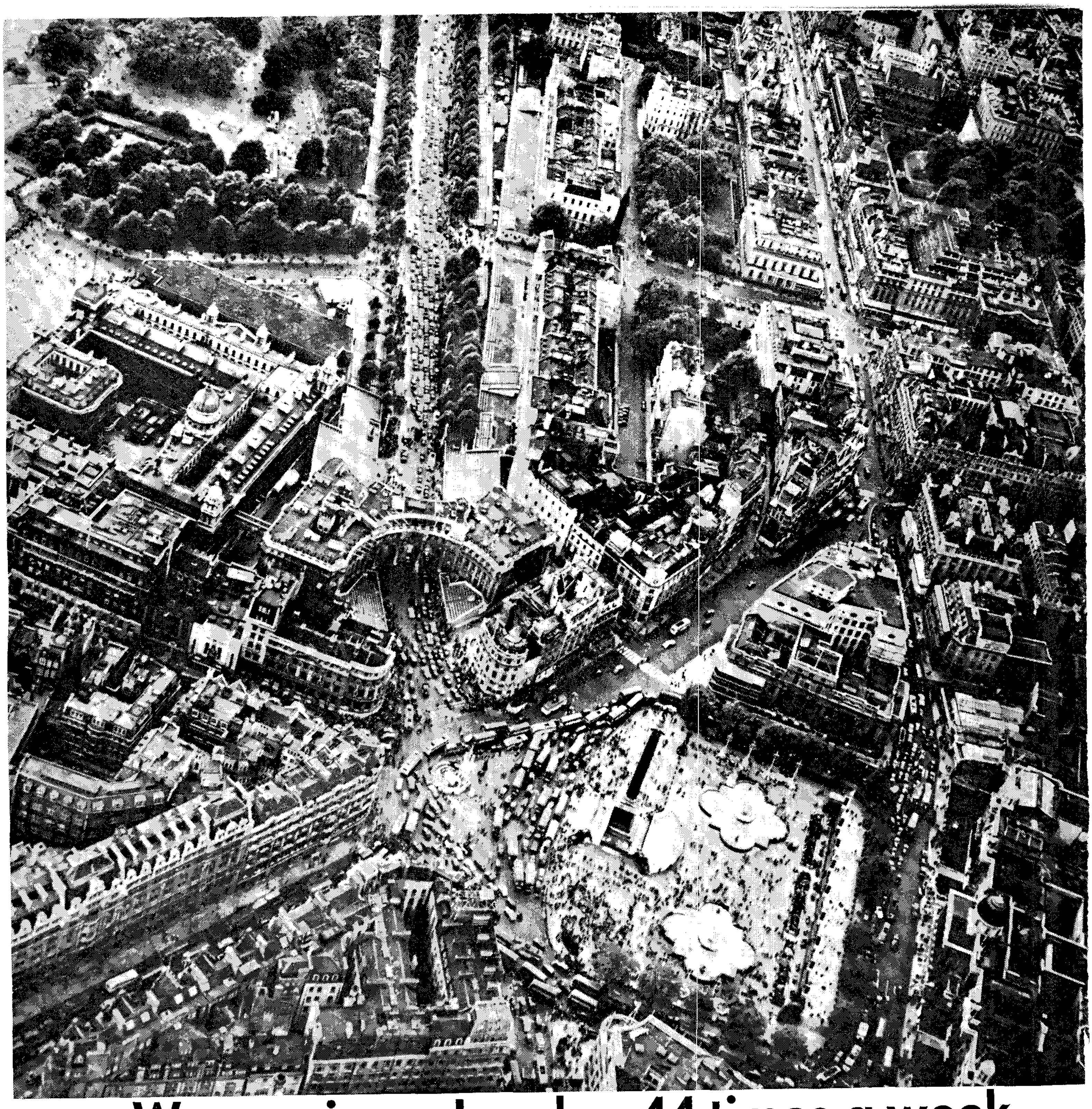
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Up to His Ears" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 19: **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**, revival; and **HORSEFEATHERS**, revival.
June 20-22: "Murder at the Vanities," revival, Victor McLaglen, Jack Oakie; and "Annie Get Your Gun," revival, Betty Hutton.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 21: **THE TRAIN**, revival; and "The Hill," Sean Connery.
From June 22: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 16: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and "The Lower Depths" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Louis Jouvet.
June 17: **VARIETY LIGHTS** and **OPEN CITY** (both in Italian and both revivals).
June 18: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
June 19: "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris; and "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers.
June 20: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "Testament of Orpheus" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
June 21: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand.
June 22: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist; and "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), revival, Corinne Marchand.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.



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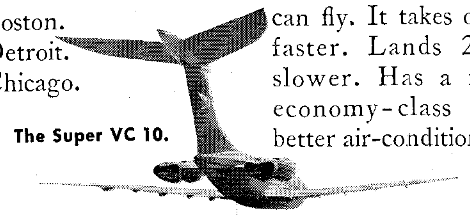

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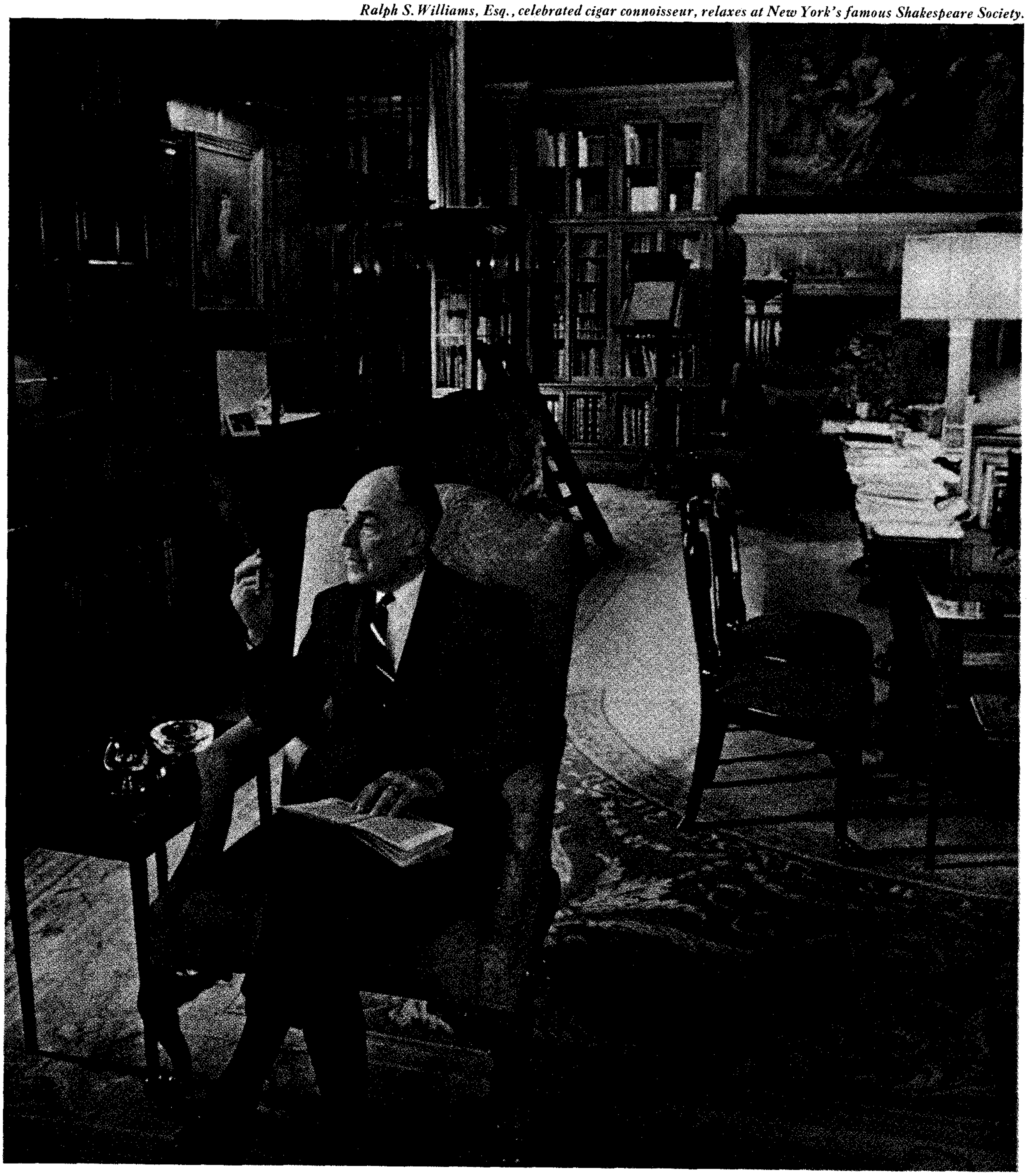
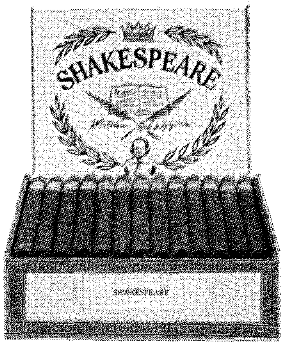
Ralph S. Williams, Esq., celebrated cigar connoisseur, relaxes at New York's famous Shakespeare Society.



In the good hours, turn to a great tradition ... Shakespeare, America's prestige cigar



At select tobacconists coast to coast and at the five distinguished Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London in Seleccion Suprema.
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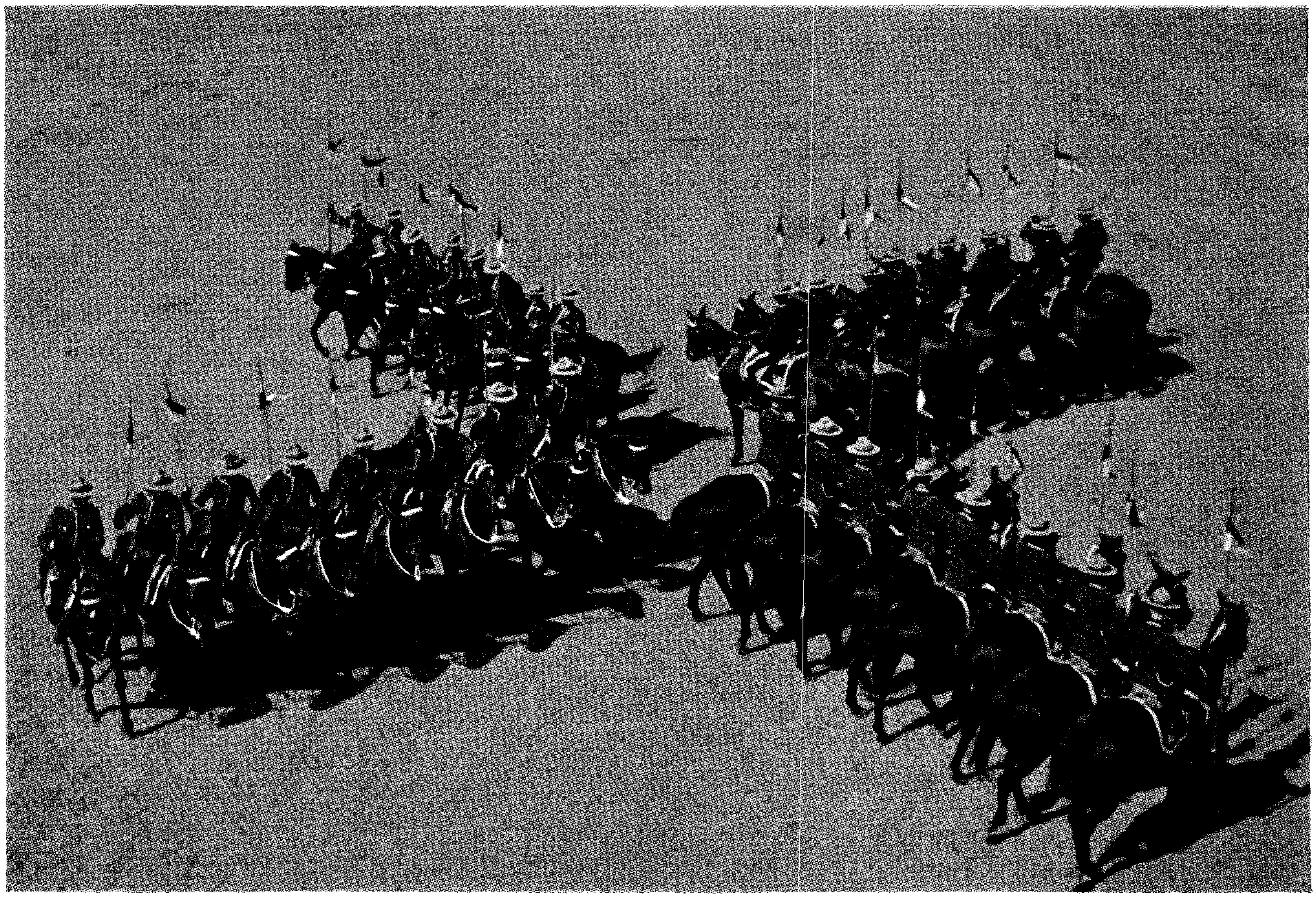

The Musical Ride of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, a feature event of British Columbia's Centennial year.

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The roll of drums, the flags aloft . . . festive gaiety galore. It's Centennial year! Time to toast the union of Vancouver Island and the British Columbia mainland. From up country towns and villages to cosmopolitan Vancouver and across Georgia Strait to Victoria, the province is alive with pageants, parades, festivals, regattas. For a full calendar of events, plus a guide to our excellent range of hotels, motels and restaurants, mail the coupon. Then plan a trip to British Columbia this exciting Centennial year.

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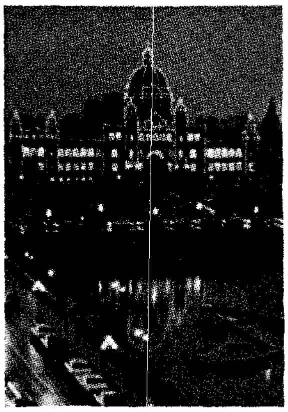
1966 CENTENARY OF THE UNION OF THE COLONIES OF VANCOUVER ISLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA UNDER THE NAME BRITISH COLUMBIA
1967 CENTENARY OF THE CONFEDERATION OF CANADA



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Please rush me your British Columbia Visitor's Kit.

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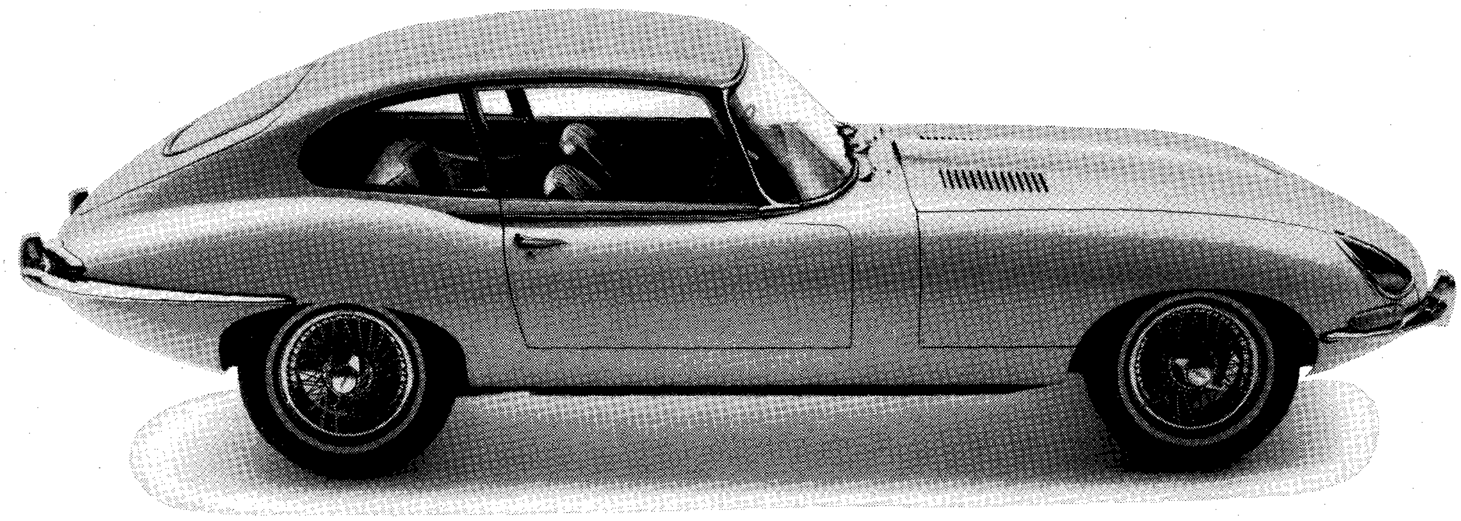
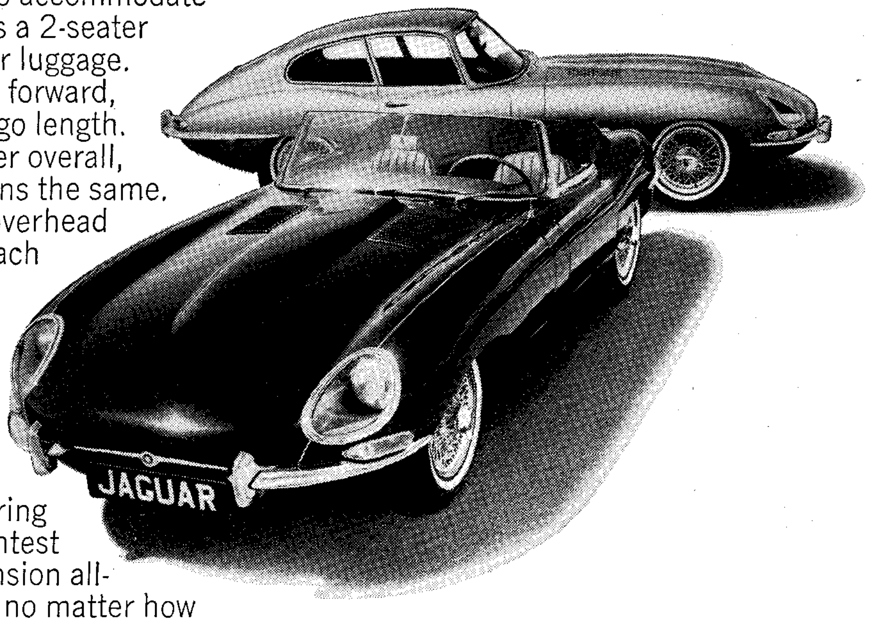
NY1

Now there's a Jaguar XK-E for everyone.



Two-seater convertible and 2-seater coupe. And now the brand-new 2+2 with automatic transmission.

This newest Jaguar has more headroom and more legroom than the previous 2-seater models, a fully upholstered rear seat for 2 more passengers, easier entry through a wider door, and the choice of an optional automatic transmission in place of the standard 4-speed fully synchromesh gearbox. It's a dual purpose car, built to accommodate 4 passengers, or to be used as a 2-seater with sedan-like proportions for luggage. With the rear seatback moved forward, there is almost 4½ feet of cargo length. And though it's 9 inches longer overall, the award-winning style remains the same.

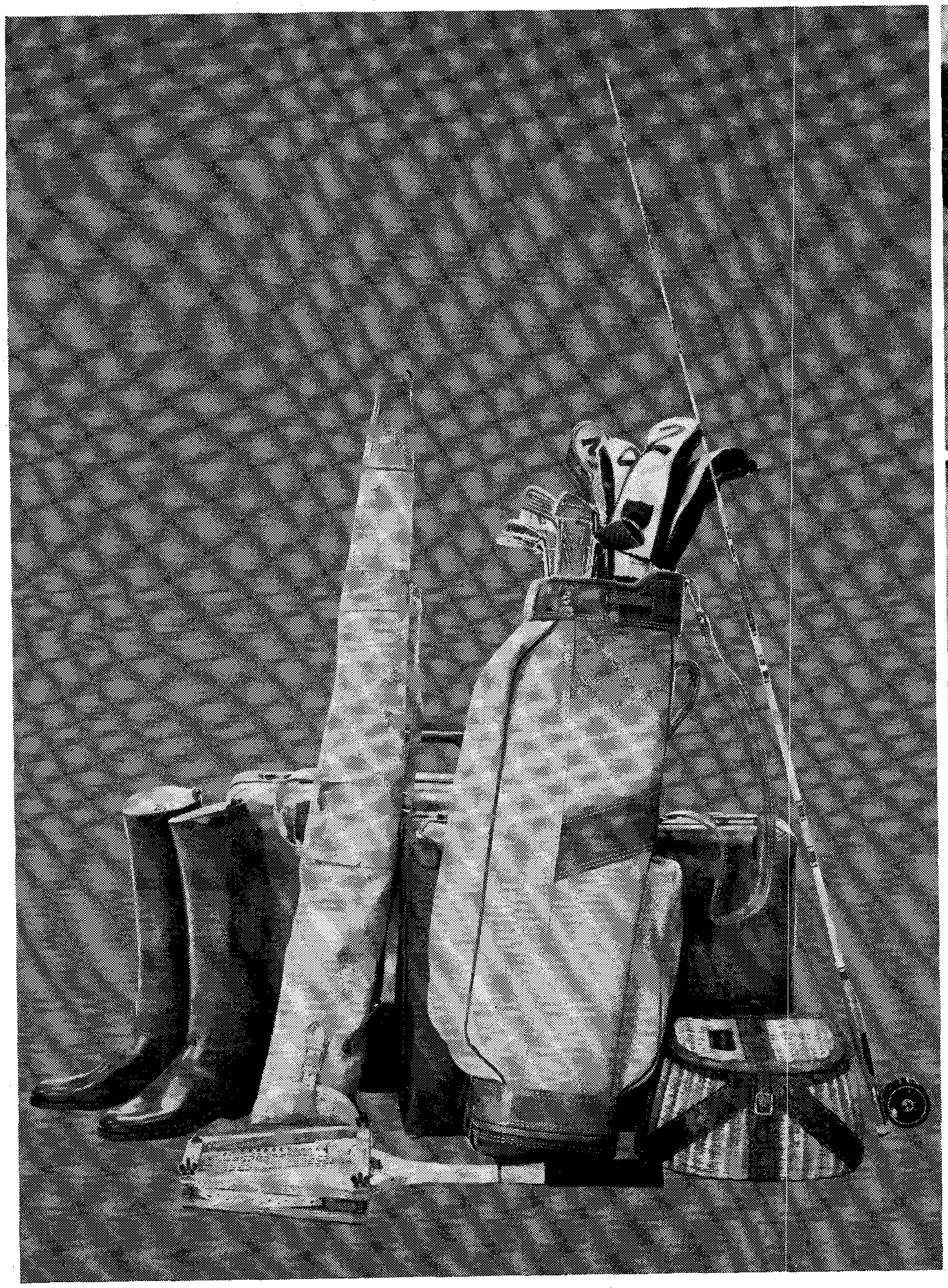


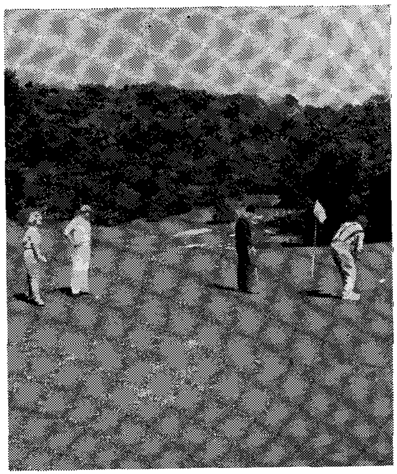
The sturdy 4.2 litre, dual overhead camshaft XK engine powers each of the E-type models. Big 4-wheel disc brakes stop them surely, safely every time. Twin independent hydraulic braking circuits for front and rear brakes give an added safety margin. Quick and accurate rack-and-pinion steering provides full control in the tightest situation. Independent suspension all-around gives a firm, safe ride, no matter how rough the road. Each model of the XK-E has an aerodynamic body of all-steel monocoque construction that combines strength with lightness. Fitted with bucket seats, upholstered in finest leather, handcrafted to painstaking excellence throughout, a Jaguar XK-E could become your proudest possession.

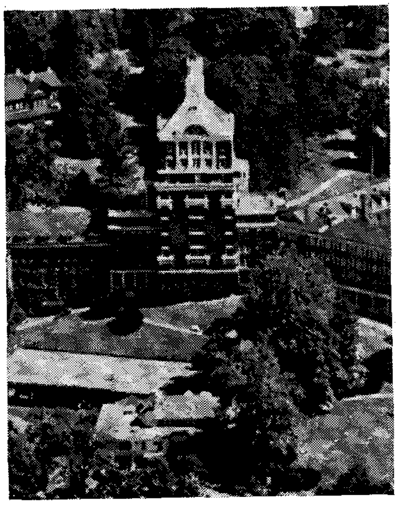
Jaguar: A truly different breed of cat.

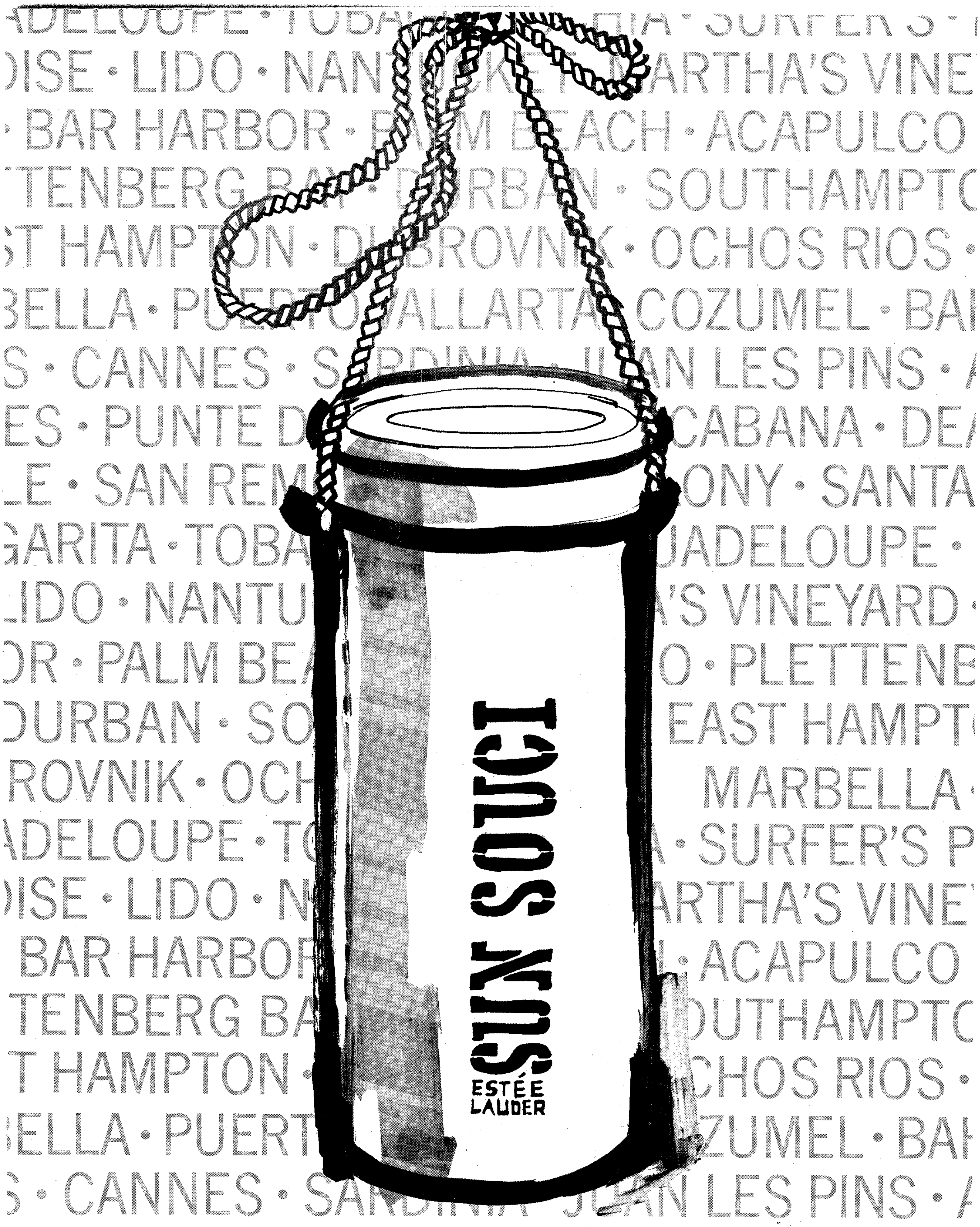
One of the world's great resorts . . . a 17,000-acre paradise high in the cool Virginia Alleghanies. Direct flights daily from Washington, D.C. by Piedmont Airlines.

THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia*








DELOUPE • TOBA · HIA • SURFER'S
ISE • LIDO • NAN ARTHA'S VINE
• BAR HARBOR • P M BEACH • ACAPULCO
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ES • PUNTE D CABANA • DE
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ARITA • TOBA UADELOUPE •
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T HAMPTON • CHOS RIOS •
ELLA • PUERT ZUMEL • BA
S • CANNES • SARDINIA • JUAN LES PINS •
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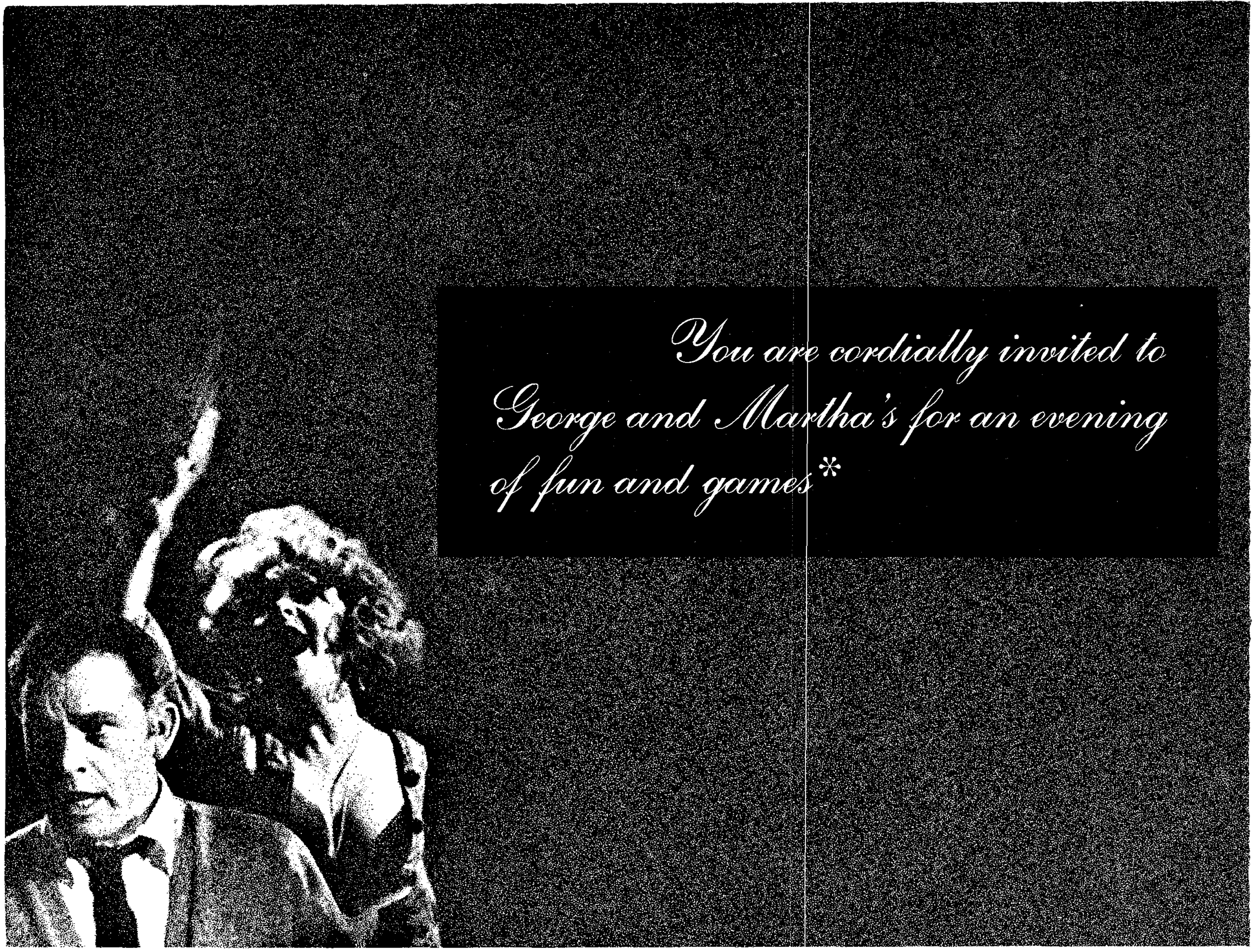
THE SUN NEVER SETS ON SUN SOUCI •

greaseless bronzing foam that absorbs in seconds; use during sunning for a glorious tan, and after sunning to maintain it.

Estée Lauder



*You are cordially invited to George and Martha's for an evening of fun and games**

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
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IN ERNEST LEHMAN'S PRODUCTION OF EDWARD ALBEE'S

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

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*IMPORTANT EXCEPTION: NO ONE UNDER 18 WILL BE ADMITTED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY HIS PARENT.

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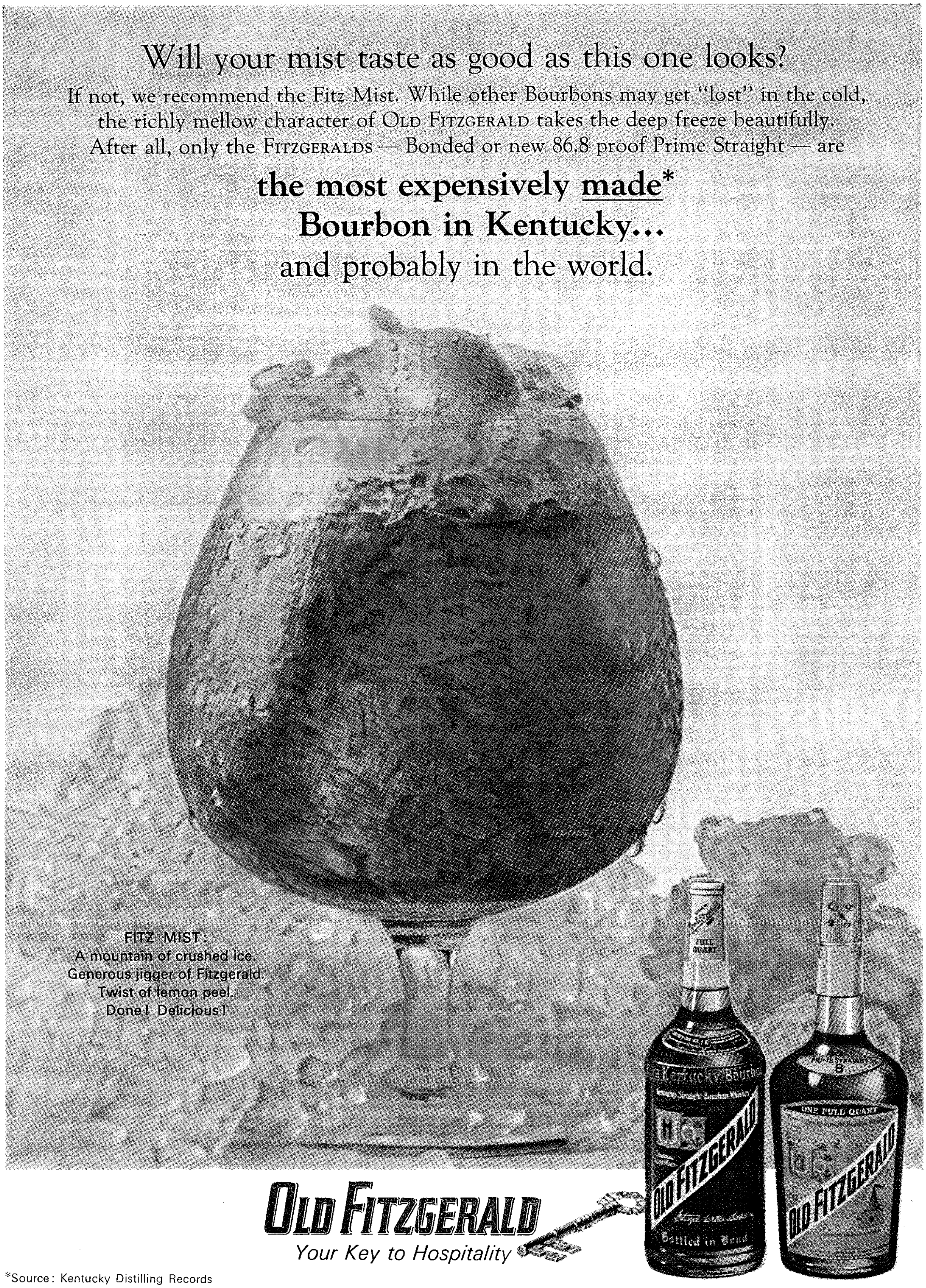
Also starring **GEORGE SEGAL · SANDY DENNIS** · Screenplay by **ERNEST LEHMAN** · Directed by **MIKE NICHOLS** · Produced on the stage by Richard Barr and Clinton Wilder

Available Now! Two great Warner Bros.' albums! ❶ The original musical sound track. ❷ The complete dramatic dialogue track.

Music by Alex North · Presented by **WARNER BROS.**

PLAYING THIS SUMMER AT A SELECT THEATRE NEAR YOU



Will your mist taste as good as this one looks?

If not, we recommend the Fitz Mist. While other Bourbons may get "lost" in the cold, the richly mellow character of OLD FITZGERALD takes the deep freeze beautifully. After all, only the FITZGERALDS — Bonded or new 86.8 proof Prime Straight — are

the most expensively made*
Bourbon in Kentucky...
and probably in the world.

FITZ MIST:
A mountain of crushed ice.
Generous jigger of Fitzgerald.
Twist of lemon peel.
Done! Delicious!

OLD FITZGERALD
Your Key to Hospitality

*Source: Kentucky Distilling Records

STITZEL-WELLER, America's Oldest Family Distillery • Established Louisville, Kentucky, 1849 • Original Bonded 100 Proof • Prime Straight 86.8 Proof

At last.

A fender even your wife won't dent!

Also, golf club heads that will last a lifetime. Chrome plated fixtures that won't peel or rust. Luggage that's immune to handling. Nonshattering heels for ladies' shoes. Crack-resistant appliance cases. All made of an incredibly tough material called Cycolac® ABS plastic. Which in turn is made by the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Marbon Chemical Division. Here's the story.

REMEMBER THE DAYS when plastics had kind of a bad name around the house? You'd buy something, bring it home, and before too long it'd be chipped or broken?

Well, those days are gone forever. And plastics like Marbon Chemical's Cycolac brand of ABS (which stands for acrylonitrile-butadiene-styrene) had a lot to do with it.

Take the car on the left, for instance. Actually, it's a racing car and its whole body is made of Cycolac plastic. Twice, it was run into in competition. Once it ran off the track into a dirt embankment. Another time it didn't quite make a curve—ran into a swamp, mowed down three willow trees and a sturdy maple sapling. The worst that happened to the Cycolac body in any of these mishaps was a three-quarter-inch gash in the rear.

Unfortunately, you can't buy cars with bodies made out of Cycolac plastic—yet. But even so, you own and use a lot more of it than you might think.

Cycolac plastic is all around your house. Your colored telephone is probably made of it. So are portable hairdryers. Electric toothbrush cases. Vacuum cleaners. Radios. TVs. Maybe even that big rocking horse you gave your little boy for Christmas.

Cycolac plastic is no stranger to your office either. Look at your secretary's shoes. Chances are her high heels are made of it. And that goes for portable typewriters, adding machines and photocopying machines, too. All sorts of office equipment that has to take a beating day in and day out.

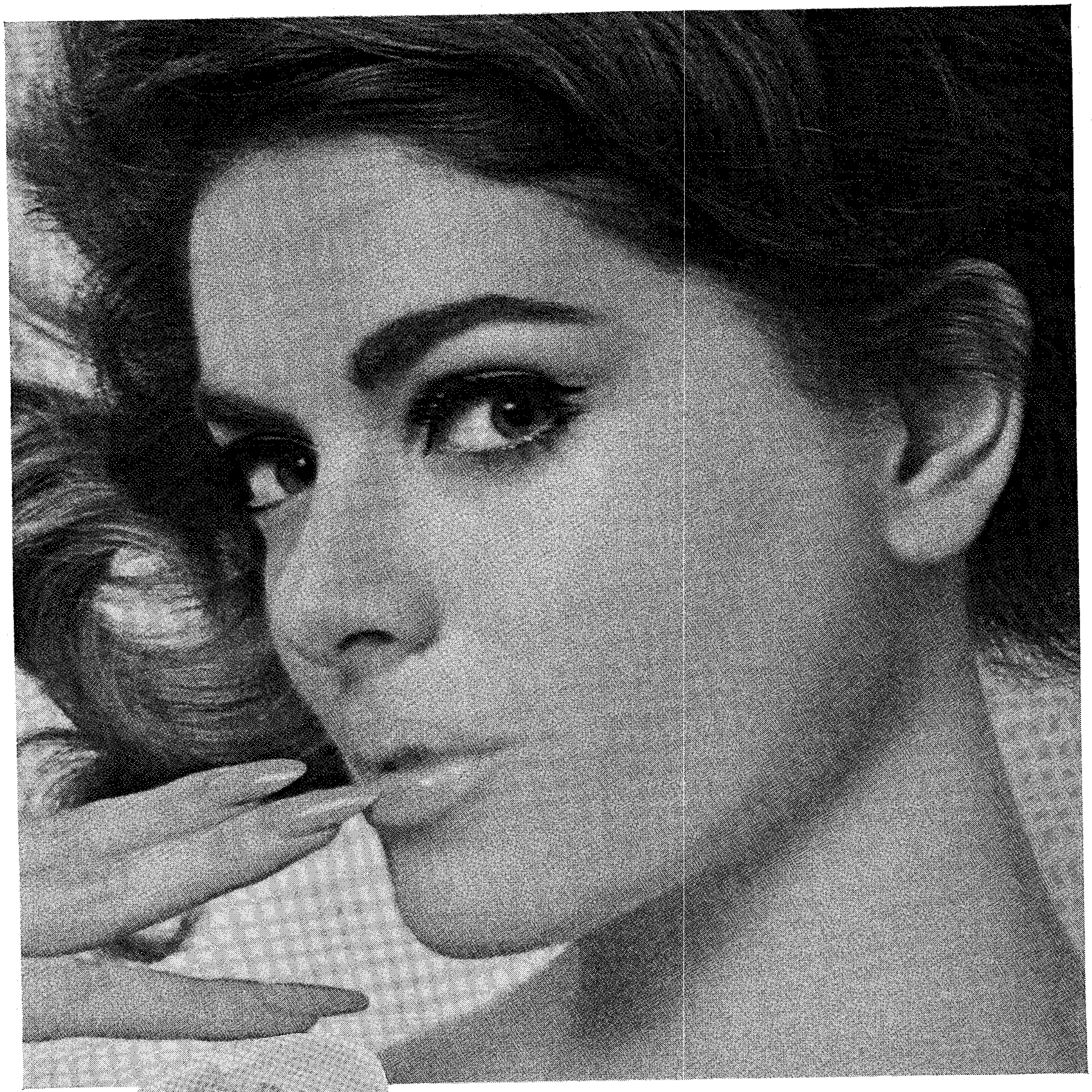
Even when you take a day off from home or office you probably take along a little Cycolac plastic. You take it on the golf course with you. It's in your "woodless woods." You take it fishing with you. It's in your reels, lures and tackle box. It even rides along with you in your car. Consoles, arm rests, dashboards and locking knobs are all made of it.

As you can see, Cycolac plastic is beginning to steal a lot of metal's thunder. And why not? It weighs only about one-sixth as much as metal. It can be made in 10,000 different colors. It can be plated. It won't rust or corrode. And it lasts and lasts and lasts.

Small wonder the great engineers at Marbon Chemical are so proud of Cycolac plastic. And that more and more people are thinking up more and more ways to use it. But not *really* so small a wonder when you consider this new plastic's remarkable mettle.

AUTOMOTIVE, HOME & BUILDER, CHEMICAL & STEEL, INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS. ©1966, BORG-WARNER CORPORATION, 200 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60604

BORG WARNER®
The great engineers



A compact is a compact is a compact...

Germaine Monteil's is a Shell Compact!

It's newly large, it's sculpted, it's elegantly pearl finished. Inside, a pressed pat of SUPERGLOW FACE POWDER in one of twelve glowing shades. And for summer, the new "sun shades," two pats of SUPERGLOW in each shell. One shade tones down sun sizzle, the other turns up tan dazzle. A brush is a brush is a brush... Germaine Monteil's is compact and contoured to pick up just the right amount of powder and feather it softly over your face. Use the new POWDER BRUSH for summer sheer coverage.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week was a week in which the American mind, grown tense in its sustained contemplation of the ambiguities of Vietnam, turned with something more than curiosity to the study of three undeniably brave men—Meredith, Stafford, and Cernan—hoping to find in them a touchstone, a moral reference point by which to navigate through the gloom. But courage, it appears, is mute, mysterious, perhaps not understood even by the men who possess it. We can at best imagine what it must feel like to put one's life on the line: the sudden heightening of consciousness, the sense of clarity and freshness reminiscent of childhood, the fear, and the discovery that fear can be overcome—thus it has been described. What we learn from courage we learn indirectly; courage itself is impenetrable. The astronauts' ordeal ended in front of the television cameras on the open deck of the carrier Wasp. The spacecraft was lifted from the sea and lowered to a specially constructed platform. Hundreds of sailors in white uniforms stood at attention, facing the platform high above them like supplicants at a military Mass. The two hatches were raised at precisely the same instant. Stafford and Cernan rose together. The ship's band started to play. Stafford looked up quickly, as if surprised at the music. Was that irritation flashing across his face? Cernan was all movement—glancing here and there, bending over, reaching out to shake hands with his partner, frisky as a shorn sheep. As they climbed down their long separate stairways, one to the left, one to the right, it occurred to us that it *was* a sort of Mass we watched. Their feet touched the deck almost simultaneously, and then, as if in a formal dance, they turned and rejoined each other in the cleared area in front of the platform. It was a ritualization of their courage—society reaching out, attempting not only to honor but to absorb their bravery. The ordeal of James Meredith ended as he crawled behind a parked car on the side of the road in Hernando, Mississippi, shot, bleeding, in pain, and expecting to die. He had reëntered the world without a parachute, plummeting from the heights of his supreme manliness to the depths of his inescapable animalness in a matter of seconds. Reaching out to absorb him, society reported his death prematurely. These men are heroes, sharing the knowledge, no doubt, that how it ends doesn't matter. The deck of the Wasp and the side of the road are equally irrelevant to where they have been. America takes all three for heroes.

Consul-General

THE latest British consul-general to reach these shores—he reached them last March—is Mr. Anthony Gerald Roderick Rouse, an easygoing, modest, sunburned, mustached man of fifty-five, who has just favored us with an easygoing autobiographical chat. "My father was a Regular Army officer," he said, and, primed with an occasional question, continued, "I went to Harrow, and then to work for a London insurance firm. They wanted me to be their representative in Berlin, so, to learn German, I went to Heidelberg, where I took a two-year course in philosophy. Then I joined an insurance company in Cologne. The idea was to train there in order to take over in Berlin, but when Hitler came to power, in 1933, he stipulated that foreign firms should be represented by Germans from then on. This ruled out a future for me in Germany, so I went back into the insurance game in London until the war came along. I was in the Honourable Artillery Company—we have a sister regiment in Boston—and served for six years, mostly in North Africa and Italy. I ended up in Intelligence in Greece. Harold Caccia, later our Ambassador at Washington, was my opposite number as political adviser to the land forces. One day, toward the end of the war, he suggested that I join the Foreign Office. I said I'd had no experience. 'Why not have a try?' he said. Well, I took the examination, and I passed it. Churchill had told the examiners to treat service people kindly, and I guess they did; it was all frightfully simple. I went *back* to Greece, as press attaché—First Secretary of Information. I took over in Athens from Osbert Lancaster, the cartoonist, writer, and set designer, and stayed in the Embassy for three and a half years. Then I went to the F.O. in London for another three and a half years. I was assistant head of the News Department under William—later Sir William—Ridsdale. The *Times* of London asked him to write an obituary of Anthony Eden when Eden was sick, but he died before Eden—poor fellow."

Judith Shahn

In 1952, Mr. Rouse was posted to Moscow as head of chancery. "Very interesting period," he said. "Slight thaw. On Christmas Eve of 1952, word came from Stalin that both our Embassies—yours and ours—had three months' notice to move from our buildings. Our Embassies were the only ones that overlooked the Kremlin—that may have been the reason. You moved, but we delayed, and in March, when Stalin died, Molotov said we could stay where we were. We're still there. The big parades in Moscow were fascinating, with the Soviet secret police photographing the photographers. In 1955, I was transferred to Australia as Counsellor in the High Commissioner's office; there, in contrast to Russia, I was able to travel. I toured the far west of Queensland—great uranium fields, vast sheep properties, lots of kangaroos. We lived in tents and shot wild pig. Pioneering stuff."

Next, from 1957 until 1959, came a tour as Inspector of Foreign Service Establishments. "I inspected our establishments along the whole of the west coast of South America," the former Inspector said. "You fix allowances, and things like that. Five and a half years in Germany followed—first as Counsellor of Information in Bonn, and then as Minister and Deputy Commandant in Berlin. The title is military, because it's an occupied city, but the problems are political. My German was a great advantage; I can get up and make an impromptu speech in German. It was a hot spot; every telegram you sent to London immediately went to the Prime Minister's table. *I* went to Rome, in 1964, as Minister, and was, in a way, disappointed at being called here after only sixteen months. That was too short a stay; the first year in a foreign post, you're just getting worked in. I took an Italian lesson every day. The first I heard of my appointment here was when my predecessor, Tommy Tomlinson, wrote me, 'Will you take over the maids?' "

Mr. Rouse and his wife have taken over the maids, and they have also taken over the Tomlinson canary, Dusty, which Tomlinson (he is Frank S., not Tommy, in the Foreign Office records) had inherited from *his* predecessor, Sir Alan Williams. "The canary is absolutely sweet," Mr. R. said. "We never thought we'd like a canary. Neither of us—my wife or I, that is—had ever been here before."

We asked the obvious question.

"We love it here," said the Consul-General. " 'I wouldn't mind *living* here,' my wife said the other day. The thing that surprised us most is that New York isn't all skyscrapers. We couldn't conceive of brownstones, or of a street like Beekman Place, where we live. It's the first post I've been in where I can walk to work. It's much quieter than we expected. It's heaven. We feel at home."

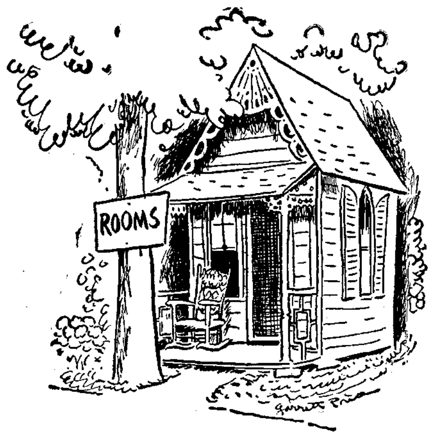
•

A SIGN over an elevator on the street floor of Hammacher Schlemmer reads, "Express elevator to second and third floors."

Ooh, the Head!

AS an art form, the television commercial for headache remedies, with its accompanying visual effects—hammers pounding relentlessly, and bolts of lightning striking within cutaway sections of the human brain, and pills penetrating stomach and bloodstream—has always interested us, so we were glad to have an opportunity to attend the filming, recently, of one of that series of commercials for Anacin in which the central character loses his or her temper, utters some exclamation like "*Please*, Mother, I'd rather do it myself!," and then is miraculously restored to a state of equanimity by a dose of Anacin. The filming was done by an independent motion-picture-production firm called M.P.O. Productions, on behalf of the Ted Bates advertising agency and the Whitehall Laboratories, the makers of Anacin. By arrangement with Zachary Schwartz, the man at the Bates agency in charge of commercial production for the Anacin account, we went over to Stage 5—a huge floor divided into sets—of M.P.O.'s headquarters, on East Forty-fourth Street, one morning, and a great glow of klieg lights in one sector of Stage 5 directed us to the site of the Anacin action. As we picked our way through a clutter of cables on the perimeter of the set, we were greeted by Mr. Schwartz, a thin and rather harried-looking man. He pointed out the director of the commercial—Marvin Rothenberg, a big, gray-haired man with a chubby, reddish face, who was standing near the back of a big motion-picture camera and was talking in a low voice to the cameraman. "Marvin is one of M.P.O.'s top directors," Schwartz said. "He has a fine ability to deal with the kind of action involved in this series for Anacin. We have just sixty seconds to tell the whole story in each of the commercials, and Marvin does his best to make every second count. Pardon me."

Schwartz hurried off to take a telephone call, and we looked around the set. It represented a living room that had a doorway opening into a hall with a staircase. The living room was furnished in a kind of suburban-Colonial style, and one of the walls had a wide, cottagey window. Near the window stood an easy chair, upholstered in a gold-flecked material, and not far from the chair a sofa stood in front of a china cupboard. The hall, the walls of which were papered in vertical white and light-green stripes, contained a dresser, on which stood an unlighted hurricane lamp; next to the dresser was a stand with a telephone. In the midst of this tranquil scenery stood the actors who were to depict the onset and result of an Anacin-style headache. They consisted of a chubby little man with a benign fringe of silver hair around his bald head, who appeared to be in his late fifties; a housewifely, rather pretty girl in her twenties, who was wearing a yellow short-sleeved dress and a flowered apron; and a blond boy of about six, who was dressed neatly in clean basketball sneakers, blue jeans, and a yellow shirt, and had a red bandanna around his neck and a cowboy holster with a gun on his belt. Wandering over to a table, we found that someone had left a spare script lying there, and we took the liberty of briefing ourself on the action in which this trio would share. The script began, under the heading "Video":



HAPPY ELDERLY MAN CLUTCHING CHEST IN MOCK "I'M SHOT" POSE. LAUGHING 6 YEAR OLD BOY ROMPS ABOUT. MOTHER IN BKGD. . . . MOVE IN TO CU [closeup] HER STRUGGLING TO HEAR [on the telephone].

CUT TO CU HER SLAMMING PHONE BACK DOWN.

CUT TO M[edium]CU MOTHER STORMING OVER TO GRANDFATHER. HE'S SURPRISED.

CUT TO MCU MOTHER HAND TO HEAD. E[xtreme]CU HURT GRANDFATHER. CUT TO CU OF MOTHER.

The script having made the point, through CU, MCU, and ECU, that headache has struck this home, an announcer is called upon to say, "You need *Anacin* for fast relief." The girl takes Anacin, and the family rift is healed.

Once we had absorbed this plot, we moved over to where the camera was being focussed on an area that included the gold-flecked easy chair, against a background of the hallway, in which stood the girl. Behind the chair the elderly actor was standing, his fingers resting lightly on the back of the chair, and in front of the chair the little boy was standing, hand on holster.

"Shall I mark their feet?" a stagehand asked Rothenberg, who was still standing by the camera.

Rothenberg nodded. He was joined

by Schwartz, and together they surveyed the situation. Then Rothenberg said "O.K.," and continued, "In this opening piece of business, Grandfather and the little boy are making this ruckus in the foreground while Mother is trying to speak on the phone." He turned to the elderly actor and said, "You're playing cowboy with him, and you slump over the chair. 'Hey, you got me!' you say."

"O.K.," the elderly actor said. He crouched behind the chair, laughing artificially, as the little boy pointed the pistol at him and cried, "Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Schwartz said politely to Rothenberg, "Maybe bang, bang, bang—and bang, bang, bang *again.* They keep it up. Grandpa's really *involved* with the kid."

"Willie, you keep shooting at Grandpa again and *again,*" Rothenberg said to the little boy. "What do you say, Willie?"

"Bang, bang, bang," the little boy said mildly.

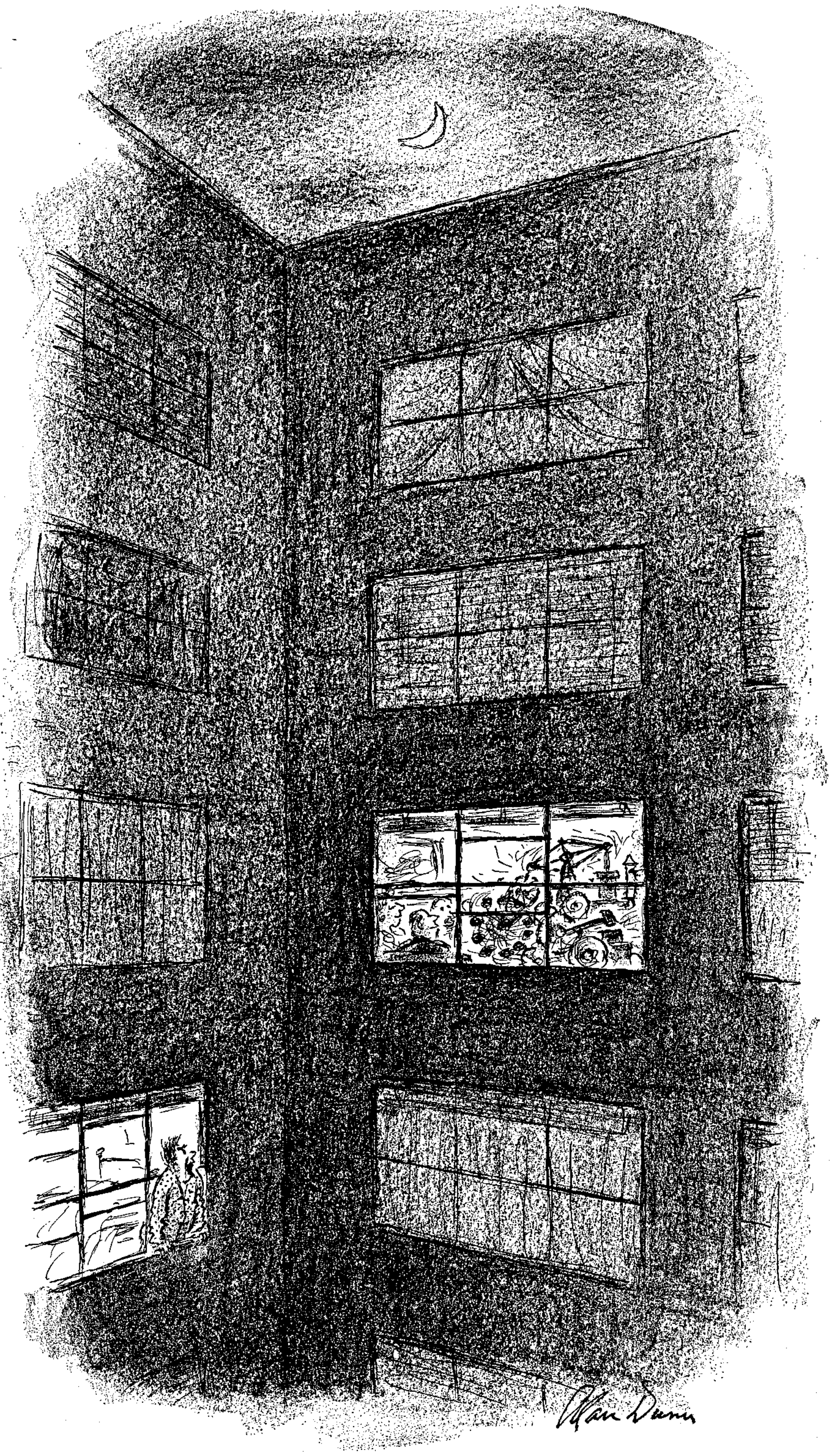
"Real loud, Willie. 'Bang! Bang! Bang! Got you!'" Rothenberg said, and then addressed the entire cast. "The important thing here is that you have lots of noise."

"I can give you that," the elderly actor assured him.

"O.K. Let's try it through," Rothenberg said.

The actors stood alert in their positions: the elderly man at the back of the easy chair, the little boy in front of him, the girl in the hallway, holding the telephone.

The elderly actor crouched and, acting playful delight, dodged slightly from side to side, shouting "Ah! Ha! Oho!" and then "Oh, I'm a dead Indian! You got me!" as the little boy, gun pointed at him, cried, "Bang! Bang! Bang!" Upon which the girl put the phone down, rushed into the living room, and shouted, "Father, *will you stop that!* Sometimes you act like a baby!" Then the elderly actor looked crestfallen and the girl looked ashamed. At the end of the scene, the girl smiled amiably at Rothenberg.



"Turn down that damn sculpture!"

• •

The actors ran through the scene again. Rothenberg told the boy to keep moving about the chair. "Willie, as you shoot Grandfather, you go around," he said.

"Bang, bang, bang!" the elderly actor said softly as the boy went around the chair.

Rothenberg immersed himself in thought. Then he suggested to the elderly actor, "Let Willie do 'Bang! Bang! Bang!' and then 'Pow! Pow! Pow!' Separate the pows and the bangs."

"Yes, and after he says 'Pow! Pow! Pow!' I say 'Got me!'" the elderly actor said. He clutched the back of the chair. "Got me!" His head fell forward over the chair.

A stagehand loaded the little boy's gun with caps. "O.K., get ready for the first shooting," Rothenberg said.

A long microphone boom was wheeled up. A script girl, wearing a stopwatch on a chain around her neck, began riffling through a marked script.

"Now, Willie, you're going to make a lot of noise, aren't you?" Rothenberg said to the boy. "Willie, I'm going to say 'One, two, three' and 'Action' before we start." To the girl, waiting, with telephone poised, in the hallway, he said, "Judy, remember. When you hear the racket in here, you look at them with annoyance."

A technician strode before the camera, banged a pair of clapsticks together, and announced the scene. Everybody on the set was silent. Rothenberg said, "One, two, three. Action." Then the actors went through the scene before the camera.

"That was nine seconds from Willie's 'Bang! Bang! Bang!' " the script girl announced, looking at her stopwatch.

"You print that one," Rothenberg said.

They went through the scene again before the camera.

"Willie, I didn't hear you make enough noise that time," Rothenberg said. "You were depending too much on the gun for the noise. I didn't hear you say 'I got you, Grandpa!' " Turning to Schwartz, he remarked, "I'm afraid of—"

"Confusion," Schwartz said.

"Yeah," Rothenberg said.

Everybody got ready to go through it again. In the hallway, the girl held the phone with a hand that was beginning to tremble.

This time, after the actors had gone through the scene again, Rothenberg wanted the boy to move in a slightly different pattern, and he told the elderly actor, "When Willie says 'I got you!' *you* say 'Oh, no, you didn't!' "

Then everybody did the scene over again, and at the end of it both Rothenberg and Schwartz showed pleasure at a new development. "Did you hear that? This time the little boy, on his own, said '*Aha!* I got you!' " Schwartz whispered to us.

Rothenberg seemed really elated. "That line 'Aha!' is great! *Nobody* thought of writing that line!" he said.

But the actors had to go through the action again before the camera, just the same. And again the effect was not entirely satisfactory. This time, Schwartz told Rothenberg he had the impression that the grandfather had slumped over a trifle prematurely. Rothenberg agreed. "You're dying a little too soon," he advised the elderly actor.

They did it again. And again.

"O.K. Now let's get a new angle on this scene," Rothenberg announced. "Let's use a wide-angle lens, and we see Mother advancing on Grandpa."

Schwartz explained to us, "What we've just shot for this scene is a master shot, which takes in all the action in the foreground and what's happening in the background. Now we're going to shoot a closer scene, where the mother starts to come forward from the phone. We'll overlap the components of the two scenes, so that in our editing we can cut from one to the other. We're going to get the camera in low on this one to give the feeling of her entering the action. It'll be important, when she comes into the scene, to direct the attention of the audience to her. A sense of participation there."

The girl's entry into the living room and her scolding of the elderly actor were now rehearsed several times, with the girl whispering, to save her voice, "Father, *will you stop that!* Sometimes you act like a baby!" And then the scene was shot and reshot from the new angle.

Schwartz seemed to be rather pleased with the results. "The whole thing builds. It comes to that crashing climax," he said to Rothenberg. To us he said, "What we're trying to do here is to maintain the continuity of the tension of the scene. What we've developed in terms of camera shots is that as the girl comes forward, camera low, she gets bigger—which emphasizes the menacing quality of her advance on the grandfather and the boy. And the action between her and the camera as she advances is still continuing. The camera pans, following her action, and by that we eliminate the boy and concentrate on her and the grandfather."

The girl's tantrum with the grandfather was now enacted in closeup.

"Oho! Haha! Oh! Ah! Oh, you got me, Tex! I'm a goner!" Grandfather exclaimed.

"Father, *will you stop that!* Sometimes you act like a baby!" cried his daughter.

The smile disappeared from the elderly actor's face. He looked tragically at the floor. The girl's loss-of-temper expression changed to one of pain. From beside the camera, Rothenberg urged her on, saying "Raise your hand now" and "The headache, honey!" and "Put your hand above your eye!"

The girl put her hand above her right eye, smoothing her furrowed forehead. She, too, looked at the floor.

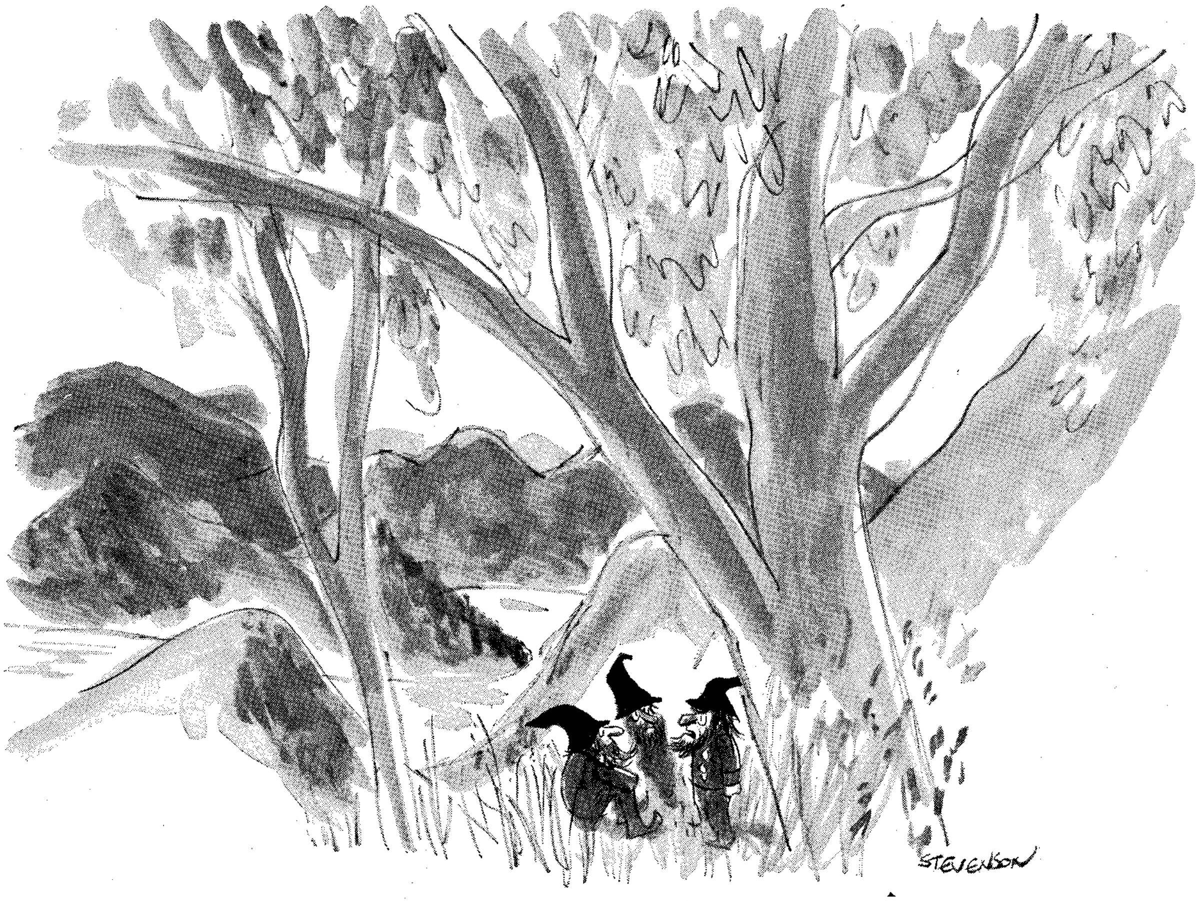
MARRIAGE COUNSELOR

From beside the camera, Rothenberg accompanied her look with words to set the mood. "Control yourself," he murmured in a tender, cajoling voice. "Sure you have a headache. But don't take it out on him. You need Anacin."

The actors went through the scene again. Rothenberg still wasn't satisfied.

"Sweetie, make the line 'Father, *will you stop that!*' more of a teeth-clencher. Through the molars," he suggested to the girl.

The actors went through the scene yet again, but Rothenberg still had reservations. "Maybe I had



"And when it comes to naming a committee to preserve the scenic beauty of the Hudson, do they pick any of us? Hell, no! They pick Laurance Rockefeller!"

too much teeth-clenching in that," he said thoughtfully, and he added, "Let's have it again."

They had it again, with Rothenberg encouraging the girl at the appropriate moment. "You bring up your hand, but not too quickly," he said. "You realize what you've done. You realize how you've hurt Daddy. All right. Let's try it again. Remember, honey, you've just shouted at Daddy. When you come to the headache, you turn your head away from him"—Rothenberg turned his head to one side—"with a look of 'I'm *sorry*, Daddy.' " The girl put her hand to her brow, and Rothenberg said, "You *feel* the headache. You feel it with that little wince"—he momentarily wrinkled his brow and half closed his eyes—"before you put your hand up to your brow. You feel sorry for blowing up at Daddy. You drop your eyes. But you steal a glance back at him. You hope he isn't looking at you. You're embarrassed."

"That look back at him is necessary," Schwartz observed.

"Yes. And it reflects her concern over the social consequences of her action," Rothenberg said.

"Father, *will you stop that!* Sometimes you act like a *baby!*" The girl was at it again before the camera, and this time she delivered a good wince.

"Sure you have a headache," Rothenberg said gently, almost sorrowfully, as the girl's hand went to her brow. "But *don't* take it out on others."

Next, there was a short break on the set, and the girl was called away by Rothenberg to rehearse, into a microphone, a recording of her supposed inner voice, to be dubbed into shots of her stroking her headachy brow. The inner voice would say, "Control yourself. Sure you have a headache. But don't take it out on others. Take Anacin for fast relief."

As the recording rehearsal proceeded, Rothenberg, sitting on an arm of the sofa, listened carefully to the girl's performance, and gave her suitable directions. "Control yourself. Sure you have a headache," the girl would say, and Rothenberg would move his hands rhythmically to the words, like the conductor of an orchestra. This all happened over and over, with variations and verbal interjections: "A little more *appeal* on the 'Control yourself,' honey. A little more voice on '*Control* yourself.' "

Eventually, the recording was finished to Rothenberg's apparent satisfaction, and then he, the camera crew, and the girl started working on a closeup shot of the girl telephoning in the hallway.

"Now annoyance is creeping up on you as you try to talk," Rothenberg instructed her. "You're getting more irritated. You just lightly pass your hand over the side of your forehead. You feel a headache coming."

The girl reached up to her forehead with a grimace.

"That's right! Here we go! Watch what a headache can do!" Rothenberg said.

The girl went through the motions of irritation again. Rothenberg seemed to feel that they still weren't adequate. "Honey, push your fingers into the skin of your forehead a little. It makes nice furrows," he counselled. "Once more. And with a little more annoyance."

The girl got on the telephone again, and as she did so, Rothenberg, his eyes shining, urged her on with a running commentary. "Ooh, the head!" he said. "Ooh, the eyes! Grit the teeth! Keep the furrow! You're trying to listen. You can't hear. You feel the headache coming on hard. Ooh!"

Native

WE were having a quick stand-up lunch at a counter on Broadway one day last week when we became aware that a small, dark, intense young Puerto Rican on our left was trying to place his order.

YOUNG MAN: Ham cheese on a piece of rye bread, please.

COUNTERMAN: What kind of cheese?

YOUNG MAN: What kind of cheese is there, please?

COUNTERMAN: American cheese O.K.?

YOUNG MAN: Yes, yes, American cheese, please. I am American.

HEY, WHAT'S WRIGGLING AROUND THAT CADUCEUS?

FOR anybody who, like me, has always regarded the medical profession with a mixture of awe and mistrust—engendered, I suspect, by harassment of one's tonsils in youth and overexposure to Sir Luke Fildes' gloomy masterpiece "The Doctor"—there was more than a grain of vindication in the *Times* of London the other day. A group of the surgical élite, it appears, held a conference at the Royal College of Nursing to discuss an ordinarily hush-hush topic—the question of patients operated on for the wrong complaint. One of the participants was a Mr. F. P. Raper, consultant surgeon of the United Leeds Hospital, and, whatever his effect on the audience, he wrung a hoarse shout of approval from yours truly. Said the account: "[Mr. Raper] emphasized the importance of the surgeon seeing the patient before the operation in the anesthetist's room to make sure that he was the right patient and to check on the operation he was to have. This might also reassure the patient himself that the right surgeon was operating on him." The speaker was obviously dwelling on the ideal rather than the attainable, for another member of the symposium, Dr. Brooke Barnett, of the Medical Defence Union, said that "they were now dealing with the case of a private patient who not only had the wrong operation but the wrong surgeon operated on her." I trust that Dr. Barnett pleaded in extenuation that the plaintiff was also the wrong patient, thus restoring a cozy semblance of logic to the proceedings.

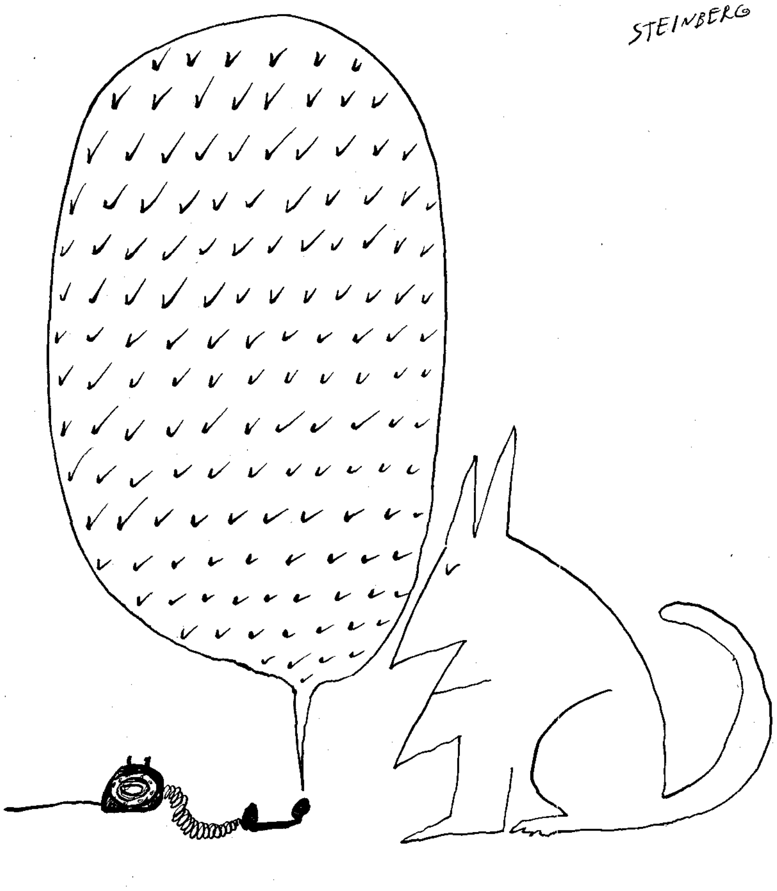
To be quite candid, the deeper one delves into the British physician, the more one's confidence in *materia medica* tends to waver. Not long ago, the New York *Times* carried a dispatch from England about some twelve-foot pythons that a bank at Amersham was using to discourage potential cracksmen. The idea had been evolved by a seventy-two-year-old big-game hunter of Slough, Buckinghamshire, named Bill Farquar Moody, who was extending it to safeguard automobiles as well. "For car protection I recommend a nice six-foot boa constrictor or python," he was quoted as saying. "Four Slough doctors have snakes in their cars. They leave them on the front seat to deter thieves. It is very effective seeing a rock python coiled around the gear lever."

Now, goodness knows someone on an errand of mercy has every right to defend his property from molestation, and indeed the choice of a constrictor rather than a cobra or Russell's viper bespeaks a humane and enlightened spirit. I do feel, notwithstanding, that the practitioner who employs a reptile as watchdog invites situations that may easily get out of hand. One such, for example, emerges from the pages of a sporadic journal kept by a young American doctor, Lindsay Woolsey, during a belated vacation in England.

PRINCES RISBOROUGH,
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,
MAY 7

WHAT a hugely satisfying week this has been, and so fortuitous—all because of an impulse, the day after I arrived in London, to wander into a Curzon Street snack bar, which in turn led to a chat with an elderly lady in a tweed cape, practically a dead ringer for Margaret Rutherford, who persuaded me to scrap my whole itinerary. Whether it was the American accent that intrigued her or my camera equipment, I couldn't make out, but within minutes she had taken complete charge of me and was insisting I hire a car and see some of the English countryside. I wasn't too keen about the notion at first, for I still had Paris, Brussels, and nine other capitals to get through on the eighteen-day tour the travel agency had sold me. On reconsidering, though, I realized how absurd it was for a man half dead from exhaustion and overwork, snatching his first holiday in four years, to tie himself down to a backbreaking schedule. Ninety minutes later, I walked out of a car-rental establishment in the Strand with the key of a bright-red MG, a fistful of road maps, and a membership in the R.A.C., and the very next day, at eight, I was on my way.

Well, once I got out of London, which consumed most of the morning, everything was sheer delight. I headed northwest, in the general direction of Whipsnade, dodging main roads wherever I could and investigating every byway that took my fancy. The stone farmhouses nestling in the well-ordered fields, the sleepy churchyards with their ancient oaks and elms, the colorful pubs at which I drank my pint of bitter—it was all just one continuous delight, and the place names, of course, were out of this world: The Pheasantries, Leighton Buzzard, Terrier's End, Wardrobes, Dodd's Charity, and a pinpoint on the outskirts of Tring called, believe it or not, The Twist. The truly heartwarming aspect of the trip thus far, though, has been the civility and spontaneous kindness of people along the way. Everyone extends himself to the utmost, performing the smallest service so amiably you wonder how the English ever earned the reputation of being cold and reserved. Their food, frankly, doesn't fill me with quite such enthusiasm, and if I never again taste brown Windsor soup, bubble and squeak, or the cus-



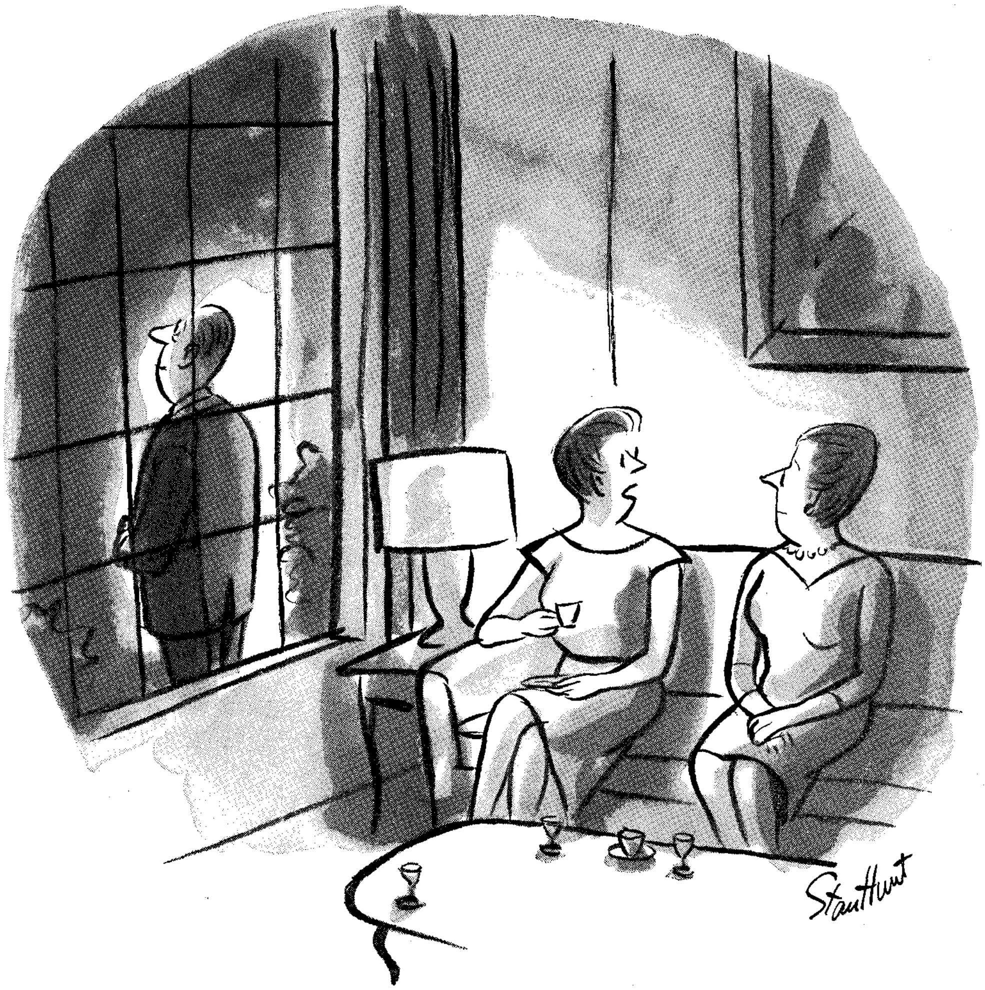
tard dessert called Spotted Dog, I shan't repine. Still, this is mere faultfinding. Thanks to my elderly benefactress in the tweed cape, I feel all the tensions and anxieties of practice diminishing with each mile I travel. Tomorrow, I turn southeast through the Chilterns toward High Wycombe, Amersham, and Slough. I must say I can't recall a single period in my life so tranquil and carefree, nor can I foresee how anything could possibly mar it.

CHALFONT ST. GILES,
MAY 12

DAY in, day out, my motor ramble continues to afford unalloyed pleasure, but I should mention a curious experience I had at Amersham yesterday. Inasmuch as my English currency was dwindling, I stopped off at a bank there to cash some travellers' checks. The cashier was apparently unfamiliar with these particular checks, and excused himself to consult a facsimile kept in the rear, near the vaults. Well, I was leaning on the counter, waiting for him to return, when a snake reared up in the wicket less than a yard from my elbow. Not a garter snake or anything that small—a gigantic creature with great glittering eyes and a body, thick around as my arm, that must have been a good twelve feet long. It was one of those characteristic visitations—purely hallucinatory, of course, and induced by fatigue or eyestrain—that patients are always reporting, and my diagnostic training should have enabled me to recognize it as such. Unfortunately, I reacted emotionally and, I am ashamed to confess, emitted a piercing scream. For a moment, everybody stood transfixed; then the entire staff came running to ascertain the cause, but meanwhile I'd regained my composure sufficiently to dismiss the incident with a laugh. Afterward, I thanked my lucky stars I hadn't succumbed to hysteria and blurted out a description of what I'd seen. We Americans are considered eccentric enough as it is without resorting to such whoppers.

OAKESHOTT ARMS HOTEL,
SLOUGH,
MAY 17

ARRIVED here last night by way of Gerrard's Cross and Stoke Poges, and have decided to pause here a day or two to rest up. To tell the truth, I'm a little tense, and I can't quite figure out why. Have I seen too many cathedral closes, or is it this unending English courtesy, or what? In any case, my nerves are on edge, as I realized in the course of a stroll I took this morning in the High Street. Among the cars parked along the curb was an Armstrong Siddeley saloon—a model I'd seen fleetingly but never had a chance to inspect. Just as I was peering into the interior, shading my eyes with my hand, I suddenly had the most extraordinary sensation of being watched—from the inside. Since the car was empty, I knew I must be mistaken, yet all at once a sinuous reptilian shape unwound itself from the gearshift, slithered across the front seat, and struck at me through the window. And now comes the shameful part, the detail I can hardly bring myself to put down. Totally forgetting my Amersham seizure, which should have taught me the phenomenon was psychic in origin, I let forth a paralyzing screech and raced back to the hotel in lunatic fashion, bowling over passersby like ninepins. In the five hours elapsed since then, happily, I've grown somewhat calmer and have been able to ingest a little bouillon and two slices of Holland rusk. Someone has been pounding on my door at intervals throughout the afternoon, calling my name with great urgency, but I don't propose to answer until I feel my normal self.



"Flying saucers seem to have fulfilled a great need for John."

SLOUGH,
MAY 18

IT begins to look as if my holiday, peaceful except for the two jarring incidents previously noted, may be shortened by professional demands. The person knocking so insistently was the manageress, whose brother-in-law, a gamekeeper named Sholto, lodges on the premises. This worthy, evidently, has been stricken with repeated attacks of delirium in the past twenty-four hours, and as I had thoughtlessly divulged my identity on arrival, Mrs. Grindge importuned me to have a look at him. In vain I protested that I was not licensed to practice in Europe; tears mingled with prayers until I finally relented. On examination, the patient showed manifest signs of excitement aggravated by fear. His pulse was rapid, the facial region flushed, and the breathing shallow. For the most part, he was tremulous and disinclined to reply to questioning, but from time to time uttered strangled cries of "Look out!" and clawed at his wrists as if attempting to disentangle something. According to Mrs. Grindge, he had twice made anguished references to a doctor's satchel as harboring a python. While all evidence pointed to a classic delirium tremens, his relative stated emphatically that he took no more than an occasional glass of port. I prescribed a sedative and ice pack, lavaged the patient to rule out the possibility of poison, and instructed Mrs. Grindge to jot down any further ramblings that might furnish causative clues.

How puzzling that the serpentine element should arise again, and so soon after my own misadventures. I wish I could rid myself of the nagging thought that there is some connection. It may be childish of me, and pure coincidence only, but it troubles me, damn it.

SLOUGH,
MAY 20

THIS affair is proving more complex than I had supposed. Sholto continues to be restless, exhibiting unabated symptoms of snake trauma. After sustained appeals to search her memory, Mrs. Grindge disclosed that, prior to my entrance into the case, a local physician by the name of Grimsditch had in fact treated the patient for a trifling stomach upset. Hoping to derive a hypothesis at least, I rang the man, identified myself, and arranged to visit him this afternoon. There then ensued a most exasperating delay; Grimsditch promptly forgot my existence, and when he did materialize at his office, a full two hours later, he displayed no recollection of our appointment. On the whole, he struck me as unprepossessing—a sallow, fretful individual with a permanent sniffle and the aggrieved manner of one constantly imposed upon. I again presented my credentials and was about to narrate the relevant circumstances when he suddenly arose and administered his medical bag, which reposed beside the desk, a savage kick.

"Settle down there!" he snapped. "I've had enough trouble from you, you bastard. Now, then," he said, resuming his seat, "what were you saying?"

Sensing myself in the presence of one who was, so to speak, a shade out of the ordinary, I decided to use a more roundabout approach than I had planned, and asked with seeming carelessness whether there were many rodents in the district. Practically none, he answered; he supposed the majority had been devoured by snakes.

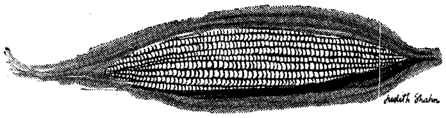
"Oh?" I said quickly. "Do you have many of those?"

"As many as we need," he said, with a cryptic smile. "And good fat fellows, moreover. Squeeze the breath out of a chap before you can say knife, they will."

Hardly had he spoken the words than the bag by the desk gave an unmistakable twitch. Grimsditch observed me staring fixedly at it and queried what was amiss. I could feel cold sweat trickling down my spine, but I was resolved not to panic.

"I hope you won't consider it pertinacious of me," I said, enunciating with difficulty, "but surely you don't carry a snake on your rounds?"

"What would you suggest instead—a gun?" he sneered. "Let me tell you something, my dear sir—every blessed man, woman, and child in the Chiltern Hundreds is a barefaced, unabashed thief. Why, only the other day, a patient I attended at the local hotel, a gamekeeper, stole this very bag—instruments, snake, and all. I didn't miss it straight off, being a bit absent-minded, but when I retrieved it and checked the contents, there wasn't a trace of the boa." A harsh cackle escaped him. "Probably writhing around



AMAGANSETT BEACH REVISITED

I

Once more I move among you, dear familiar places,
Pale shores, pale dunes, long burdened by my long love of you—
The sun strikes the great glass of ocean a glancing blow,
The waves are kneeling in the sun-dazzled spaces.
June is upon us: earth and sea
Are thronged with tidal life; the mackerel now
Swarm the Atlantic shallows; from some bough
Inland, the red-winged blackbird sounds his "fleur-de-lis"—
Life, that lifts up
In the green woodland the day-lily's cup,
Wakes in my heart once more;
Imagination spreads wide wings in me.
The blue road of the sea,
The void sea-road that runs
From here to the horizon, now—as once
In earlier summers when I strode along,
Measuring to the sea's rhythm the rhythms of my song—
Beckons imagination on.

II

All afternoon, I have pressed
Eastward, toward Amagansett. In the west,
The sun grazes the rim. Two sandpipers
Companion me now along the way—
They skirt the surges, keeping just out of reach
Of the advancing and receding foam.
It is early evening; we have come
To the broad shelf of Amagansett beach.
In the enormous dome
Seaward, the horizon is garlanded
With tender clouds; the hollow shell
Of heaven is luminous; the exhausted, pale
Waters exhale
A vast oceanic odor, a sea-soft breath.
Sundown. A sense of absence and of vacancy.
While there is still daylight,
A faint moon-path appears upon the sea;
While yet the living light prevails
Against the encroaching night,
The tenuous light of memory
Sets its cold seal upon
All that is gone—
On the now vanished day,
On the now vanished past.

—JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

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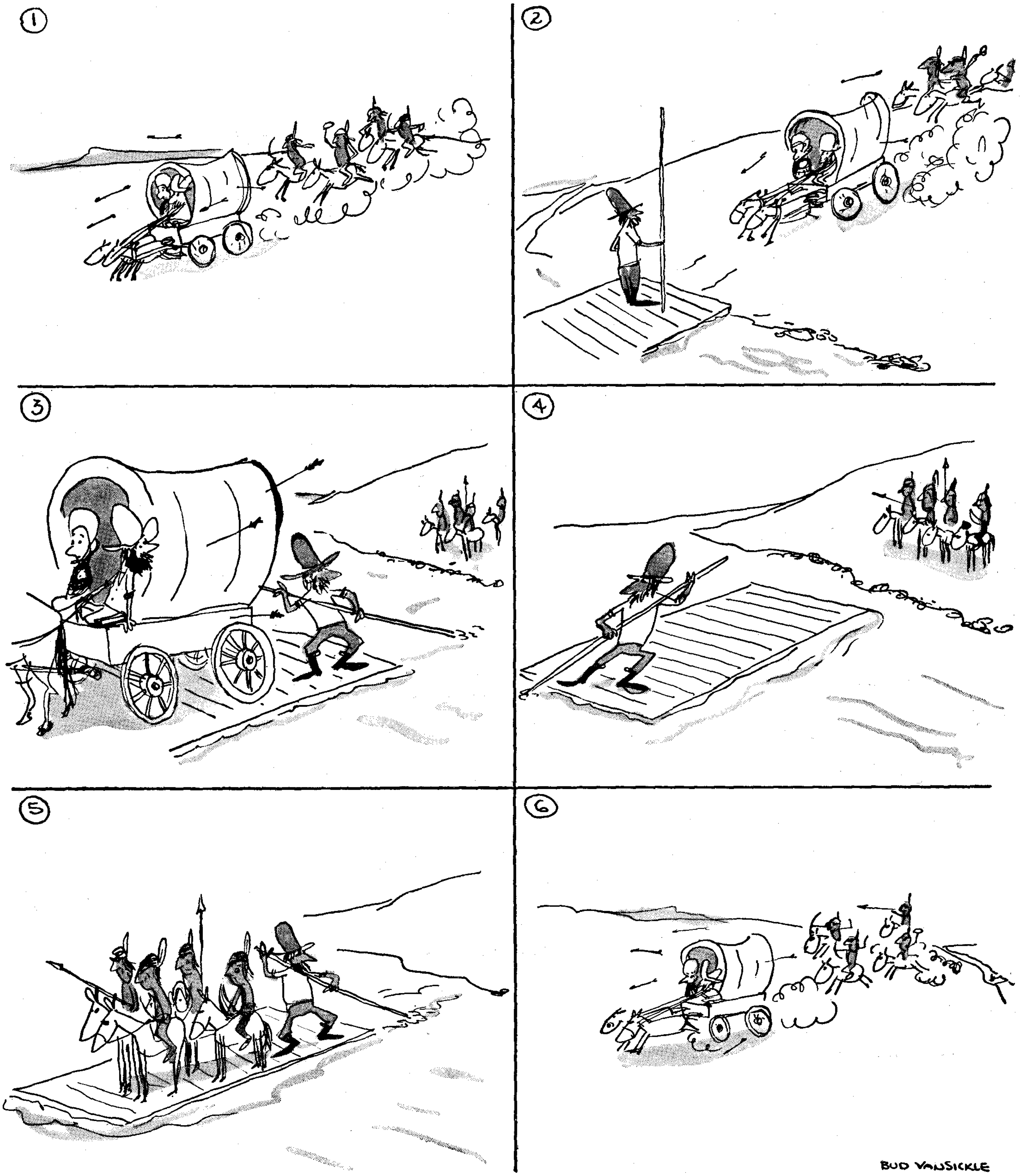

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this moment in the bleeder's bedroom, and serve him jolly well right."

THE DEODARS,
BEXHILL-ON-SEA,
MAY 27

AS nursing homes go, this is a model of efficiency and quiet comfort, set in the most pleasant surroundings imaginable. Now that my period of bed rest has terminated, I have been taking short walks on the grounds and along the shingle without any supervision, and am confident that by the weekend I shall feel well enough to leave. The matron's assurance that nothing of an organic nature was found in my baggage, and a similar guarantee from the garage, which, pursuant to my orders, has kept the car in isolation, had aided my recovery materially. As yet, I haven't reached a decision on whether I want to resume medical practice in the States, but I refuse to worry about it. After all, I'm still young, even though my hair is snow-white. I wonder if that tweedy old lady in the snack bar would recognize me now? I'd know *her* anywhere—blast her.

—S. J. PERELMAN

THE LONG LETTER

EARLY in 1944, in Miami Beach, a dark, immaculate young man called Peter Hidalgo went soberly and efficiently through the rounds of his first weeks in the Army Air Forces Officers Candidate School while conducting a silent monologue that seldom paused. It did not in the least interfere with his many duties—with standing guard at night above waves breaking on packed sand, with marching in formation to and from his classes or his mess hall shouting brash new Air Force words to venerable tunes. Through drill, through Sunday-afternoon parades in spongy heat and clouds of mosquitoes, through the limp moments before he slept on his rigid cot in his antiseptic room, the monologue ran on. He was talking to his wife, composing a kind of wandering letter, repetitious and sometimes garbled, that he could not stop. Janice had always wanted to devour all there was to know about him, down to the last commonplaces of any day, and so, now that she was dead, he kept on telling her about these. And in his mind, hazily, his words surrounded her, flowed over her, and obscured her.

Once, a year and a half before, he had told her in absolute detail the theory, construction, and function of vacuum tubes. At the time, he was in training to become a radio operator, and when she came to visit him he talked at first as he was talking now, about things a little to the side of what consumed him. He explained, passionately, thermionic emission, cathodes, anodes, and grid bias. He drew her a schematic diagram of a pentagrid, and she, slight and blond, gratefully made clear that though she could not wholly grasp the brilliant device she loved him, at least in part, because he did. Now, on the beaches or on night exercises along dark roads, he sometimes spoke to her directly, his lips moving without sound. But, as a rule, he simply told her in his head about the drilling and saluting and all the schoolboy war of O.C.S. He had previously been a radio operator flying over the North Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and Africa. It amazed him that he had been any such thing, which seemed unlike him, and he often thought that she, too, would have been astonished, and proud, if she could have seen him at it.

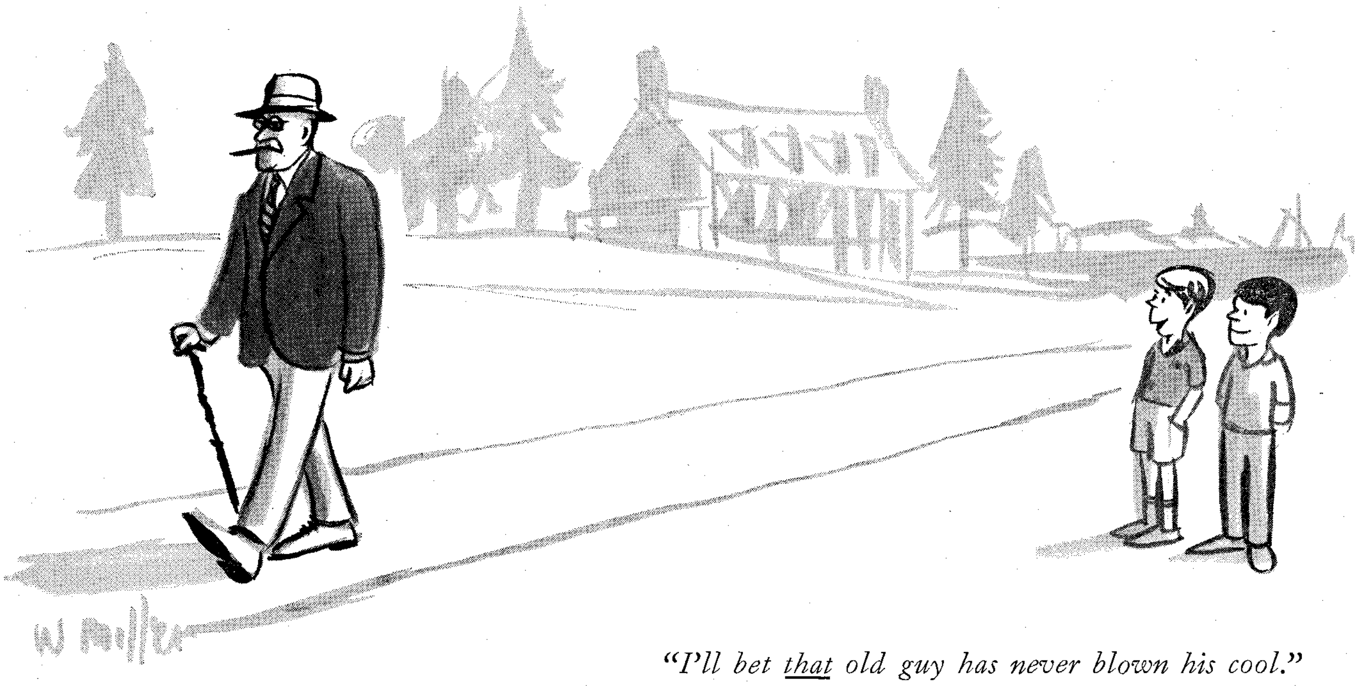
He told her, also, about the other men in his squadron, most of whom had come straight from basic training. He knew that, friendly as they were, they tended to stand back from him, and he laid this by and large to his superior military history, discounting more complex reasons. For their part, they knew only a little about him—that he had combat-crew wings and, strangely, did not wear them; that he spoke in no special accent but—on a guess—was Mexican; that he was slender, quiet, polite, remote; and that—most peculiar of all to them—he had no framed photograph of his wife propped on his dresser. They knew that she had died just before he came to O.C.S., and there were many rumors: she had been trapped in a burning house; she was a suicide by drowning, because her parents opposed her marriage; and so on. And most of the men felt uneasy when they were with him, as if he ought not to be there—as if a man in such mourning should go back and be a civilian, should be allowed to start his war over again, later.

DO
NOT
LITTER

Actually, Janice had been killed in an automobile collision while visiting her parents in Chicago. Nearly ten years before, a child-welfare group had sent Peter there—a bright orphan from Arizona—to stay with a Quaker family, help out around the house, and go to school, and he now thought that having been Pedro when young was as unlike him as being at war. He left off his wings because wearing them among his curious but respectful companions seemed ostentatious. And Janice's parents had indeed deplored the marriage—deplored it, and contrived to suggest that it did not exist at all, and so, sometimes, his monologue turned to them, trying to make them see that it had been real. Still, they were always civil when he saw them. They had been civil to him at her funeral.

Now and then—not often—the letter touched glancingly on times before the marriage. But early matters were likely to be perilous to recall. High school was perilous—the football games he and Janice had gone to and the baseball games he had pitched. Also their friends, swarming noisily in cars and porch swings on summer evenings, and the large family he had happily been part of and desultorily worked for in those years. For all recollections pointed, of course, toward his marriage, and whenever the long letter strayed too near the facts of it, the current of words was broken instantly, totally, leaving him bleak and alone. Yet he wanted to—tried to—think about his life with Janice, or so he believed.

It had been close, if brief. By the time Peter came East, two years after high school, they were in love. To his astonishment and delight, she simply picked up and followed him, and they got married. But now he did not dare to let himself see her again running up the scuffed and shadowy ramp from the train that had brought her. They had lived in a small apartment in New York, Peter working, and going to school at night. Janice, dedicated to all forms of self-improvement, studied along with him. And in the humid Florida evenings, he could by no means remind himself of a winter Sunday they once spent planning a future as orthodox as they could make it—law



"I'll bet __that__ old guy has never blown his cool."

degree, house, three children, a healthful old age—while snow fell all day (approving, confirming) on the roofs and chimney pots outside their window. Once, Janice was sure that she was pregnant, and all plans hung in the air; in the blueprint, children came later. And at night, when the lights of passing cars ran backward across the ceiling, she concluded with sorrow that the marriage was now unjust to Peter, who was at the beginning of his career—that she had been as headlong and as unwise as her parents said. And Peter, in the following silence and with a stone in his stomach, lay wondering who he was, other than a Mexican boy from an orphanage in Arizona. He knew that Janice's parents, who took care never to mention his origins, had them in mind when they wrote about haste and folly, and it did not occur to him to blame them. Then Janice discovered that she was not pregnant, and the planning proceeded triumphantly. But now, in counterfeit ambush alongside what had been a golf course, Peter could not at all approach the memory of Janice, her skin warm after love, lying against him in the bedroom that was never quite dark, filling in all the remaining chinks of their future.

The monologue ran on, keeping her safe, the recipient of a letter. Semiautomatic rifles cracked on the range; Peter held a marksman's rating. The squadrons prowled the nearby fields and woods deployed as skirmishers, or cautiously sniffed small quantities of poison gas for recognition. Sometimes, in a free half hour, he could sit in a little park behind the library, where recorded semi-classics were broadcast in the late afternoon. Once, she all but visited him there. A quick downpour sent him running to shelter under a tree. Only occasional drops got through to where he was standing. And for a few minutes, while steam from the baked earth hid the library and its hibiscus border, and water fell in a curtain around his enclosure, shutting out all sounds but its own, he felt a marvellous quiet, like an absence from the world. No words ran in his head. Then the rain stopped and the sun slanted across the glistening library roof and came in through the leaves. A puff of breeze scattered a few bright drops on and around him, and suddenly she was there. She was too close to be the recipient of a letter. He could smell her hair. She was soaked and laughing. Drops fell from her. And that was all. He bent over a second, his arms across his middle, and then he left the park, walking in the brisk cadence required of him as a prospective officer.

It had been too real; her presence had been too palpable. He remembered another visit she had paid him. He wondered if she had come in fact, then or now, but he did not believe she could. He was only playing tricks on himself, and he felt he had no right to. Other queer matters were troubling him—a recent burst of unaccountable rage; the way he shut himself off from the other men. The very fact of the monologue itself made him wonder if his mind could be unstrung. He did not think it likely, but he was not sure, and he had to keep steady for her sake. He owed her an officer's standing, offsetting his cloudy birth. So, marching alone under clattering palm trees, saluting when needful, hopping over puddles, he decided to do a thing he would endure only for her; he decided that he should ask the help of a chaplain. And then the words in his head began again, addressed this time to her father, explaining, apologizing.

Unlike the spill of words Peter gave to Janice, these were chosen with care, rehearsed as if to be repeated later, as indeed for the most part they would be, to the chaplain. For Peter was trying to piece together some incidents that had baffled or shocked him, beginning just after Janice's funeral. Of that ceremony, he remembered, or let himself remember, very little. In a blurred way, he had thought it insufficient. People were silent and withdrawn. Blank. They wanted him not to look at Janice, and he was too frozen to insist, or even to recognize why it was best that no one should. But though he dimly felt entitled to his own numbness, he was also deeply concerned that there should be so few open tears for her.

The service, on a November afternoon, was simple. The Neals, her parents, arranged it. Her body was cremated. He had consented, but it meant that there would be no grave to visit. In some echo of his past, he felt that this was as wrong as the absence of weeping. After the final short prayer in the crematory chapel, Mrs. Neal kissed his cheek and walked away slowly,

"Harry, you have talent."

tugging her gloves as if she wanted to tear them, and Mr. Neal shook hands formally and silently, looking at Peter with what he presently recalled as great compassion. Neither asked his plans, but of course they had no need to; they knew he was on his way to O.C.S. He was staying in a hotel. He had taken only a brief leave, having nowhere to spend a longer one. The Quaker family had gone to live in Michigan. The Neals had moved from their suburban house into a small city apartment, and though they courteously invited him to stop there, he did not want to. He had decided that he did not want to intrude. Then the first of the incidents took place.

A girl named Irene, whom Peter and Janice had known in school, drove him to the service, and afterward she took him to her family's house and gave him a drink. They sat a long time in silence. She turned the radio on, then turned it off and asked what an airplane radio was like, and Peter began to explain the design of vacuum tubes. He stopped, embarrassed, feeling certain that he had told her all that before. Yet he could not have. He was tired and confused. She was sitting the way Janice did, burrowed backward into a corner of a sofa, light hair shoulder length and curled at the ends, one hand on her cheek, and he found there was nothing he wanted so much as to describe for her the mountains around Goose Bay and the sight of icebergs from the air. The words came tumbling. They would not stop. He went on to picture for her the approach to the airfield in Greenland up a grim and dangerous fjord, and Irene turned quite literally into Janice before his eyes.

He tried to jar himself loose from the spurious vision. A couple of times, he shook his head, and she looked politely quizzical, but still it was Janice who looked so. Her features swam, then grew firm again, but there was no doubt at all who was listening to him, and soon he no longer bothered to question it. He raced through all he had seen and done since he had last laid eyes on her, eighteen months before. She listened. She never spoke. The windows of the room faced a pale-gold and purple sunset. It faded. The room grew dark. Empty at last, he shook his head again and waved an apologetic kiss in her direction—as he often did when he thought he had talked too much—and now that he could not see her anymore, he had no choice but to know that she had been Irene all along.

Later that evening, a disturbing thing of a different sort occurred. In his room, packing, he remembered Janice sitting in a sofa corner in their apartment, crying quietly, yearning for a glimpse of home and yet unwilling to go there because he could not, or would not, go with her. The Neals had never said he would not be welcome; they simply had never pretended that he would be. So Janice had waited to visit them until he was in the Air Force. Then she had, understandably, gone often. And now, as he started for the airport and Miami, a strong sense of relief that would not be denied rose in him and shocked him. For the Neals would no longer loom day and night—reproachful, accusing—in the near distance. He need no longer be considered—consider himself—an intruder or a robber. But his face burned and even his hands and feet tingled with shame that such an idea should enter his head on such a night. Making amends at once, he told himself that he was all they had left of Janice, and that, somehow, someday, for her sake, they must be led to understand at last that the marriage had been right. All this was part of what—on the hot, wet street—he believed he had better tell the chaplain. But first he spelled it out in conciliatory words for Mr. Neal, with whom, in the old growing-up, baseball-playing days, he had felt warm and easy.

THE chaplain was busy. Men persisted in coming to him with matters that could as well be taken to the medics. A psychiatrist was on duty over there. The chaplain had talked to the Mexican boy before, during the boy's first week at the school, hoping to help him in his bereavement, and wanting to make sure—again, the medics' area—that he was emotionally up to taking on O.C.S. He had seemed shy and solemn, but fully in control. His subsequent record was good. But now for half an hour he had been sitting across the metal desk in the chaplain's neat cubicle, talking, talking. About some fit of wild anger against his roommate, brought about by a clogged washbowl, and how such conduct could have cost him his commission; about hallucinations; about his wife's parents, and how disgraceful it had been to feel freed of them by her death. The dark eyes in the olive face were full of urgency. The chaplain, though busy, was touched. The boy was young and his wife had died. He was an orphan as well as bereaved. One should be able to say something to him—send him along with something more than the medics would. "They're very fine people, sir," the boy was saying. "They were very nice to me, way back. They used to laugh and kid. I hung around their house all the time on account of Janice, and Mr. and Mrs. Neal were like my friends. I ought not to feel the way I told you I did."

"Why don't you get in touch, then, Mr. Hidalgo?" the chaplain said, inspired. "They're your relatives. You're their son-in-law. You graduate in—what?—six weeks? You'll have a leave before you're posted. Go on out and see them. Do you *and* them good, I guarantee."

He stood up. And Peter rose also and thanked him and left with the feeling that the chaplain had miraculously said the very words that—not knowing it—he had come to hear.

HE went, marching as always, to the many-terraced white hotel in which his squadron was quartered, and up to his room. He was not allowed to close the door, so he shut himself in the bathroom, first taking from his suitcase a copy of a note he had written the Neals after the funeral ("I would like to thank you most kindly for all you have done. . . ."), and Mrs. Neal's reply:

"Dear Peter—

"You must understand that it is difficult for me to write to you under the circumstances. . . ."

That would be natural. She was grieving. She could not trust herself.

". . . and grateful for your kind note."

He read his note over, though he knew it by heart. He had struggled to make it right, but now it seemed formal, stilted. He wished it had been warmer. He remembered what he had said to the chaplain about the warmth of the old days. But he knew that the Neals themselves held their deeper feelings back—believed in always doing so. No tears, or few.

". . . joins me in wishing you all success in winning your commission."

Certainly, if he did go to see them, he must not fail to have won it. The chaplain had said the right words, but he had not said them all. For now it occurred to Peter that he must go because Janice wanted him to. The visit might not be easy—might be no more than a call—but the ease and warmth could always come back later.

". . . and a safe return, when the time comes, to civilian life.

Harriett B. Neal."

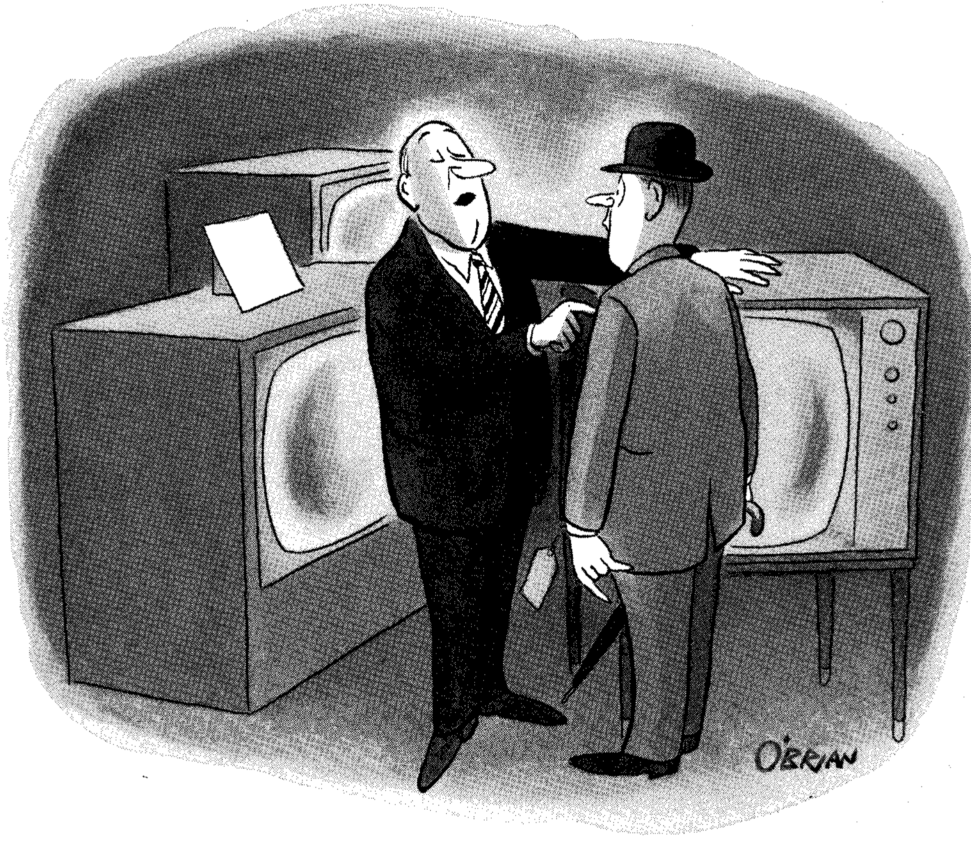
For he *would* no longer be an interloper. The fact was stark and simple, and he saw clearly that knowing it did not have to shame him. It only meant that nothing stood between him and them. A rootless boy was no longer keeping their daughter from them. He would go, for Janice, to her people, who were also his. And when he went, he would be—the wry joke ran—an officer and a gentleman by Act of Congress. It was only partly a joke.

He went out and stood for a few minutes beside his window. The street below was sunny. Trees were dark green against the white buildings all around. A file of men in spotless khakis came past singing, marching in perfect time, heads up, chests out, chins in, looking as proud as they were daily admonished to look, and for the first time Peter felt proud that he belonged among them.

THE pride remained and grew—his pride and Janice's. The long letter to her dwindled. There was less need for it now; she was always close by. Sometimes she seemed to be back of a half-shuttered window, sometimes in a passing car. Then the squadron went on a three-week bivouac, and she hovered in the sandy pinewoods and filled his tent.

She was there, but not in the way she had come to the library yard or had curled in Irene's sofa corner. Those were wrenching visits. Now she was like a presence that accompanied and uplifted him, making him feel eerily, sadly—loftily—rather as he had in the very old days, before he guessed that she could love him. The Neals had not guessed it then, either. Sometimes they had teased him gently about her, as when Mrs. Neal would look up from a book and over her glasses, and pretend surprise at seeing him in her living room again. "Why, Peter! It's been so *long*. . . ."

The sham battles on bivouac were more real than the earlier ones. They were fought over soggy meadows, in dusty ditches, through thick brush. And Peter, always prepared to do what was expected of him, now devotedly did more. He was praised by a first lieutenant—a gift all but celestial. He was given a file and then a squad to command. Since Janice's death, any good thing he had done he had done only for her eyes, but now he did not need to prove himself to her. She knew him and was with him. She would want her parents to see him as she did. So



"Now, you may ask me 'Who needs color?' And my answer is '__You__ need color.'"

now he also waged the imaginary war for them. He saw Mr. Neal—imposing in a crimson blazer with crest, grinning, his hand on Peter's shoulder—looming over him after a ball game and calling him by the names of all the great pitchers he could think of. And Peter wished that Mr. Neal could see him as he waded swamps with his rifle over his head or led his men all night, with compass and bull's-eye light, through the pungent woods.

He considered writing the Neals to say he might see them before long, but he put it off. He was busy; composition was likely to be hard. He imagined possible meetings with them, and in the one he favored he simply appeared, unannounced and carrying roses, at their door. Once, waking at dawn, he was swept by the realization that a family—any family—had of course to be just that; it had no choice but to close ranks in a dark time. And in the dewy morning, full of promises, smelling of cool canvas and crushed grass, he could not help believing that Mr. Neal must have grasped the fact already, and that Mrs. Neal would be bound to see it in the end.

THREE weeks later, hanging his tailored officer's uniform in his closet, Peter muttered a brief prayer to cover the near future. He was not sure how effective it would be. He had prayed earnestly for Janice at times, wanting to be certain that nothing that could be done for her went undone. But he had felt, and felt now, as if he were only repeating a formula—magic words. Nevertheless, he prayed hastily, then went to the orderly room to be given his posting. He found he was being sent to a station in Wisconsin, and that he would have to go through Chicago to get there. He regarded this coincidence as an omen of significance—a virtual command to visit the Neals and a possible answer, after all, to prayer. And the next day at noon, standing with his class on the former golf course, gold bars glittering and his combat wings pinned to his blouse, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Force.

Late that evening, he took a train for Chicago. He had written the Neals twice and torn the letters up, and then, unwilling to appear without warning, he had written a third note and mailed it too late for a reply. He had said that he would telephone them when he got there.

He reached Chicago in midmorning after two nights on the train, and found a room in a hotel. He thought it was too early to call the Neals. It was Saturday, and Mr. Neal would be home; he was glad of that. He tried to visualize the two of them going about their day, but he could see them only in the big house he had known. He loosened his blouse and lay on the bed, and then decided that it was inconsiderate not to give them plenty of time before he went there. He buttoned his blouse, found their number in the telephone book, and called it, and a recorded voice told him that the number had been disconnected at the request of the subscriber. He asked, "When? Where are—? When?," but only after a long silence, and he got no answer but the dial tone.

THEY had moved to California two months before. Peter learned this from Irene, whom he called after hearing from Information that there was no number in Chicago for the Neals. They had gone suddenly—in flight, perhaps, from Janice's death. They had gone without letting him know—without thinking to let him know—and, in a way, they had taken Janice with them. He saw that at once. Irene told him that she could find their address for him, and Peter heard himself saying that he would not need it. "They'll write, of course," Irene said, but he knew it was not so. Not after two months. Not ever. If he wrote them, Mrs. Neal would courteously reply. He would not write them.

The hotel was near the lake front, and Peter went there, knowing for the first time—truly for the first time—that his wife was dead. He stood looking at the lake that was the same deep blue as the Florida ocean. His head echoed, his hands were icy, and he was hollow, but at the same time a not wholly welcome peace crept through him—much the same as he had felt for a little while under the tree behind the library long before. Again, there were no words pouring through his head, but now there was no following sense of her presence, either. She would not visit him here, beside the lake breaking on the sand. He knew that this time she could not. But it suddenly seemed to him that the Neals had not taken her with them. They had taken only the girl he had talked to for so long, the safe recipient of letters. The girl who had lain beside him in the dim room in New York had been his wife, and the Neals had not taken her. It would be like her to dismiss all tears, shed or unshed. She had always looked easily at reality—made friends with it in the end—and there was no wrong in knowing at last that she was gone.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

•

"WHAT YOU SEE IS ME"

—The Beatles.

Cataclysmic if it were so
They want it to be so
To prove it *is* so
All the young who love dancing
Their long hair streaking
Wildly searching faces
Blind with the wish to see
Senseless with the wish
To feel themselves and the others

How simple

What you see

Words we've known
Since babyhood

Is me

But how cataclysmic
If it were so

They writhe their bodies
Shut their blind eyes tight
And make a closed circle
By holding hands
To keep out all
The old cold ones like us
Who've never
They think
Confronted one another
Comforted one another

This way the world gets on
By dreaming
What can't be possible
Believing that it is
Making it so

Open up your eyes now

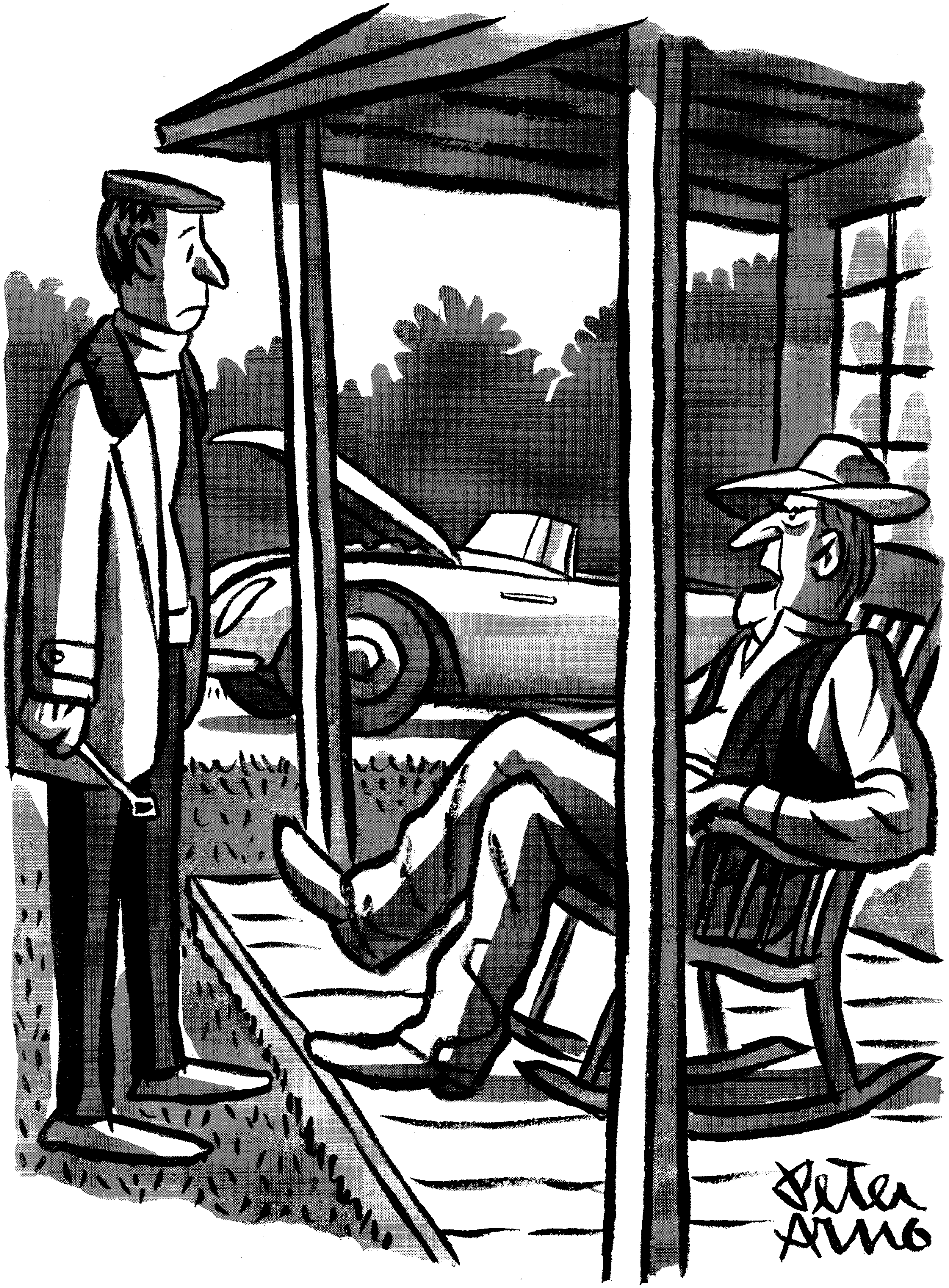
They believe it
And for them it is so

But our cold tired eyes
Can open wider than theirs
We know a thing or two
They don't know
About the art of seeing
The song says

What you see is me

But we know that it's
Impossible
If what the song says
Were true
And we could all open our eyes at once
And see one another
Right then we'd be in heaven

—BARBARA GIBBS



"The fact that I live in a house by the side of the road, Mister, doesn't mean I'm a friend of man."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MICRONESIA

II—FROM U TO KAPINGAMARANGI

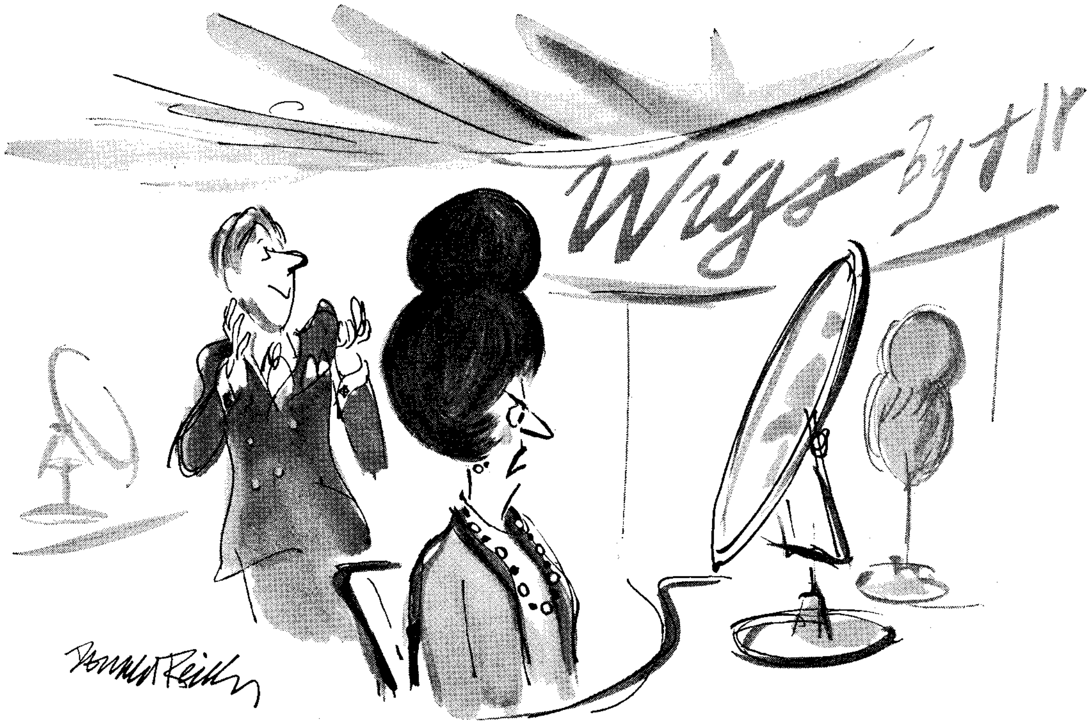
THE ninety thousand native inhabitants of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands—which the United States, in a well-meaning but sometimes fumbling way, is trying to lead by the hand into modern times—live on ninety-six of two thousand scattered islands north of the equator and west of the international date line. Most of these islands are very small, which is why the three-million-square-mile area is known as Micronesia. Approaching any part of the Trust Territory, which the United States has been administering for the United Nations since just after the Second World War, one never fails to reflect on how physically insignificant these tiny outposts are, and to wonder how any navigator manages to find them. Micronesian navigators have been doing precisely that for centuries. The Trust Territory is divided administratively into six districts: the Marshall Islands District, the Mariana Islands District, and—within the Caroline Islands, which are by far the biggest chain—the districts of Palau, Yap, Truk, and Ponape. Travel within a single district may entail a voyage of several hundred miles over open and by no means always pacific ocean, but Micronesians think little of embarking on a visit to distant neighbors in frail sailing canoes. To them, the ocean is not a barrier but a highway. Outboard motors are becoming more and more prevalent today, but the basic vehicle is still the canoe, plain or decorated, with, as a rule, a deep, narrow hull, a broad, steadying outrigger, and slim gunwales, upon which the native mariners perform prodigious feats of balance as they hop about on their broad, brown, splay-toed, confident bare feet.

The Marshallese are generally considered the best navigators. They use compasses now, but for years they relied on intricately designed stick charts. These consisted of slender, interwoven curving pieces of wood, each one representing a wave pattern, with small cowrie shells tied to them representing islands or atolls. The prevailing wave patterns in the Marshall Islands all have names, and to be allowed to learn these and to read and interpret stick charts used to be deemed a great honor, granted to only a few young men of noble birth. During their apprenticeship, they would be taken out to sea and would float on their backs to get the feel of the waves. With enough experience, they could tell where they were from the roll of their boat and the appearance of the waves that rocked it; they could also tell how far they were from an island they were seeking, or whether—as happened now and then—they were lost. The Yapese are the farthest-ranging sailors among all Micronesians. They have been known to travel by canoe from Yap to the Marshalls—a journey of some two thousand miles. Three years ago, six men from Ulithi, in the Yap District, set out for the neighboring island of Fais but ran into a typhoon. They turned around, but they missed Ulithi and kept going west for fifty-three days, until they hit the Philippines, a thousand miles from home.

Even in tranquil weather, it is difficult, and it can be costly, to travel around Micronesia. The Trust Territory, like Alaska and other huge regions, relies heavily on airplanes. In 1951, when the Department of the Interior took over the administration of Micronesia from the Navy, Interior arranged for air service to be provided by Transocean Airlines, but in 1960 Transocean went out of business. Since then the Trust Territory has had its own airline, operated by Pan American. Passengers are charged twelve cents a mile—the highest air-fare rate anywhere on earth—but the line nevertheless shows an annual deficit of half a million dollars. Its fleet consists of two twin-engine Grumman amphibians, which can take twelve passengers each, and two relatively commodious (fifty-seven-passenger) four-engine DC-4s. The Trust Territory is approximately the same size as the continental United States, yet until the first DC-4 was added to the fleet three and a half years ago, the amphibians provided all the air service there was in Micronesia. It

DISTRICT
DIRECTOR
OF
INTERNAL
REVENUE

"Whimpering, sir, will get you nowhere."



“ ‘Voilà’ my eye!”

was—in terms of area, if not of population—as if the entire United States were dependent for rapid transit on a pair of small two-engine aircraft. The second DC-4 joined the modest fleet just this winter. In honor of the area’s year-old legislature, it has been named the Congress of Micronesia (its forerunner was never given a name), and when it made its first appearance at a couple of district airstrips, the overjoyed natives engulfed its passengers and crew with fragrant leis and draped one oversized lei, sixty feet long, across the nose of the plane itself. The amphibians have been essential, because up to 1963 only three of the six districts had landing fields. Now there are five, and a sixth is under construction, at Ponape. The Trust Territory airline has a printed schedule and in theory makes at least one trip a week from Saipan, in the Marianas, where Trust Territory headquarters are situated, to Guam—which, though not politically in the Territory, is geographically embedded in it—and on to each of the five other district centers. The service is apt to be irregular, though, and even when a pilot is all set to take off he cannot be certain that he won’t be asked to spend an hour or so searching the ocean for a canoe that has gone astray. Space aboard the planes is in such demand that priority lists have to be established, as in wartime. Passengers with low priorities or none may spend weeks waiting to go to the next island. The capacity of the Trust Territory planes is further limited by the fact that there are hardly any maintenance facilities at Micronesian airfields, and each flight has to carry its own mechanic. Also, the cargoes in the two smaller planes ride in the same compartment with the passengers. There may be a crate of live chickens or a crate of spare parts for a generator or a patient on a stretcher, en route to a hospital, or even a corpse, en route to burial at home.

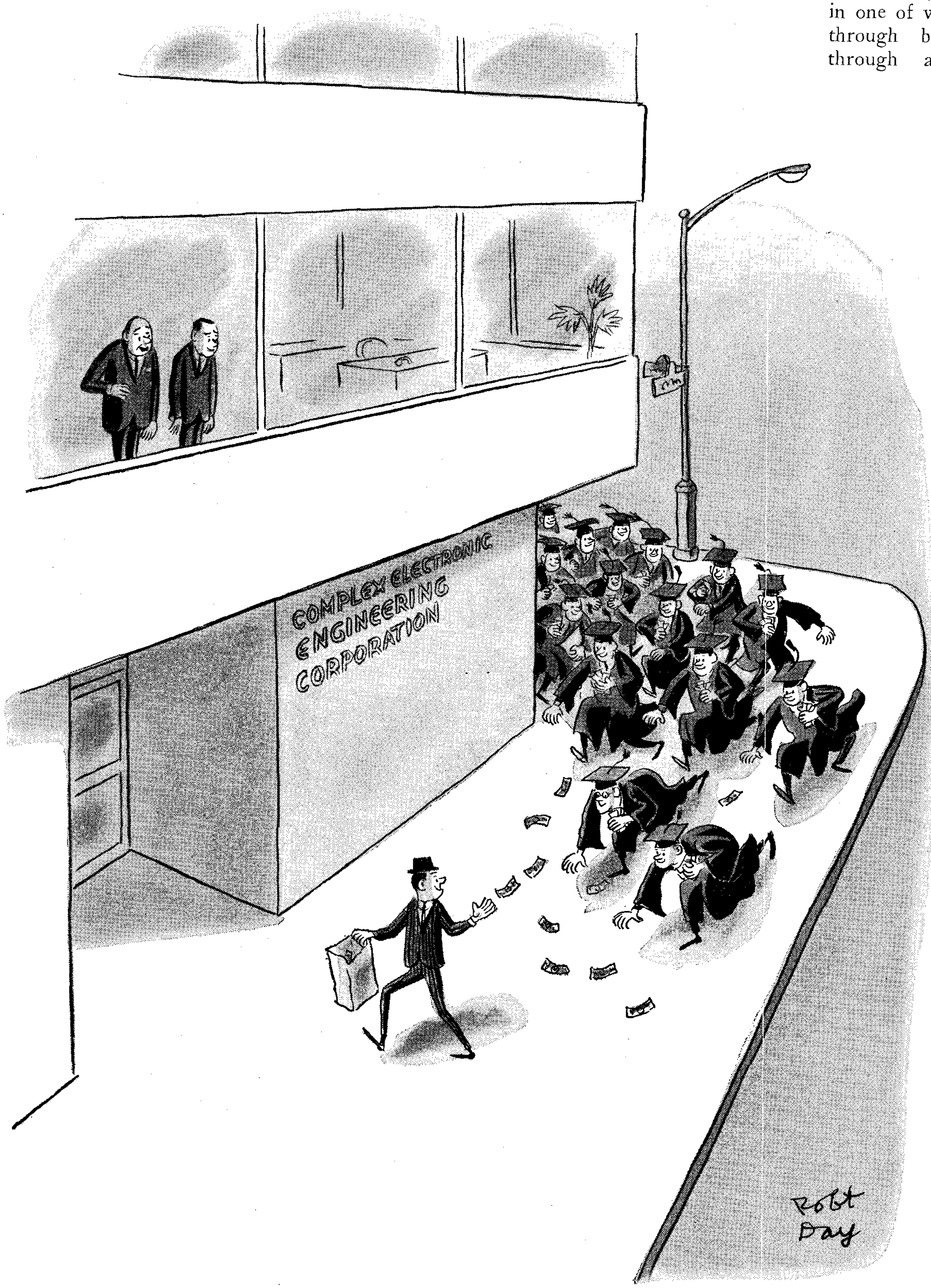
Except in emergencies, the Trust Territory airplanes serve only the six district centers. To shuttle people and supplies around the dozens of other widely dispersed communities of Micronesia, the administration has nine ships, the largest of which is a four-thousand-tonner that the Interior Department’s Bureau of Indian Affairs once used on the Seattle-Alaska run. The passengers—mostly Americans—who occupy the few cabins on these vessels pay four cents a mile for their berths and five dollars a day for their meals. The deck passengers—all Micronesians—pay three cents a mile and bring their own food. Until this year, all the ships’ captains were Westerners except Robert de Brum, a member of a Marshallese family of distinguished seafarers descended from a Portuguese trader and a German trader who, late in the nineteenth century, jointly founded a dynasty that is still powerful in Marshallese affairs. The captains lead a harrowing life, because some of the channels through which they must thread their vessels to reach atoll lagoons are exceedingly narrow and, even at high tide, dismayingly shallow. There is only one captain around who at one time or another has not had the sickening experience of feeling the bottom of his ship crunch on a coral reef; he is Dewey Huffer, a rotund, cheerful seafarer from Indiana who is known throughout Micronesia as the Virgin Captain. The reefs of Micronesia have plagued natives and foreigners alike for centuries. The approaches to quite a few of the islands are cluttered with foundered ships; the channel to Ponape, for instance, goes past a boat that for the last ten years has sat straight upright on a reef, even though its bottom is completely gone.

For most out-islanders, the appearance of a ship is a momentous occasion. It provides them with their only opportunity to buy goods beyond what their own tiny island stores may have in stock, and with their only opportunity to acquire cash in return for their principal export crop—copra, the dried white meat of the coconut, which is used for making margarine, cooking oil, soap, cosmetics, and a protein-rich animal feed. Micronesia accounts for less than one per cent of the world’s output of copra—the giant land masses of Indonesia and the Philippines are far in the lead—but the two million dollars that this annual production brings in represents earned income without which the Trust Territory would be an economic nonentity. (It isn’t much of an economic entity even with the copra money.) Coconuts thrive on littoral soil, and the low-lying Marshall Islands, which are almost entirely littoral, produce more copra than any other Trust Territory district.

ON the high-rising island of Ponape, which is the principal land mass of the district that bears its name, and which, like most of Micronesia’s comparatively elevated areas, is of volcanic origin, almost any kind of crop will flourish. Ponapeans sometimes call their district seat the Garden Isle. Its fertility is attributable to its dampness. Ponapeans like to say jokingly that they have only two kinds of weather: either it’s raining or it’s just about to rain. In the soggier sections of the island, the average annual rainfall is three hundred inches. Last July, the skies dumped 37.2 inches of rain on Ponape.

The island of Ponape consists of one capital town, called Kolonia (not to be confused with the capital of Yap, which is Colonia), and five other municipalities—Sokehs, Kiti, Net, Madolenihmw, and U. Their names can be spelled in various ways. Sokehs is also Jakejs, Kiti is Kitti, Net is Nett or Not, Madolenihmw is Metalanim, and U is Uh. Madolenihmw (in Ponapean, "Madolenihmw" means "space between houses;" Ponapeans, unlike the inhabitants of low-lying Micronesian atolls, do not live clustered together but build homes on scattered farm sites) was the scene of a battle in the American Civil War. In 1865, the Confederate warship Shenandoah turned up there and found two New England whalers at anchor; the Shenandoah's captain told the natives that he would give them arms if they would destroy the Union vessels, and the natives obligingly set them afire. It was just about the only time, during all the alien wars that over the years have affected Micronesia, that any Micronesians have taken aggressive action.

Ponapeans have an elaborate system of chiefly hierarchies. Not unlike the British, they have two lines of nobility, in one of which the titles are attained through birth, and in the other through achievement. The chiefliest of Ponapean chiefs is called a *nanmwarki*, and he is a powerful figure; until the end of the nineteenth century he owned all the land in his realm. All *nanmwarkis* are still tendered a fixed number of ceremonial feasts a year, and their subjects pay annual tribute to them in the form of the first and finest fruits of the harvest. Yams are an especially prestigious crop in Ponape. There are at least eighty varieties in the district, and they are graded by size and by age. Some are left in the ground to mature for twenty years, and some attain such bulk that it takes six men to carry one. The most proficient yam growers tend their crops in secret to keep their neighbors from learning their techniques. More often than not, the heaviest and hoariest yams unearthed in Ponape end up in the larder of a *nanmwarki*. The highest-ranking chief on the island is traditionally the Nanmwarki of Madolenihmw. Until his death this February, at the age of seventy-two, the Nanmwarki of Madolenihmw for thirty-four years was a non-English-speaking Ponapean with the non-Ponapean name of Moses Hadley. One of his paternal great-grandfathers was an



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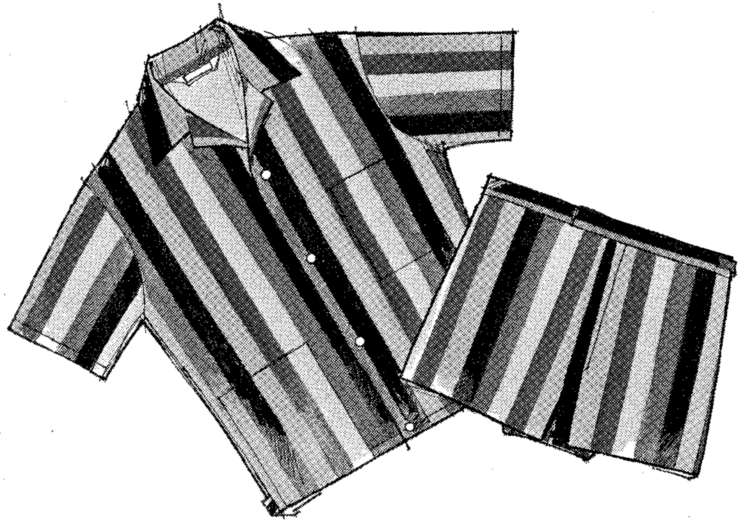

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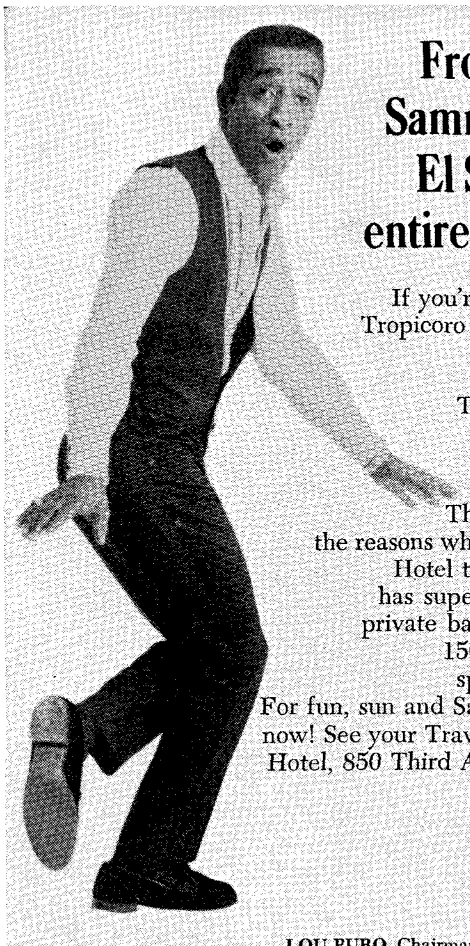

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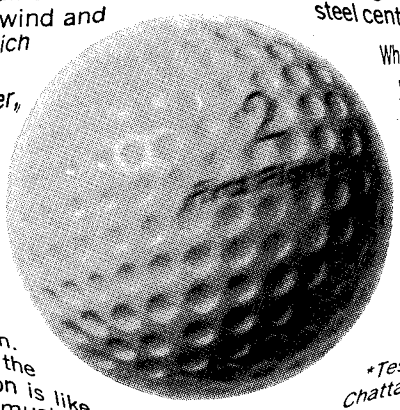
American who reached Ponape in 1836 aboard a whaling ship, decided to stay there, and set up shop as a provisioner for other whalers. He advertised in Honolulu newspapers, urging ships to put in at Ponape for "refreshments." Moses Hadley, who inherited his title through his maternal ancestors, had twenty-seven hundred subjects and twelve children of his own. Two of his sons—one employed at a Ponape farm institute and the other at an agricultural station—have become quite Westernized, but their father preferred to lead the life of an old-fashioned Ponapean chief. He lived in a dirt-floored thatched hut at the edge of an inlet of the sea, with a canoe house next door. Paddles and sleeping mats were stored on the rafters of his dwelling, which was modestly proportioned but was usually filled with a couple of dozen retainers and relatives, not to mention a flowing undercurrent of dogs and pigs.

Not far from Moses Hadley's domain, in the village of Tamori, is the mission of Father Hugh Costigan, S.J., who is perhaps the most celebrated of all the contemporary missionaries in Micronesia. There have been only two indigenous Catholic priests in the history of Micronesia. One, a Ponapean, began his education under the Spanish late in the nineteenth century, and was finally ordained in Spain in 1940. Caught in Europe when the war in the Pacific broke out, he had a terrible time getting home, because, like all itinerant Micronesians of that era, he was travelling on a Japanese passport. The other native priest is a young Palauan, the graduate of a seminary in the Philippines, who was ordained last year. He now teaches religion at a mission school in Koror, the capital of the Palau District. Nearly all the other Catholic priests in Micronesia are Jesuits, like Father Costigan. He is a singular priest, being, among other things, a skilled construction man, a Sunday-school teacher in a Protestant church, and the parent, by adoption, of a Ponapean boy. Costigan does his Sunday-school stint a hundred and fifty miles away on the atoll of Pingelap, where at last count the religious population consisted of a hundred and ninety-six Protestants and four Catholics. With so few souls of his own faith to minister to on his visits there, he takes over Sunday-school classes to give the busy Protestant clerics a hand. As for the Ponapean son, Costigan acquired him through a sideline common to missionaries in remote areas—the practice of medicine. One day, a tubercular woman turned up at Tamori with a two-month-old



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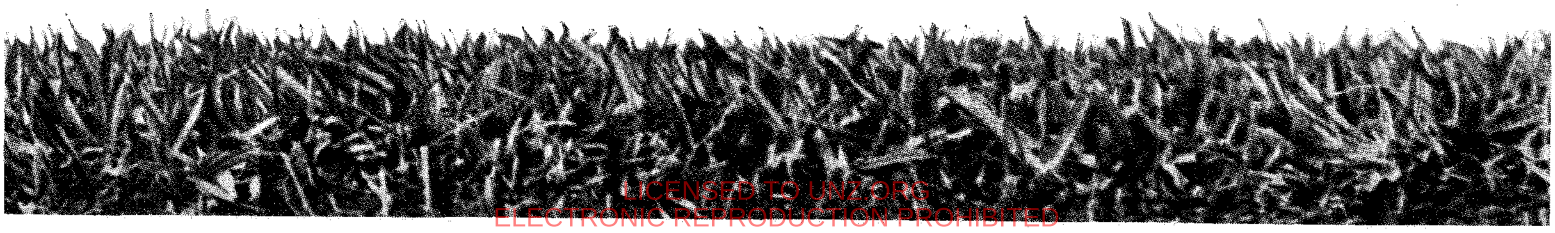

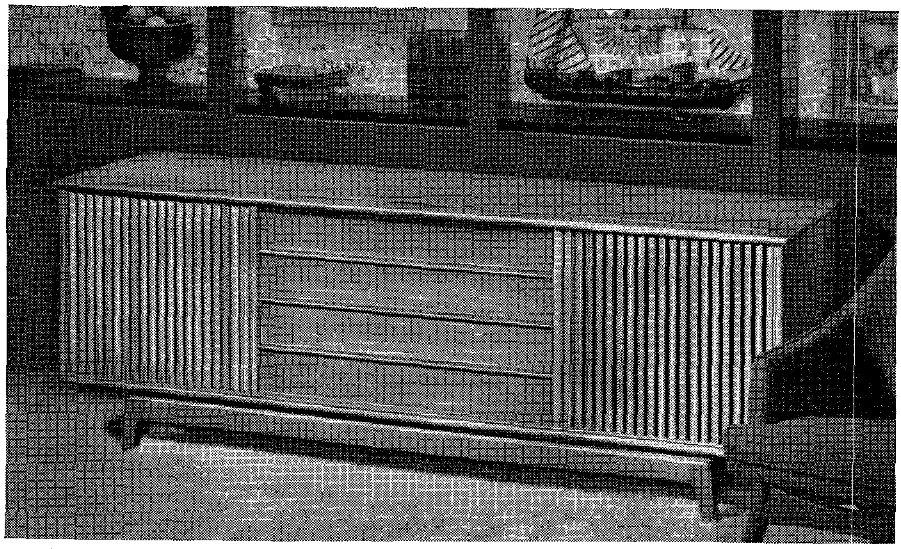

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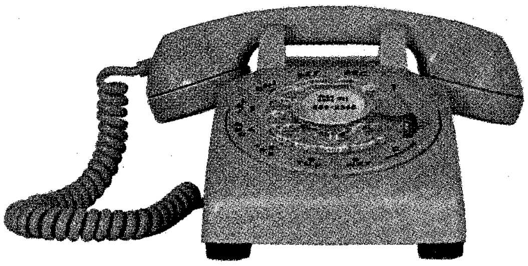
boy. Costigan, who speaks fluent Ponapean, told her that she had to go to the hospital at once, and when she asked what would become of the baby, he replied, "Don't worry; I'll take care of him." He shipped the mother off and turned the child over to his native housekeeper. Months passed. On finally inquiring about the sick woman's condition, Costigan was surprised to hear that she'd been released from the hospital and had gone home. He asked a relative of hers why she hadn't come to reclaim her baby. "He's yours," Costigan was told. "You said you'd take care of him." The priest, aware of how embarrassing it would be for the mother to get her boy back once she thought that she had formally relinquished him, legally adopted the child, who is now four years old.

Father Costigan, who is fifty-two, was raised in the Bronx. Before he began studying for the priesthood, he was a bricklayer and plumber; he has had a union card since high school. His father was a Fire Department battalion chief, and he himself was once an honorary chaplain of the Emergency Service Division of the Police Department. For many years, the head of that division was Assistant Chief Inspector Walter Klotzback, who conducted a series of benefits for Costigan and was able to send as much as ten thousand dollars a year to the mission at Tamori. On his occasional stateside visits, Costigan also makes a point of looking up old friends in the construction unions; a couple of years ago nearly fifteen hundred members of one Brooklyn plumbers' local assessed themselves a hand tool apiece for the mission. Costigan arrived in Ponape in 1947 and moved to Tamori in 1953. Although his mission is approachable only by boat or on foot, he is a busy man. He doesn't have much time for religiosity. "You don't judge missionary work anymore by things like numbers of converts," he says. "The old 'God and I' concept is gone, and so is the 'Don't do this' approach. Man works, man recreates, and man has religion. If we take care of the whole man, we're doing our job." He construes the principal present need of the whole Ponapean man to be improved housing, and so unflaggingly has he tackled the job of filling that need that he has become known throughout Micronesia as the Building Priest. He left Ponape in 1957 long enough to study low-cost housing in, among other places, Costa Rica and Colombia. Three years later, back in Tamori, he organized a housing coöperative, which the *South Pacific Bulle-*



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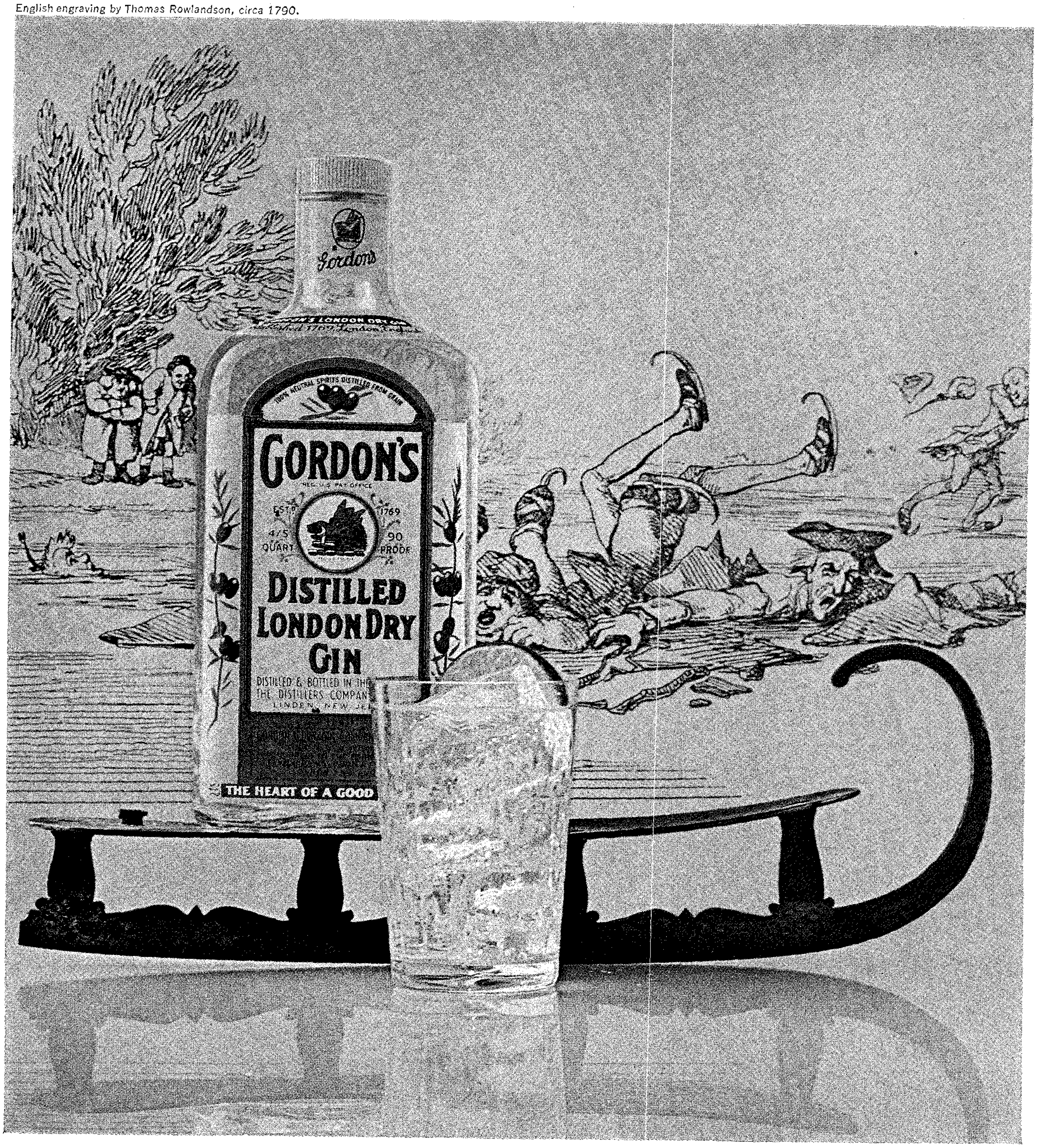
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tin, taking some geographical license, has called "a shining example of rural community development in the South Pacific." The nearly three hundred members of Father Costigan's coöperative have been building cement-block houses for their families at a cost of only a dollar and a half a square foot, their labor and the priest's guidance being free. The members were supposed to put up ten dollars a month each toward the ultimate cost of their homes, but quite a few of them didn't *have* ten dollars a month. In order to be able to pay them cash salaries, Costigan decided to branch out into the general construction business. In short order, he had obtained contracts to build two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Trust Territory classrooms and teachers' houses. Since then, additional and even larger contracts have come his way, and today the Building Priest is the biggest nongovernmental employer in Micronesia.

During the last few years, in whatever time off he has had from other people's projects, Father Costigan has been slowly constructing a pet project of his own. Opened in the fall of 1965, it is a boys' high school called the Ponape Agriculture Trade School. (Being of Irish heritage, he likes the acronym PATS.) To expedite its completion, Costigan borrowed a bulldozer from the Trust Territory administration. The bulldozer, like most of the other equipment in Micronesia, had seen better days, and almost as soon as the priest pressed it into service, its clutch gave out. When he asked for a replacement from Public Works, Public Works said it didn't have any spare parts. He bought a new clutch on his own in Honolulu and had it shipped in by air mail, but no sooner was it installed than the bulldozer's oil pan cracked beyond repair. Today, the bulldozer is still perched, a silent yellow hulk of rusting metal, halfway up a slope between Costigan's chapel and his new school. "A monument to futility," he says. "Maybe I'll plant flowers around it." Another priest in the Trust Territory has a broken-down truck as his futility symbol. He wanted to use it to help build a church, but it collapsed completely. The priest is still bitter about it, and he uses words like "outrage" to describe the American administration of Micronesia. Father Costigan is more charitable. He usually says nothing more acerb than that, in his view, the United States government has had a do-nothing philosophy.

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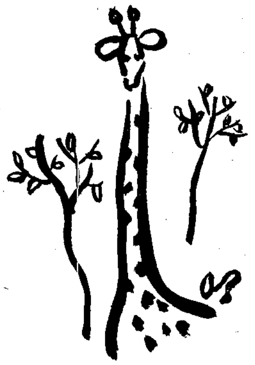
most celebrated landmark in the entire Trust Territory—the ruins of Nan Madol. They represent one of the biggest and most puzzling relics of aboriginal architecture. The ruins cover an area of a square mile, and embrace close to a hundred islands, most of them semi-artificial. Nan Madol was built of huge, heavy logs carved, by means unknown today, out of basalt crystals—volcanic rock that has cooled slowly—and stacked up in cribs, much like log cabins. These cribs are scattered all over the area. There are walls still standing that are twenty-three feet high and contain rock timbers twenty-four feet long. For many years, Nan Madol was the headquarters of Ponapean rulers known as *saudeleurs*, the last of whom, according to local lore, was conquered hundreds of years ago by a tribe from the island of Kusaie, two hundred and sixty miles away. The Kusaieans (three hundred and thirty-three of them in a single monstrous canoe, one story has it), led by one Isokelekel, turned up as guests and, after winning the confidence of their hosts, suddenly staged an insurrection. In its prime, Nan Madol had quarters and reception halls for the *saudeleurs* and their ranking generals. It also had harems, cemeteries, and a pool reserved for a sacred eel, which had its own kitchen and was treated to frequent servings of baked turtle and baked dog. Nobody knows for sure how old Nan Madol is. Recently, the ruins have been scrutinized by three cultural anthropologists from the Smithsonian Institution. In 1963, trenches were dug where the sacred eel was berthed, and carbon tests subsequently determined that someone had been cooking something there between 1120 and 1240 A.D. Nan Madol would probably be a great tourist attraction were it not fairly inaccessible; except at high tide, the ruins, which lie along the banks of brackish mangrove-bordered streams, can be approached only in a canoe. Some time ago, the Trust Territory administration embarked on a program of disentangling the ancient ruins from the vegetation that had all but smothered them in eight hundred years or so of uninhibited proliferation. A task force of thirty men was recruited to tidy up the area, but after they had done a good deal of clearing, the Trust Territory, which had (and still has) hopes of someday converting Nan Madol into the Micronesian equivalent of a national park, ran out of funds for the job. The jungle at once began reclaiming the ruins, to the regret of the caretaker in charge, who is a brother of Moses Hadley's, and who now, when an occasional tourist stops by, can do little more for the visitor's edification than pose for souvenir photographs wearing a relic extricated from the ancient shrine—a man's grass skirt, the date of which, like so much about Nan Madol, is unestablished.



WHILE I was visiting the Trust Territory, I was eager to get away from the district centers, which are comparatively sophisticated communities of three or four thousand inhabitants and provide most of the amenities of contemporary living. The outlying islands of the Ponape District are supplied by ships on periodic field trips. These follow two itineraries. One goes almost due east from Ponape to Mokil, Pingelap, and Kusaie. The other goes south, to atolls called Ngatik (the "g" is silent), Nukuoro, and Kapingamarangi. I was glad to learn that it would be possible for me to spend a few days at Kapingamarangi, an atoll that, like Nukuoro, was settled untold years ago by Polynesians, who generally live south of the equator and tend to be larger and lighter-skinned than most Micronesians. Kapingamarangi is sixty-five miles above the equator, and is a hundred and seventy-two miles from Nukuoro, its nearest neighbor. Like most Micronesians, Kapingamarangans are footloose. Some three hundred of them—nearly half of all the Kapingamarangans there are—have migrated to the island of Ponape, four hundred miles from home. They do not mingle much with the Ponapeans. They have established a village of their own on the shore of the Kolonia municipality, from which, nearly every morning, a fleet of a dozen or more Polynesian canoes, with billowing white sails, takes off for the open ocean to catch fish. Living in that village while I was in Ponape was a Kapingamarangan schoolteacher named Apinel Mateak, who was enrolled in an adult-education program, and from him I gleaned some advance information about Kapinga, as the atoll is called for short.

Apinel, like most Polynesian men, is tall and stout. He is thirty-two years old, and a high-school graduate. He has been a student, on and off, for twenty-

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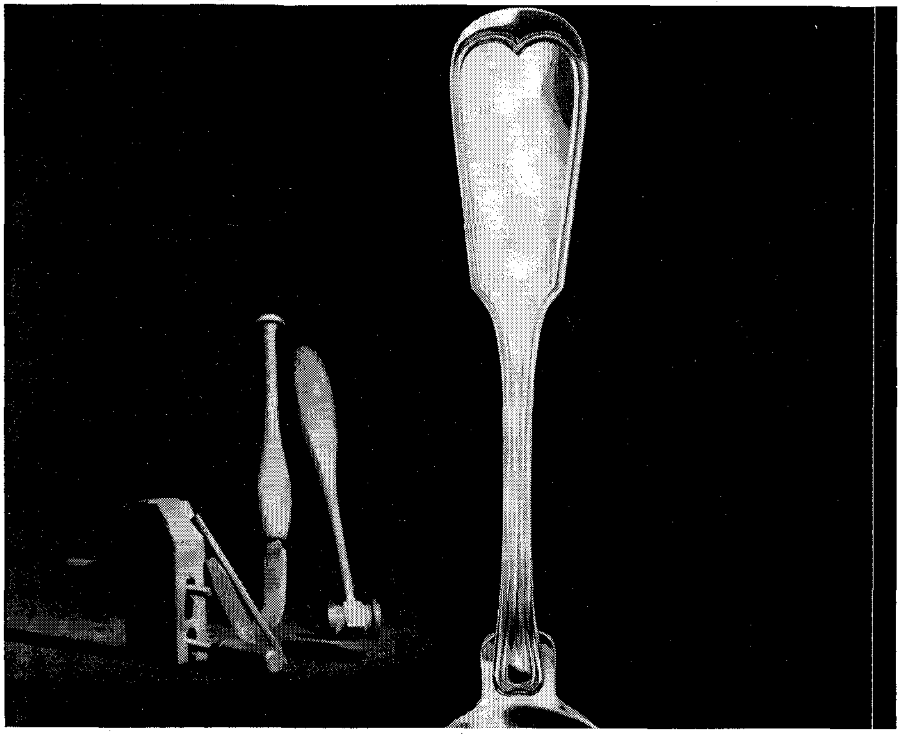

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seven years, having started out at home, at the age of five, in a class run by a Japanese copra buyer. Today, Apinel is more fluent in English than any other Kapingamarangan teacher. His salary is eighty dollars a month. By Kapingamarangan standards, he is well off. A family of six on his home atoll can get by nicely on a hundred dollars in cash a year, and this, at the going price for copra, represents less than two hundred-pound bags a month, which any able-bodied man can produce without overexerting himself.

Apinel's home atoll is not statistically impressive. The nearly four hundred current inhabitants of Kapingamarangi have thirty-three islands that they can call their own, but one is so small that it has nothing on it but a single coconut tree, and in area all of them together amount to a fraction more than half a square mile. The existence of this fragment of the earth first became known to the Western world early in the sixteenth century, when a Spanish ship sailed by; "Kapingamarangi" is supposedly a corruption of the name of a Spanish seafarer named Captain Mariano. Even in the sixteenth century, as far as Apinel knows, Polynesians had long been in residence on Kapingamarangi—since the year 1200 is as good a guess as any. The foremost, if not the first, of them, according to popular belief, was a man named Utamatua. *His* father was a fisherman on a distant Polynesian island, the name of which has come down as Taman. Utamatua founded what was for seven hundred years or so the Kapingamarangan religion, and he built a cult house, called a *heleu*, into which no one but priests could venture with impunity. It remained the principal Kapingamarangan place of worship until 1923, when a Nukuoroan missionary named Henry Noah, who had been converted to Christianity by a sea captain, visited Kapingamarangi. Henry Noah arrived the day before Christmas, which gave him a chance to introduce his hosts to Jesus Christ and Santa Claus simultaneously. Within a few days, he told the Kapingamarangans that if they were to have any hope of salvation or of Christmas presents, their heathen cult house would have to be demolished. Since nobody else would lay a hand on it, he demolished it himself. When nothing happened to him for that blasphemy, it was easy for him to substitute his Gospel for the Kapingamarangans' long-cherished notions. Kapingamarangans swiftly began to adopt Biblical names, like Noah. David, Adam, Jonah, Matthias, Moses, Jeremiah, John, Isaiah, and Sol-

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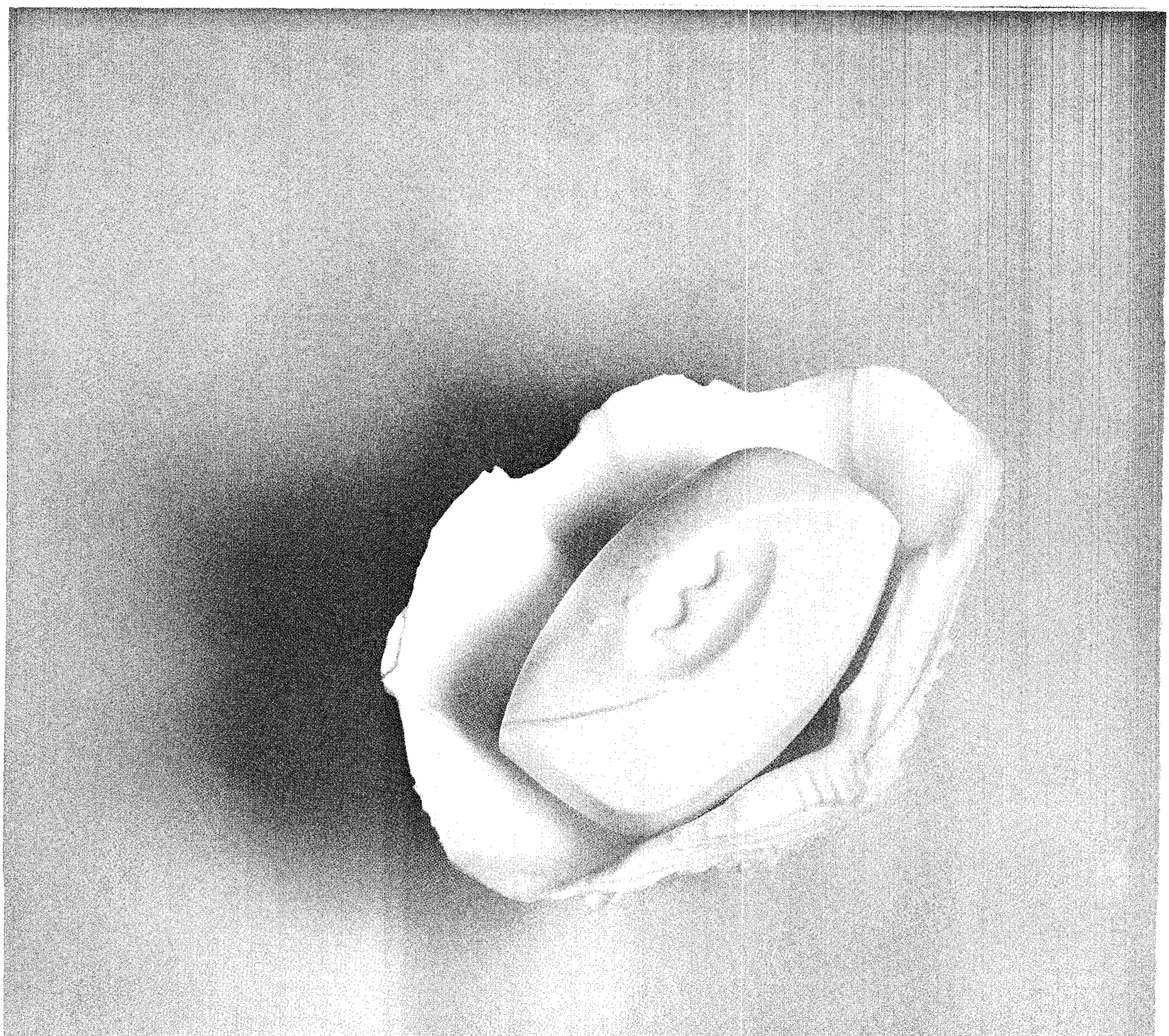

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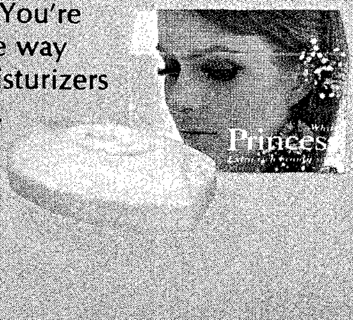

omon are all represented on the atoll. Apinel—whose name was Apiner until a schoolteacher changed its spelling to conform to the Japanese style of pronunciation that most Kapingamarangans follow—was probably named for Abner, and he has friends named Billimon, Mikel, and Anaisai, whose scriptural counterparts would appear to be Philemon, Michael, and Ananias. Apinel's surname is his paternal grandfather's name; he adopted it, as other Kapingamarangans have adopted second names, only in order to be able to make a helpful response when foreigners with forms to be filled out insist on being given something to inscribe in one of their blank spaces.

Western theology notwithstanding, Kapingamarangi has harbored few Western residents. A British copra trader lived there early in the twentieth century, but after his death the atoll had no Caucasians in more or less permanent residence until recently. In 1956, the United States Air Force set up a weather station there, but it functioned for only two years. Two white people live on Kapinga now—a pair of American schoolteachers named Lee and Nancy Milner, who met in Ponape and got married there, choosing the ruins of Nan Madol as the site of the ceremony. For their honeymoon, they took a cruise on the field-trip ship that touched at Kapingamarangi, and they were so enchanted by the atoll that when they heard that the Trust Territory administration planned to assign an American teacher or two to that lovely but lonely post, they volunteered.

AS a rule, the southern field-trip ship out of Ponape stops at its destinations only long enough to let off passengers, pick up new ones, unload trade goods, and load whatever copra the natives have waiting for it. The whole layover rarely lasts longer than a day. I would have a chance to stay at Kapingamarangi longer than that, I learned, because the ship on which I had passage—the M.V. Kaselehlia—had been privately chartered from the Trust Territory government to make a thousand-mile round trip between Kapingamarangi and Rabaul, the capital city of the New Guinea island of New Britain. The charterer of the Kaselehlia (the word is the Ponapean equivalent of "Aloha;" in Yapese it would be "Kafael," in Trukese "Ran Annim," in Palauan "Dimeikun," in Marshallese "Yokwe Yuk," and in the Chamorro language of the Marianas "Hafa Dai") was a thirty-seven-year-

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old woman, Yvette Etscheit Adams, who is the only Caucasian ever to have become a naturalized citizen of the Trust Territory. (Of the hundred and sixty-four individuals who have taken out citizenship papers since 1951, when naturalization was sanctioned, half have been Guamanians. The others have come from Japan, Korea, the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, the Philippines, Taiwan, China, Hong Kong, Okinawa, and New Guinea. It is almost impossible for United States citizens to become Trust Territory citizens.) Mrs. Adams, who is the wife of an Australian engineer now working on the construction of Ponape's airfield, had good reason for becoming naturalized. By Trust Territory law, only citizens of the area may own land, and she, born in Belgium, wanted to be certain of inheriting some of the property that for many years has belonged to the Etscheits—one of the most remarkable families in Micronesia. Her father, Carlos Etscheit, now sixty-four, and his brother Leo, now sixty-eight, are both prominent businessmen in Kolonia, Ponape. Kolonia is a small place, and the Etscheit brothers are the only non-indigenes engaged in commerce there, but the two are fiercely competitive. They run rival general stores and import-export businesses only a few hundred feet apart, and though both of them have lived in Ponape for most of their adult lives, for the greater part of that time they have been barely on speaking terms. Their father—Yvette's grandfather—was Dominique Etscheit, the son of a German lawyer. Dominique studied business in London, went to Australia with a gold-rush party, and toward the end of the nineteenth century turned up in Manila as the resident agent of a German firm. Later, he became secretary to the Spanish governor of the Philippines, and was in Manila in 1899, when Germany bought Micronesia from Spain for four and a half million dollars. A lot of Germans were opposed to this far-flung real-estate venture, but the Kaiser fancied it; Germany was already established in Rabaul and the southern Solomons, and the Micronesian islands looked like good intermediate ports for German trading ships. Dominique Etscheit, tipped off by the German consul in Manila that Micronesia was about to change hands, astutely bought land from the Spaniards before they moved out and from the Germans after they moved in. He ended up with a whole island in the Truk District and three thousand choice acres on the island of Ponape, along with various minor

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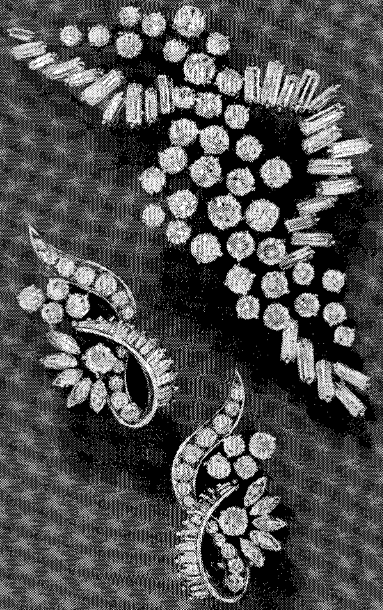

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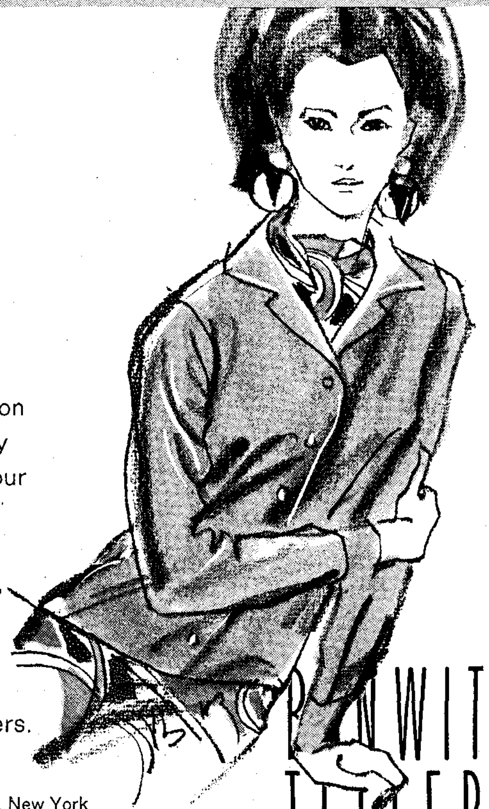

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holdings. He also owned an ocean-going schooner, the Germania, which ranged all over the Western Pacific—it made the Ponape-Hong Kong run in twenty days—and at least once, his son Leo believes, got as far east as San Francisco. Dominique married a Belgian woman, and during the First World War, when Germany disowned him because he declined to serve in its armed forces, he acquired Belgian citizenship. He died in 1925, at seventy-one, but his widow continued to live on Ponape until shortly before the Second World War; she is now eighty-nine and lives in Brussels. Carlos Etscheit was born on Ponape but was taken to Brussels as a small boy and raised there. In 1925, he returned to Ponape to take over his father's business affairs. Leo, who was both born and raised in Belgium, arrived two years later. It was the brothers' original plan to work in partnership, but they couldn't get along, so each went his own way. During the Second World War, the Japanese regarded Carlos and Leo as Allied spies and interned them both. After the war, until they could rebuild their businesses and start the slow climb back to prosperity, both of them worked for American military-government officials, Leo as an adviser on Ponapean customs and Carlos as an interpreter. For a while, nearly all Ponapeans who spoke English spoke it with a Belgian accent.

Yvette Etscheit Adams' purpose in chartering the Kaselehlia was to pick up some merchandise in Rabaul for her father's store, which she helps to run, and also to pick up a new propeller shaft for a ship that Carlos bought in 1962—the Tungaru, a hundred-and-twenty-foot Australian-built vessel that is one of the very few privately owned ships that big in Micronesia. The Tungaru had backed onto a reef at Pingelap and broken its shaft. The Kaselehlia is a relatively new ship. It was built for the Trust Territory at Shimizu, Japan, in 1958, and its reef-conscious owners specified that it must have a double bottom. This proved to be sound planning, for the Kaselehlia has already gone aground five times. It is a sturdy ship; it once bounced right over a reef and landed safely in a lagoon. By Western standards, it is not large for open-ocean travelling. It is a hundred and thirty-one feet long—one foot longer than Robert Fulton's Clermont—and displaces three hundred and sixty-two tons. It can carry a hundred and fifty tons of general merchandise or a hundred tons of copra, which is bulky, and can accom-

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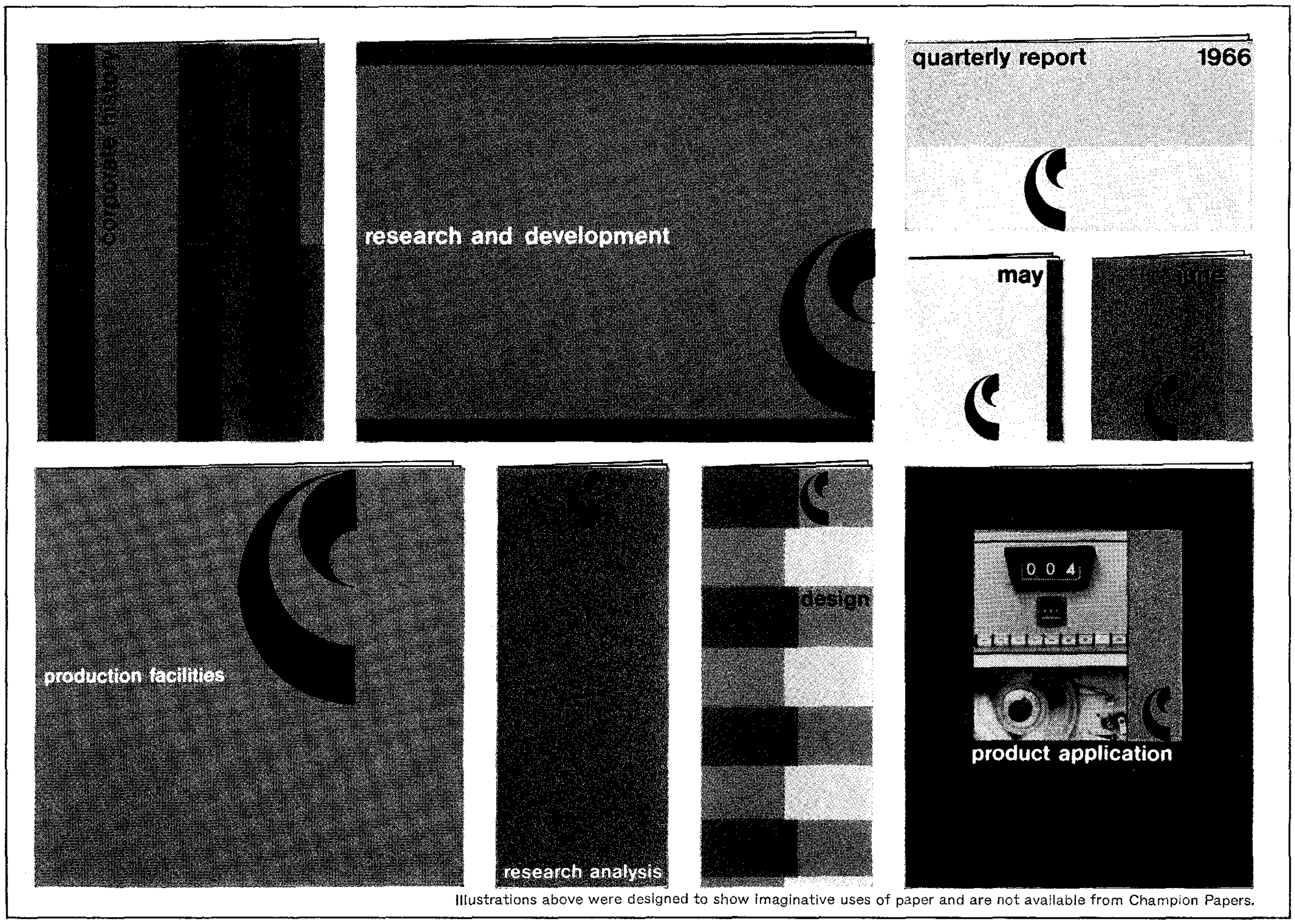
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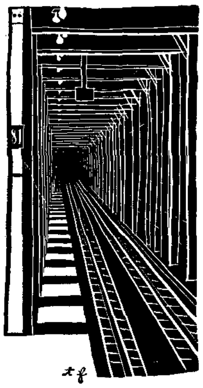
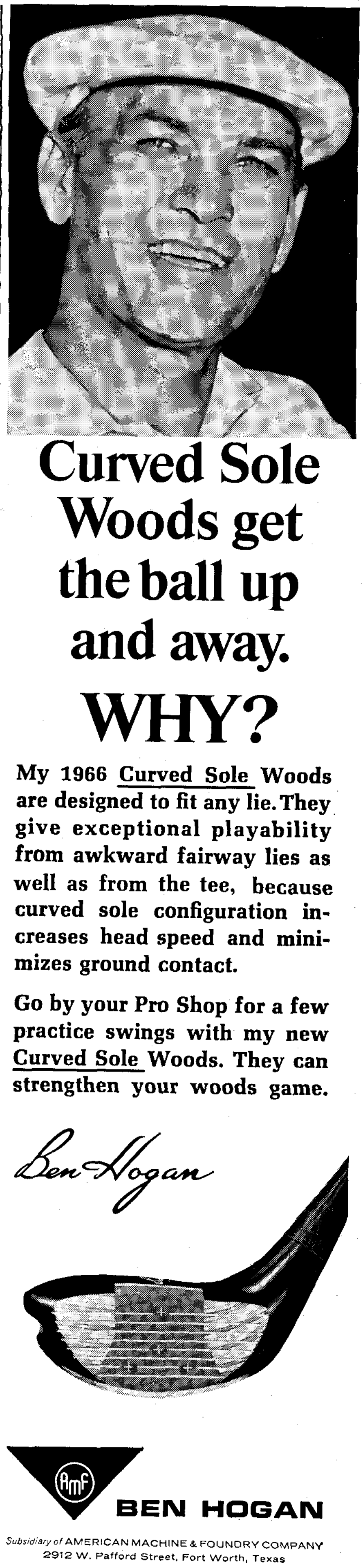
modate ten cabin passengers and a theoretical maximum of twenty-five deck passengers, though it often squeezes more aboard. It has a complement of fifteen: a captain, two mates, three seamen, a chief engineer, two ordinary engineers, three oilers, a cook, a galley hand, and a steward.

The hazards of navigation being what they are in Micronesia, the Kaselehlia has gone through half a dozen captains in the last two years. The incumbent at the time of my voyage was Ian Donald Morrison, an Australian, who lasted fourteen months. Trust Territory ships reflect their masters' personalities. Some field-trip vessels have captains who care about the cuisine and even have menus prepared for their cabin passengers. Under a former captain, the Kaselehlia had had written menus, deck chairs, and round-the-clock coffee service in the wardroom. Captain Morrison, an expert seaman, did not bother with such fripperies. I was told in Kolonia by a man who had been aboard the Kaselehlia not long before that when Morrison, who rarely visited his galley or wardroom, chanced to observe a meal his passengers were eating, he had cheerfully remarked, "If I ever served this stuff to Australians, I'd have a mutiny on my hands." (I was soon to find out for myself what he meant. After I had been at sea a couple of days, the sole Australian among the passengers gave up on the tea that was being served and switched to coffee. At the same time, several of the American passengers, including me, gave up on the coffee and switched to tea.) Captain Morrison would sometimes refer to his ship as "old rock and roll," and sometimes as "a vile little beggar." Still, from the outside it is not unhandsome, having, like the rest of the Micronesian fleet, a sparkling white superstructure and a single blue funnel that sports a circle of six white stars, emblematic of the Trust Territory flag. And, what is more to the point, the Kaselehlia usually gets where it is supposed to go.



The Kaselehlia was scheduled to sail from Ponape at six o'clock in the evening. That morning, in the dining room of the Kaselehlia Inn, where I was staying, I saw six large cardboard cartons with my name crayoned on them. They were my provisions for the trip, the hotelkeeper told me. I also got a mimeographed sheet entitled "Operations Instructions, Southern Field Trip No. 641127—A/C," which was filled with military prose ("Routine Duties: All field-trip personnel carry out assigned duties for their respective departments and submit report in accordance with CPM 59-2-AD revised") and which listed most of the passengers, together with their cabin assignments. The leader of our party, invested with the rank of Field Trip Officer, was a thirty-three-year-old Micronesian I had already met in Kolonia. He was Kasiano Joseph, who is community-development officer on the staff of the District Administrator, a member of the district legislature, and president of both the Kolonia Credit Union and the Kolonia Consumers Coöperative Association. His features have a markedly Asian cast; his father was Japanese and his mother Ponapean. He speaks excellent English. His two principal non-routine duties during the trip, he told me as we were being ferried from Kolonia to the Kaselehlia's dock, would be to explain to the people of Ngatik, Nukuoro, and Kapingamarangi the territory-wide elections that were scheduled to be held soon afterward for the then brand-new Congress of Micronesia, and to register voters. At the last two stops, he would also arrange for the distribution of some food.

In 1963, a tidal wave that originated off Ecuador had swept across the Pacific and, among other things, inundated some taro patches at Nukuoro and Kapingamarangi; until the patches were declared salt-free and fully productive, the people dependent on them were periodically being given free food allocated to the Trust Territory by the United States Department of Agriculture. On this occasion, Nukuoro and Kapingamarangi would each receive a hundred bags of rice, five sacks of flour, and twenty cases of dried milk. One of the passengers on the Kaselehlia was an agriculturist from Ponape, Oliver Arten, who was supposed to check on the salinity of the taro-patch swamp water and decide whether it was time for the Trust Territory administration to take the islanders off the dole. Arten seemed a fitting choice for this assignment. A fifty-year-old Minnesotan, he had once worked for a soil-service agency in the Department of Agriculture and had also spent six years as a Lutheran missionary at Madang, New Guinea; from Kapingamarangi he was going on to Rabaul to



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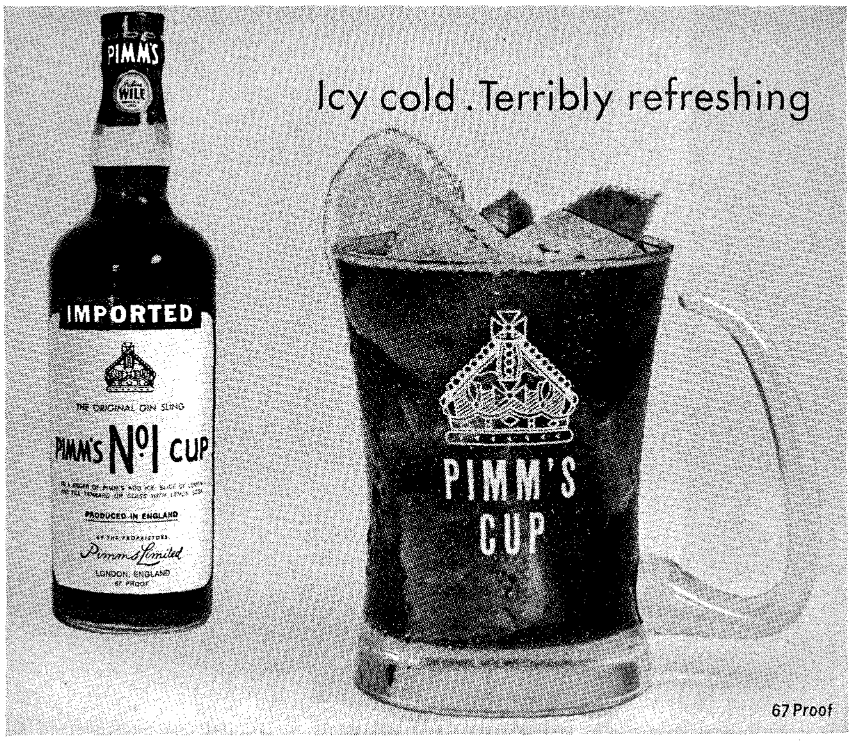

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revisit a region he had once called home. Though of solemn mien, he was something of a tropical dandy; I had admiringly noticed him at a party in the Kolonia community club wearing crisp white shorts, natty white knee socks, and gleaming black loafers.

Arten and Kasiano Joseph, I learned from the Operations Instructions, were sharing the largest of the Kaselehlia's four passenger cabins with two more Ponapeans—Carl Kohler, the district judge, and Gaius Edwin, the district economic and political adviser. I was assigned to a cabin with the Associate Justice of the High Court of the Trust Territory, Paul Kinnare, an American from Chicago, who was to be let off at Ngatik to hold a session, at which he would be assisted by Judge Kohler and Gaius Edwin. Judge Kinnare also had with him a native court clerk and a bailiff, as well as a court reporter, Nancy Hattori, a grandmother from Hawaii who had never before been on a field trip. She was nervous. Judge Kinnare, on the other hand, was a veteran island-hopper. A sixty-two-year-old pipe-smoking bachelor, he had been on the Micronesian judicial circuit for more than three years. This was to be one of his last out-island excursions before he retired. Like many Trust Territory officials, he had spent a good deal of time in the Pacific. (Accordingly, he didn't think he could take Chicago's climate; he planned to settle in the Virgin Islands.) During the war, he went to New Guinea with an amphibious-engineer outfit, and after the war he practiced law in Okinawa. For a while, too, he was general counsel and sales manager for the Guam distributor of Budweiser beer. Having no idea how long he would be at Ngatik, Judge Kinnare had half a ton or so of impedimenta aboard the Kaselehlia—several crates of lawbooks and court records; cots and bedding for his party; a kerosene stove and a large drum of kerosene; a box containing his judicial robes; a dozen or so cases of food; and five cases of Budweiser.

Mrs. Hattori was sharing a cabin with Yvette Adams, who, like Judge Kinnare, had an entourage aboard. Small though the Kaselehlia was, it carried merchandise and attendant supercargoes from three Kolonia stores—Carlos Etscheit's, Leo Etscheit's, and a coöperative. The coöperative also had a copra buyer on the ship; his job was to inspect and classify the copra that the natives had produced, and he had four thousand dollars with him for on-the-spot cash purchases. Two of the supercargoes were men. The third was Mrs.

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Neomy Johnny, a cheerful young woman whom Carlos Etscheit likes to send on the southern field trip because she is a Kapingamarangan and seems to know instinctively what goods her prospective customers will want. Also in Yvette Adams' retinue was the Australian who couldn't stomach the Kaselehlia's tea—a young man named Roy Robertson. He and two assistants—wild-looking but mild-mannered Papuans from New Guinea—were on their way home to Rabaul after six months spent teaching Ponapeans how to weld galvanized-iron sheets together to make water-catchment tanks for Carlos Etscheit.

The fourth cabin was occupied by still another family with New Guinea connections. They were the Robbert Kummers and their two sons—Peter, four years old, and Job, three months old. Kummer is a doctor from Holland—a specialist, understandably, in tropical medicine. His wife, Tekkie, a lawyer, is from Borneo. Dr. Kummer, who is in his mid-thirties, had spent five years in Netherlands New Guinea, leaving when Indonesia took over the area. This was his first field trip. His wife and the baby would be going on to Rabaul, where Tekkie had friends; the Doctor and Peter, a red-haired, freckle-faced boy, would be staying at Kapingamarangi. Accompanying Dr. Kummer were a laboratory technician and a supply man. They were going to check on health conditions generally at Ngatik and Nukuoro, and inspect the dispensaries there, which were staffed by resident health aides. At Kapingamarangi, where they would have plenty of time, they hoped to make a survey of the health of every inhabitant.

In theory, each of the six districts of the Trust Territory has an American physician permanently assigned to it, but it is not easy to get doctors to go to Micronesia. Two years ago, the job of director of medical services for the whole area was vacant for eleven months before anybody could be prevailed on to take it, and it is vacant again now, because the man who finally did take it left after a year, following an almost non-stop vendetta with the administration. Most of the treatment in the Territory, up to and including surgery, is provided by natives who, while commonly called Doctor, are not Doctors of Medicine but have received the degree of Medical Practitioner, either from a school in the Fiji Islands or from one that the Navy ran, just after the war, on Guam. Some of the practitioners are remarkably competent. (One of them, not long after completing the Navy course, did his

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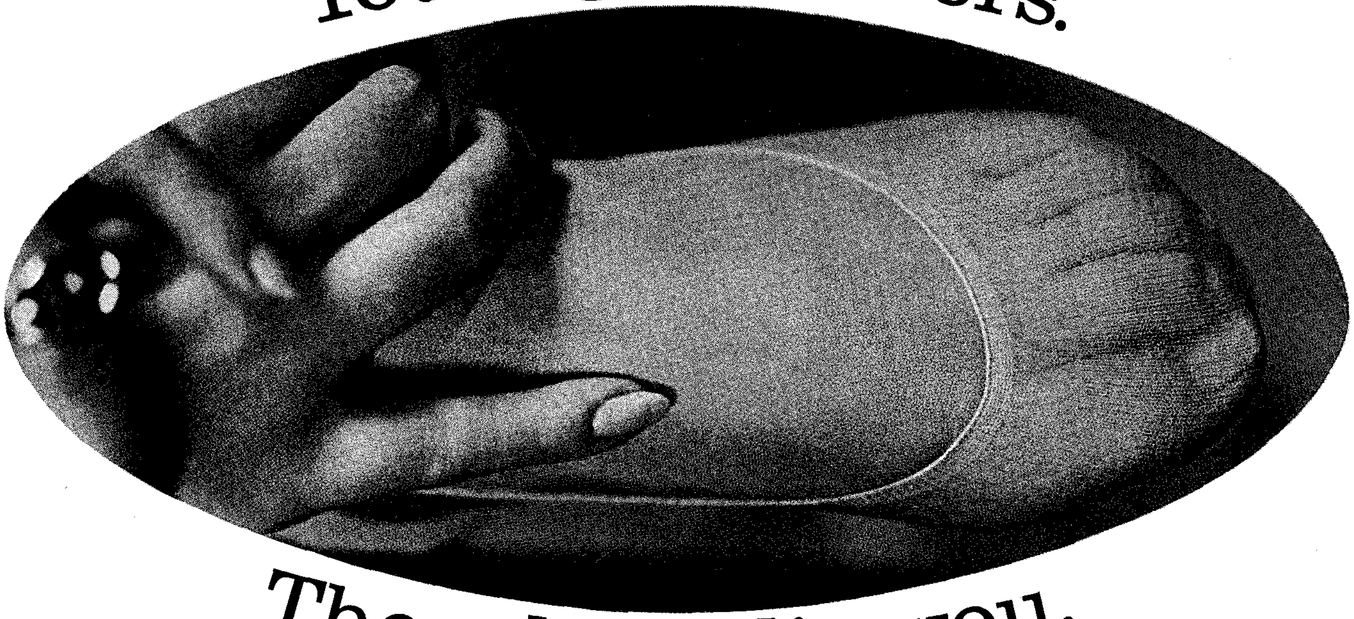

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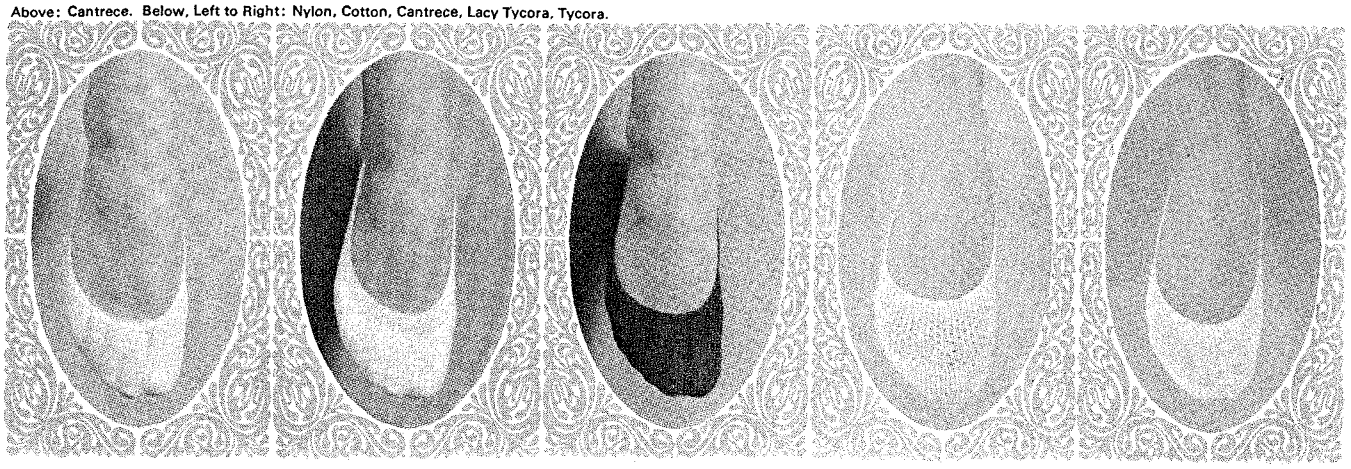

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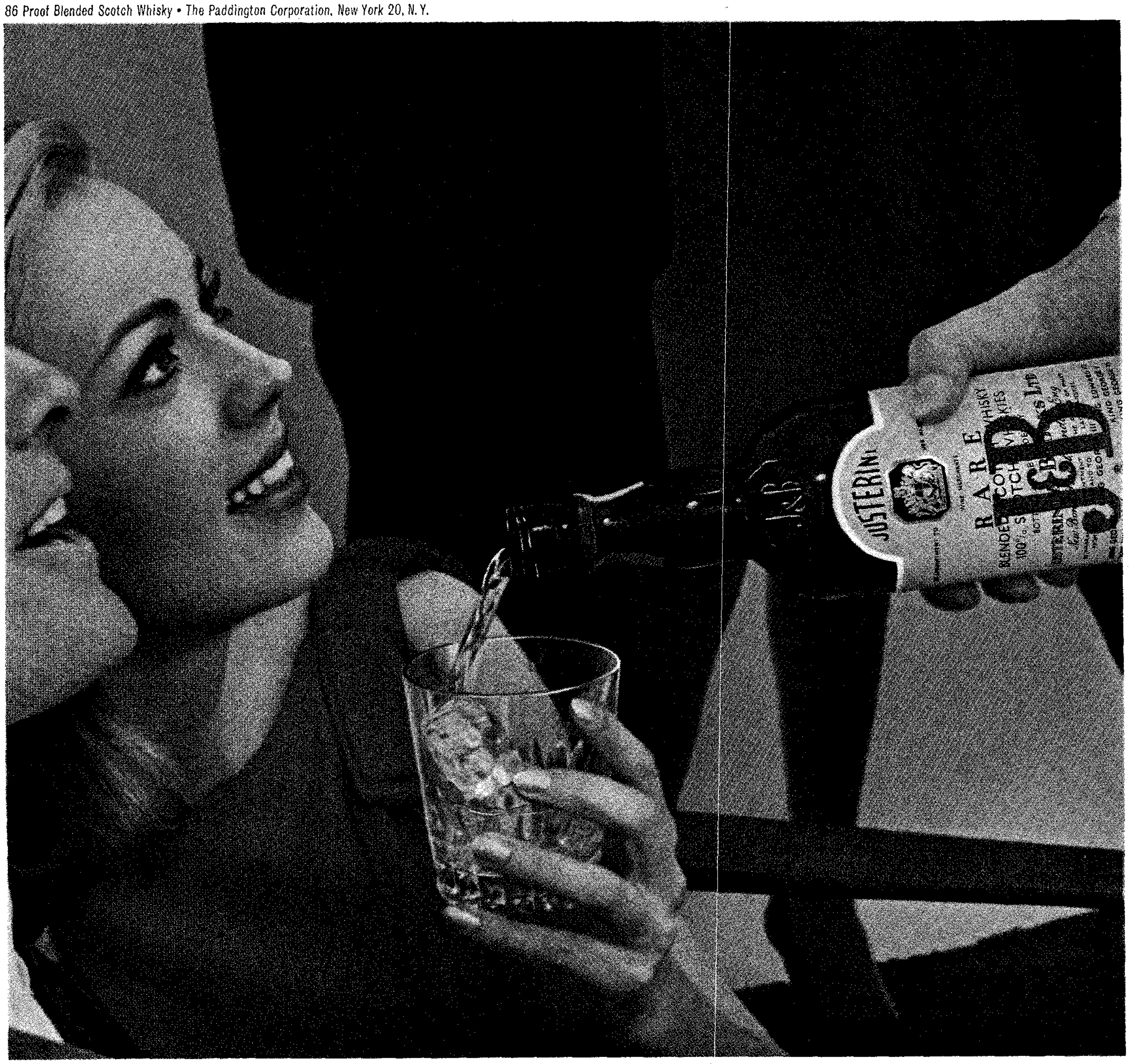

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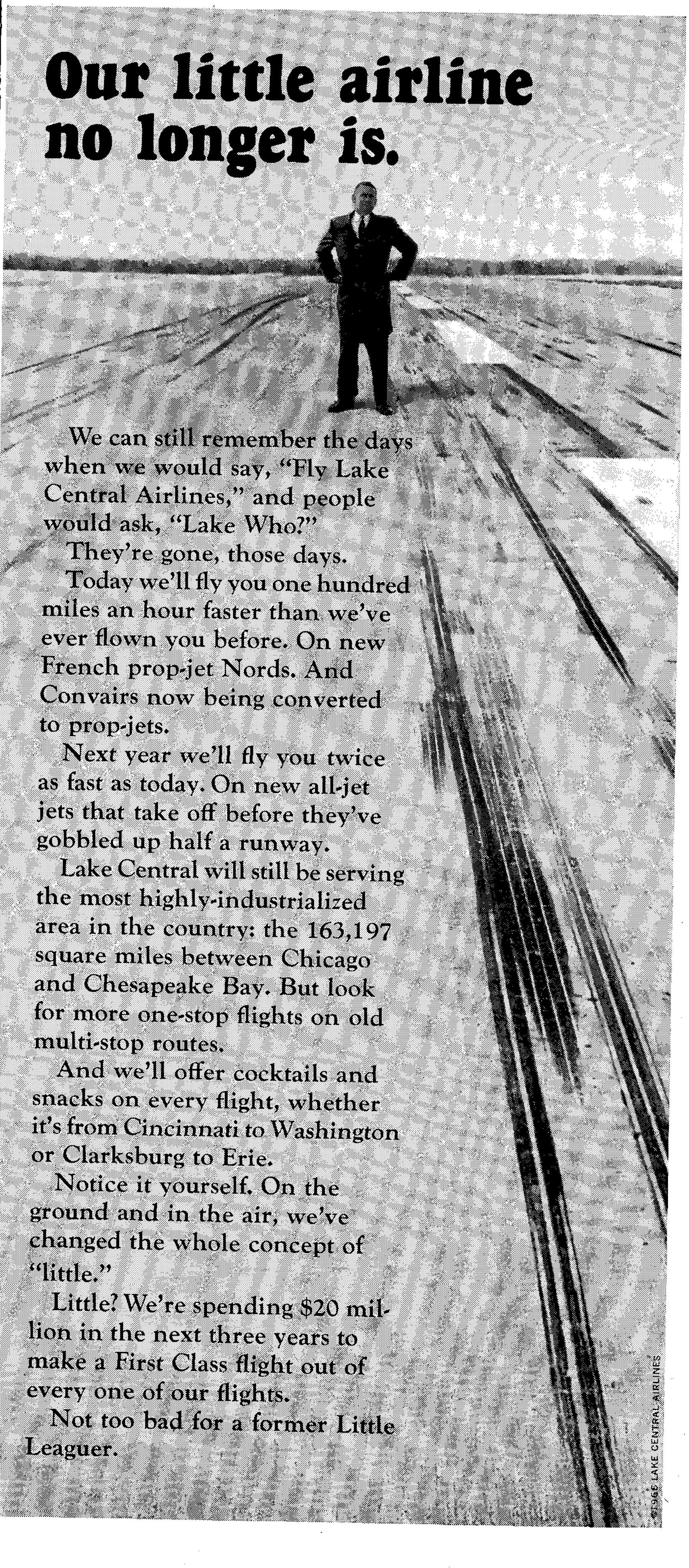
first Caesarean section—a successful one—on his own wife.) Among them is Dr. John Iaman, director of health services for the Marshall Islands. One of the few naturalized Micronesian citizens, Dr. Iaman was born forty-two years ago in the neighboring British-owned Gilbert Islands. As a boy, he wanted to be a priest, and learned English at a mission school there. During the war, he was out in a canoe one day with some other students and some priests and nuns, heading for his Gilbertese home atoll of Marakei, when a storm caught them and tossed them up on the Marshallese atoll of Mili. Because they were British subjects, the Japanese executed five of them. Iaman sneaked off to the shore, grabbed an empty canoe, and headed back out to sea, where he was fortunate enough to be picked up by an American destroyer. The Navy used him for a while as an interpreter, and in 1946 sent him to Guam for three years' medical training. Now, after sixteen years of surgical experience, he hopes to become a bona-fide doctor. He was admitted last fall to Georgetown University, in Washington, where he took a few premedical courses, preparatory to enrolling in the university's medical school. But the academic going was understandably rough, and he withdrew without ever having had a chance to learn in a medical classroom some of the theory behind the profession he has been practicing nearly his entire adult life.

Doctors and practitioners in Micronesia have been much perturbed by the natives' lack of resistance to epidemics, especially on isolated outer islands. Diseases that Americans take more or less in stride, like whooping cough and measles, can be killers there, and even German measles can raise havoc. Over the last three years, the Trust Territory administration has embarked on a sweeping program of preventive medicine, and by now just about every reachable indigene has been inoculated against smallpox, polio, diphtheria, tetanus, typhoid, and paratyphoid. If ever another epidemic occurs, though, the Americans in charge still will probably resort to an old-fashioned means of coping with it—putting the afflicted ashore on an uninhabited island and telling them to stay there at least two weeks, after which, if all goes well, somebody will come fetch them.

OUR departure was a lively occasion. A good deal of the excitement was provided by a couple of dozen natives who, laden with sleeping mats, taro roots, and coconuts, had hoped to go



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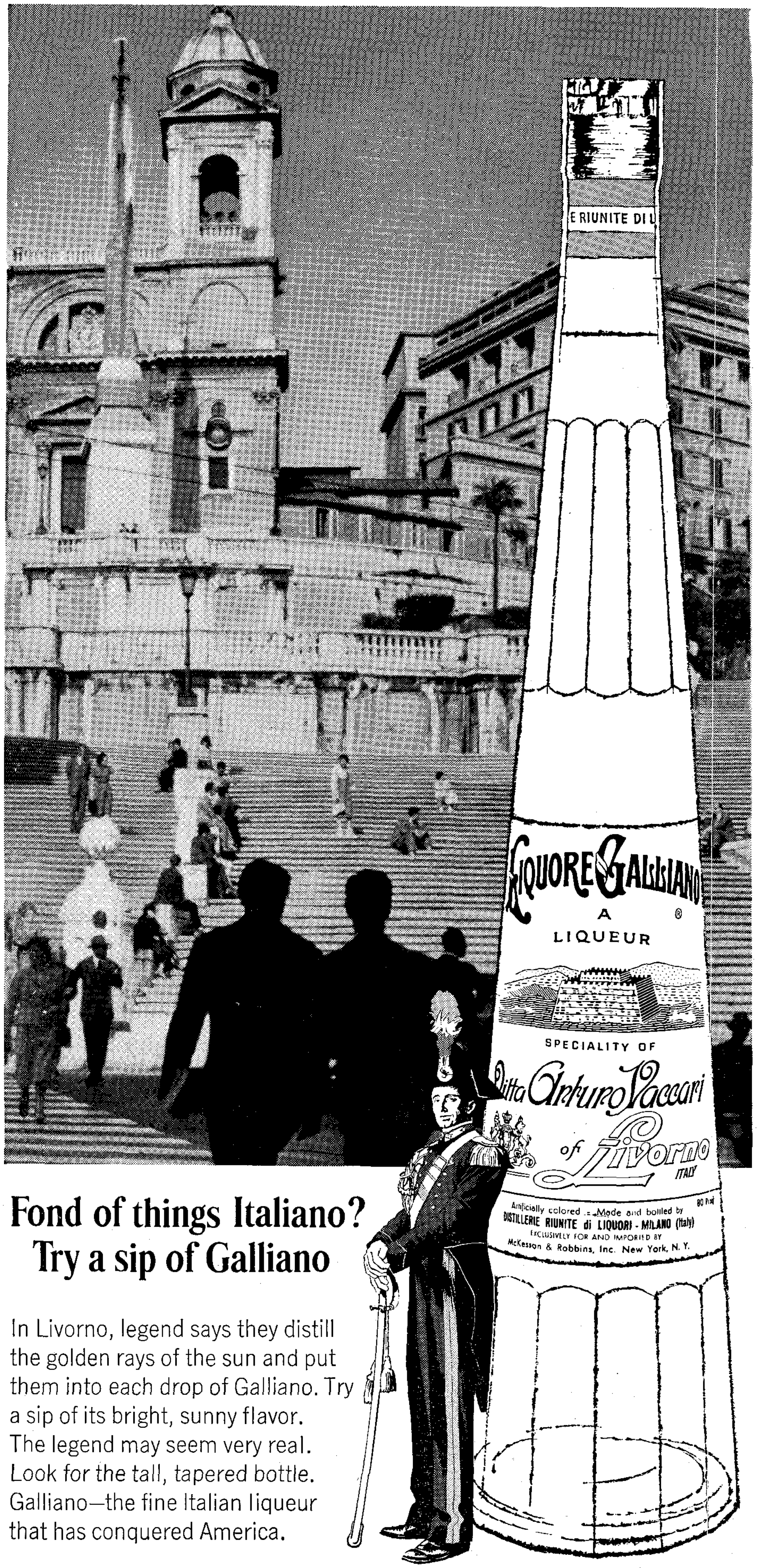
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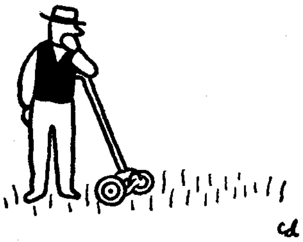
with us as deck passengers but learned at the last minute that there wouldn't be room. Yvette Adams' husband, Jack, and their two small children were there to see her off; Jack Adams told me not to be surprised if I got stuck at Kapingamarangi for two weeks or more before the ship returned from Rabaul. Various Americans in the Kolonia community thrust letters and packages upon me to deliver to the Lee Milners, the teaching couple at Kapinga. Oliver Arten was taking them a Norfolk pine from the Ponape agricultural station. I found myself the custodian of several bottles of liquor, some parcels of fresh vegetables, a case of popcorn, and a dozen eggs. Dr. Kummer had brought along four small green tomatoes, not to mention a large supply of baby food; the tomatoes weren't much, he told me on deck as we were waiting to cast off, but they were the first harvest of a garden that he and his wife had planted, and he didn't want to go off and leave them on the vine.

We were soon under way, sailing out at dusk past the shores of U, past the outer reef with its transfixed rusty ship, and into the ocean. We were due to reach Ngatik, seventy-five miles away, at daybreak. Meal hours on the Kaselehlia were seven-thirty for breakfast, eleven-thirty for lunch, and five for dinner. We cabin passengers were already over an hour late for dinner, so at Captain Morrison's direction we proceeded at once to the wardroom, which was barely large enough to accommodate fourteen people. I forget what we had to eat, but it was probably some kind of stew, because that was what we usually had for dinner, and for lunch, too. The best food at any time of day was the bread, which was baked on board.

After dinner, I explored the ship, which didn't take long. The crew's quarters were up forward, beyond the cargo hatch, across the top of which was lashed a tubby whaleboat. The deck passengers were astern, in a jumble of food and bedding. The wardroom and galley were amidships, just below the passenger cabins. The Captain's cabin, appropriately, was the largest one aboard, and the only one with a private bath. As I was walking past it, Captain Morrison stuck his head out and invited me in for a beer. A man with thick black eyebrows and a thin black mustache, which combined to give him the air of an amiable pirate, he was in his underwear—his favorite off-bridge garb—and was stylishly tattooed from stem to stern. He was fifty-five, he told me, and was born in Scotland, in the Hebrides. Now he lived just outside Sydney, Australia, and considered himself an Australian. "I never want to see the Atlantic again," he said. "When the temperature gets below sixty, I begin to shiver. Thirty-five years ago, I was on a whaler in the Atlantic, and even in my young days it was a bit too cold there for my blood. I reckon now that where you can see the copra palm trees growing is a good place to be." He hadn't seen his wife, an Edinburgh woman named Lena, for eight months, and had no idea when he might next see her. His chief mate and chief engineer were both Filipinos; the others in the crew were Micronesians—mostly Kusaieans, Mokilese, and Nukuoroans.

When I asked Captain Morrison how long he thought we passengers for Kapingamarangi would stay there before being picked up, he guessed about six or seven days, but cautioned me not to count on that. What was more, he added, he was going to worry about one stop at a time. Ngatik was an especially tricky atoll to deal with. The entrance to the channel into its lagoon is only two hundred feet wide, and the tides there run at five or six knots, which is close to the Kaselehlia's top speed. It was then nearly eleven o'clock, and I was tired, so I excused myself. The Captain said he needed only four hours' sleep, and would see what he could get on his short-wave radio. As I was dozing off in my cabin—it was just across the corridor—Captain Morrison was, he told me elatedly the next morning, getting excellent reception from Addis Ababa.



It was five-thirty in the morning when the Captain told me that. He had just awakened me by coming into my cabin and shaking my shoulder. He runs a taut ship and has a tight grip. We were approaching Ngatik, he said, and he thought I'd like to see it. I went up on deck. From several miles away, the islands of the Ngatik atoll looked like tiny blobs of green that had dripped into the ocean. When we drew nearer, we could see a ship stuck on the outer reef. It was a Japanese tuna boat that had cracked up several weeks before. As we entered the channel, I could see what Captain Morrison meant about its hazardousness; on both sides of the Kaselehlia jagged coral was clearly visible and uncomfortably close. A minute or two later, we both felt and heard what everyone dreaded—we had scraped the reef. But it was only a fleeting brush, and the Captain didn't seem rattled. Soon we were safely inside the lagoon, and a throng of Ngatikese in canoes came out to greet us, tying up alongside the Kaselehlia and clambering aboard. They had had no idea that we were coming until they spotted us.

At breakfast, Kasiano Joseph, our Field Trip Officer, announced that anyone who wanted to go ashore was welcome to. He also said that we would be leaving at six o'clock the following morning, and that anyone who wasn't back aboard would be left behind. Judge Kinnare, who was expecting to be left behind, was busily supervising the transferal of all his paraphernalia from the Kaselehlia to half a dozen of the canoes, and after a while we all boarded one or another of the little boats and were paddled to Ngatik, the principal island of the atoll. We waded the last fifteen feet. The island is not terribly large, one can circumambulate it in less than an hour. Judge Kinnare liked that; most of the cases that would come before him, he knew from experience, would be disputes over land, and the smallness of the island would enable him to make a first-hand inspection of the property in contention. Ngatik has no land vehicles, but it is encircled by a smooth dirt path, with bushes neatly planted along both sides. This island is one of Micronesia's tidiest spots. Dr. Kummer was pleased by this civic sanitation. He was less happy when he saw the dispensary—a one-room shack with torn screening and no source of water except a rusty tank outside for catching rain. Attached to an exterior wall of the structure was a canvas stretcher; it was rotted through.

I wandered down a pleasant dirt path to the house that had been assigned to Judge Kinnare, a simple wooden building with a corrugated-tin roof. Three Ngatikese were building a cubicle outside it; this was to be a bathhouse for Nancy Hattori. The Judge was unpacking some of his crates, and Nancy was preparing lunch for him and her and anyone else—including me—who happened to be around. Lunch consisted of hardtack, slices of *sashimi* that she deftly carved from a fresh-caught, cold, raw yellow-fin tuna that some hospitable Ngatikese had brought the Judge, and warm Budweiser beer.

I spent the evening on the Kaselehlia, and the next morning I awoke, on

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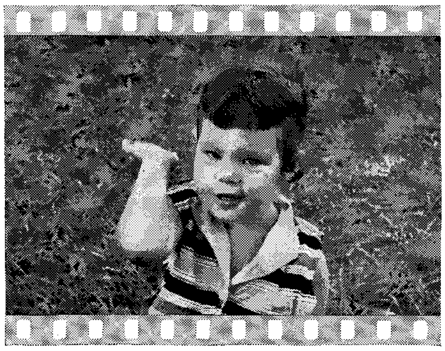

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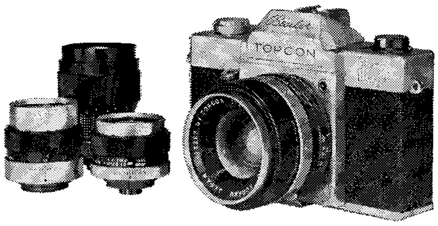

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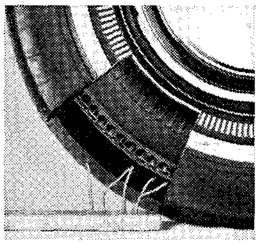

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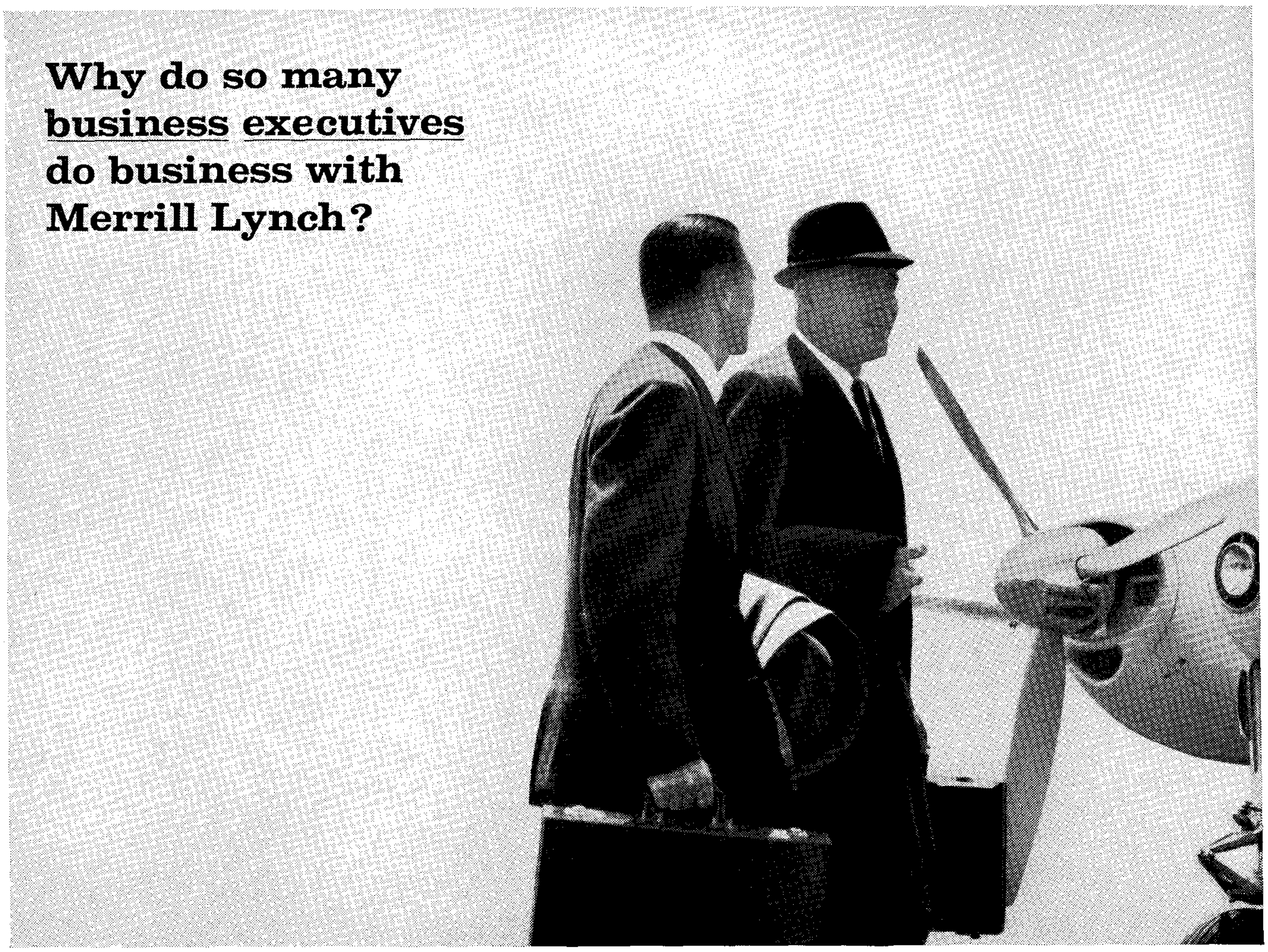
my own, at six, when we were supposed to leave, and saw a pair of big brown feet dangling out of what had been Judge Kinnare's berth. They belonged to Kasiano Joseph, who had moved in during the night. Getting under way, we cleared the reef channel without bumping into anything and set our course for Nukuoro, a hundred and eighty-five miles to the southwest. It was a quiet day. The Kummers carried their baby's bassinet up on deck and rigged an umbrella over it. Oliver Arten, the agriculturist, had a cribbage board with him and invited me to play. The two Papuans tied fishing lines to the stern of the ship, and late in the afternoon one of them hauled in a fine, fat tuna. I never did find out who ate it. Probably the deck passengers; we who were on wardroom fare had stew.

The next morning, the Captain's hand clamped firmly on my shoulder at five-fifty. He thought I might like to see Nukuoro on his radar screen. Radar isn't terribly effective in most of Micronesia; atolls like Nukuoro lie so low that a ship has to be quite close to them before its scanning device can pick them up. I scrambled up to the bridge and peered at the radar screen. Nukuoro looked like a doughnut with a small bite out of it; the bite was the channel, a ninety-foot one, through which we would soon be snaking our way. There are forty-six islands in this atoll, strung in a nearly perfect circle. The lagoon they engird is only three and a half miles in diameter—so small that from outside the reef on one side, surf can be seen breaking on the reef on the other side. As we approached the channel, we could see that the Nukuoro reef, like Ngatik's, had captured a Japanese fishing vessel. (Much of the flooring in contemporary Nukuoroan homes, I learned, has come from the decks of that wrecked ship.) We drifted off the channel entrance for a while, waiting for high tide. At seven-forty, Captain Morrison ordered the whaleboat lowered. His chief mate and a seaman hopped into it and chugged off toward the channel mouth, several hundred yards away. They carried two flags. If they waved a white one, it would be prudent, in the mate's opinion, for the Kaselehlia to enter the channel. If they waved a red one, we should stay clear of it. For about an hour, the signal was red. Then there was a flutter of white, and we nosed our way toward the lagoon. On an island at the channel mouth, not many yards from our hull, was a refrigerator under a palm tree, and alongside it were four men in United States Air Force uniforms. We



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learned later that they were engaged in a mapping project and had arrived the day before by helicopter.

Nukuoroans like to paint their canoes gay colors, and by the time we had anchored in the lagoon we were surrounded by a flotilla of blue, white, yellow, and green boats. Aboard one of the first canoes to tie up alongside the Kaselehlia was a white man. He was an American anthropologist named Vern Carroll, and he wondered if we had any mail for him. We had—four large sacks. It was the first mail he'd received in three months.

Carroll had picked up a radio message from the Kaselehlia the night before (he had the island's only two-way radio set), so the islanders had been expecting the ship. The Nukuoroans welcomed us ashore with leis, and Carroll, after dumping his mail on the wraparound porch of his house, remarked that he happened to have some Asahi beer on ice; it developed that he had not only a kerosene refrigerator but a small generator. Electric lights are a rarity on a Micronesian field trip. Carroll had been living on Nukuoro for fourteen months. A lean, calm, competent man in his early thirties, he was born in Brooklyn, served as a Marine fighter pilot in Korea, attended Yale, Cambridge University, and the University of Chicago, and was working in a leisurely way toward a Ph.D. in anthropology. The National Institutes of Mental Health had underwritten his trip to Nukuoro, where he was studying kinship and family structure. He told me in the course of the day that there were only fifty families on Nukuoro but that some of them professed not to know some of the others, having the same attitudes of fear and incomprehension that one ethnic group in large American cities may exhibit toward another ethnic group. Carroll's own family consisted of his wife, Raymonde, an attractive Frenchwoman who was born in Tunisia and has an M.A. from the Sorbonne, and a baby girl who was only five months old when they arrived at Nukuoro, where no white people had ever lived before. Vern and Raymonde had both become fluent in Nukuoroan, and she was teaching school there. He had already compiled a Nukuoroan grammar and was working on a dictionary. Not long before, the couple had jointly conducted a four-day seminar on the local language, and all but six Nukuoroan adults had attended—the same six nonconformists, he said, who regularly skip church. Carroll had also contributed a scholarly monograph, "Place Names on

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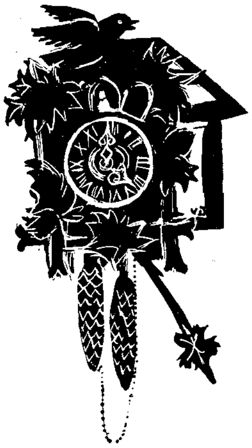
Pontiac Motor Division

Nukuoro Atoll," to the Atoll Research Bulletin Series of the Pacific Science Board of the National Research Council. It was his conclusion that most of the maps in current use, including those in the chartroom of the Kaselehlia, had most of the place names wrong. According to the United States Navy map on which Captain Morrison relied, for instance, the two islands of the Nukuoro atoll between which our ship had passed to enter the lagoon were Kaujema and Shenukdei. Carroll's research, however, had disclosed that they actually were Gausema and Senugudai.

After glancing through some of his mail, Carroll took me on a walk around Nukuoro. He said he had no idea how the Polynesians had got there. One Nukuoroan legend mentions a place called Hiti, and this has led some scholars to deduce that the first settlers of the atoll came from Tahiti. Carroll was more inclined to think that "Hiti" was a corruption of "Fiji," but he had no proof that the Nukuoroans had come from there, either. Nukuoro, like Ngatik, was admirably clean, and it was checkered with broad, moss-covered roads that a former chief had laid out with geometrical precision. Several of the roads had no buildings along them and led nowhere; it was as if a Florida developer had been there and gone bankrupt. We walked past a cemetery where upended beer and wine bottles had been used to decorate the grave sites, and past some undecorated earthen mounds. Carroll had no idea what these were, and said his neighbors didn't know, either; he had written to an archeologist in New Zealand who he hoped might turn up some day, or year, and study them.



During the first year that Carroll and his wife had spent on Nukuoro, they had slept on the floor on mats and had subsisted mainly on rice, corned beef, and fish. He lost twenty pounds. Toward the end of that austere period, he sat down with both the Sears, Roebuck and the Montgomery Ward catalogues and ordered two beds and fifteen hundred dollars' worth of assorted foodstuffs, and after the Kaselehlia delivered his purchases—on the field trip before ours—life had become considerably more comfortable. We sat around for hours, eating fish cooked in coconut cream and drinking cold Asahi. "It's kind of weird, living on a small island like this," Carroll told me, "but I couldn't miss civilization less." He thought he might stay for another year or so. When he first arrived and wanted to supplement his family's monotonous diet of canned foods, he said, he had asked some of the natives who went fishing if they would sell him some of their catch. They were reluctant, and he soon discovered that they didn't care about cash. Then he asked them if, as friends of his, they would *give* him some fish. They gave him more than he could use. Then they asked him, as their friend, to give them some cigarettes, and he did. "I never offer anybody wages anymore," Carroll said. "When my neighbors work for me, doing carpentry or whatever, I pay them off in things they need, like cigarettes." (Dr. Kummer had by then finished his inspection of the Nukuoro dispensary and joined us. "Things they *need!*" he said. "Things they *think* they need.") Carroll went on to say that he had been impressed by the Nukuoroans' social organization. Except when a field-trip ship is in port, they stick to a strict schedule. They are extremely religious. Sunday is God's day, and they spend most of it in prayer. On Monday, they gather food. On Tuesday, they work in coöperative groups on homes or canoes or roads. On Wednesday, they take care of church affairs. Thursday they devote to community affairs. Friday is another coöperative workday, like Tuesday. Saturday is another food-gathering day. The pattern hardly ever varies.

Oliver Arten came by then and said that the taro patches looked in fair shape to him. Carroll said that they hadn't been badly hurt by the tidal wave in the first place but that if the United States wanted to keep sending in emergency rations the Nukuoroans were certainly not going to refuse them. As a matter of fact, he continued, the taro patches were worse than they should have been, not because of salt-water damage but because of the surplus rice, flour, and other edibles that America had handed out—the Nukuoroan women who would ordinarily have weeded the taro had found it less arduous to open cans of peanut butter.

Before breakfast the next morning, Kasiano Joseph told me that he had had an extremely successful political meeting in the Nukuoro schoolhouse the

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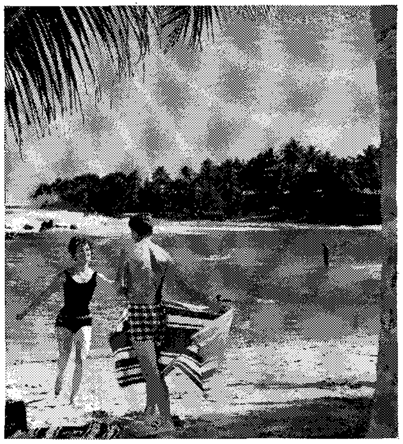

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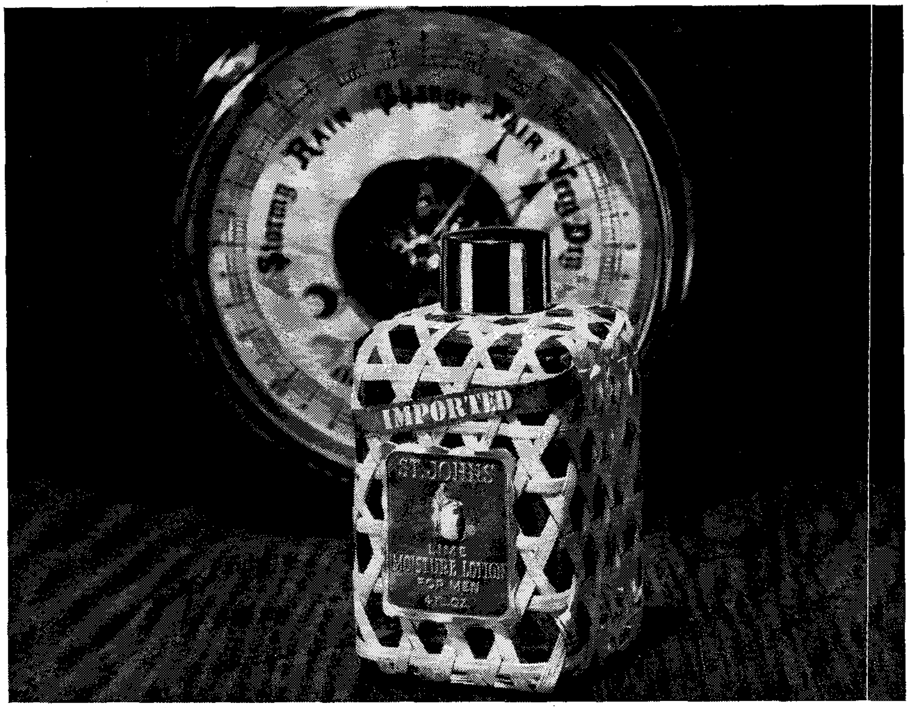

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previous afternoon. All but half a dozen of the adult Nukuoroan men—and, to his surprise, some women and children—had turned out to hear about the forthcoming elections to the Micronesian Congress, and he had been heartened by their interest. He said he was planning a similar session for Kapingamarangi, but didn't think that the Kapingamarangans would be quite as concerned about high-level politics as the Nukuoroans were. I recalled that Apinel Mateak had expressed much the same opinion back at Kolonia. "Kapinga is so isolated that the people there don't really understand what the Congress of Micronesia is," he'd said. "All they know is that somewhere a group of people are going to be making laws and that they're going to be expected to follow them."

We got out of the Nukuoro lagoon without incident, and travelled that whole day and night. At one point, I asked Kasiano Joseph what he thought about the future of Micronesia. "I'm tired of having the question asked," he said. "We'd like to be independent someday, but to run a government you need money, and we don't have any money. What we have most of is water, and we don't yet know how to get money out of water."

WE were due to reach Kapingamarangi the following morning, and we hit it squarely. The whaleboat was lowered, the white flag was soon waved, and we slipped into Kapinga's lagoon, the helmsman spinning his wheel furiously as he tried to hold the Kaselehlia in the middle of another narrow channel. We headed toward the three adjacent islands of the atoll that are inhabited—Soho, Ueru, and Taring. All but a few Kapingamarangans live on Soho and Ueru, which are about a hundred feet apart. They used to be connected by a stone causeway, but a tidal wave reduced it to rubble, and now anyone who wants to go from one island to another has to tightrope-walk the rubble or use a canoe or wade through water that at high tide is three or four feet deep. In Polynesian fashion, most of the thatched homes of Kapingamarangi were built in clusters along the lagoon beach, and as we approached what most people visualize as a Pacific paradise, Dr. Kummer looked at the huddled homes and remarked, "It's very difficult to fight tuberculosis when they're packed together like that, but then to change people's habits is very difficult, too."

One of the largest of the Polynesians who scrambled aboard from canoes

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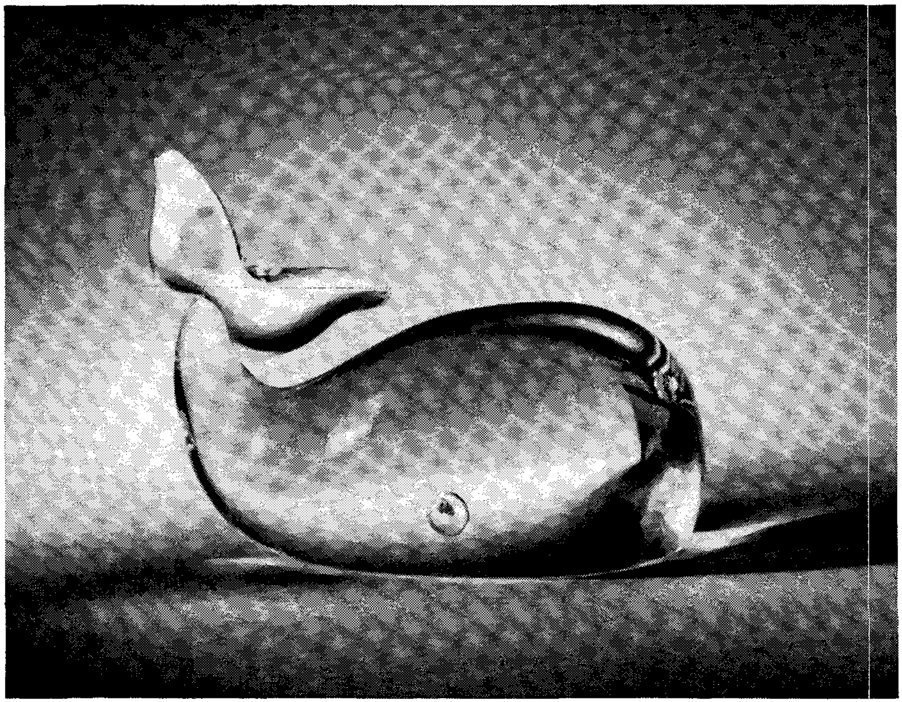
when we dropped anchor was the chief magistrate of Kapingamarangi, a man named Hyup, who was wearing a broad pandanus-straw hat, a white T shirt, and long gray pants. He was shoeless. (Kapingamarangans think nothing of stubbing out cigarettes with their bare feet.) He is the atoll's highest-paid official, receiving fifty-four dollars a year out of the local treasury, whose funds derive from an annual two-dollar head tax levied on every male over eighteen. Kapinga's recording clerk, or scribe, gets thirty-six dollars a year, its solitary policeman gets thirty, and each of the eleven members of its local governing body—a municipal council—gets twelve. Other Kapingamarangans swarmed aboard the Kaselehlia, and most of them went directly toward the now open cargo hatch. A rickety iron ladder led from the deck down into the hold, and half a dozen natives followed the supercargoes down it. One Kapingamarangan clung to the ladder. The men below would hand items to him, and he would pass them up to the men on deck. First came empty copra bags, and then cans of coffee, bolts of cloth, bottles of soy sauce, and—clearly most prized of all—cartons of cigarettes. Kapingamarangi had been out of cigarettes for five weeks. The water was rough even in the lagoon that morning, but the natives seemed unperturbed as they transferred merchandise from the rolling ship to the bobbing canoes alongside it. Up from the hold came rice, and up came sugar, and up came soup, and in the middle of it all down from the sky came a torrent of rain.

A thin, fidgety, deeply tanned white man, wearing only a pair of khaki shorts, had also come aboard. He was Lee Milner, the schoolteacher, and on learning that Dr. Kummer and his son and I would all be staying over at Kapingamarangi, he graciously invited us to put up at his house. We quickly accepted the invitation, and Kasiano Joseph, who would otherwise have had to find us accommodations, looked relieved. Milner, who was forty-four, and his wife, Nancy, twenty-five, had been at Kapinga for six months. They lived in a frame house, with a cement floor, on the ocean shore of Ueru—only a few feet, at high tide, from the breaking surf. They had brought the materials for the house with them, and had also imported a trained carpenter from Pingelap, who supervised a construction crew of six Kapingamarangans. Both the size and the design of the house were determined by its available components—sixty-seven two-by-



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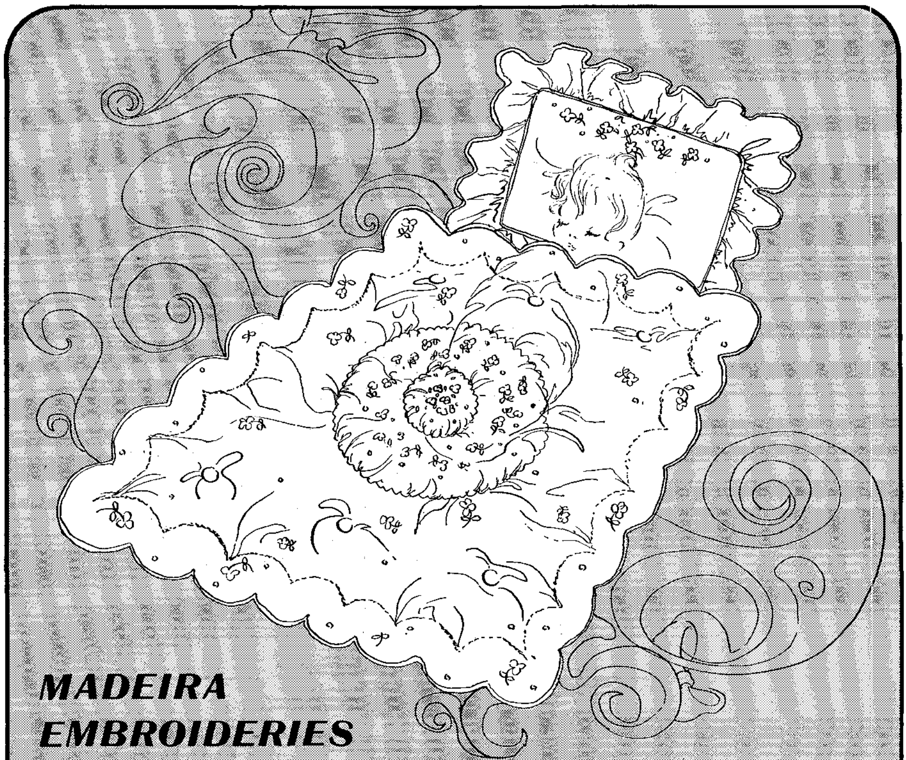

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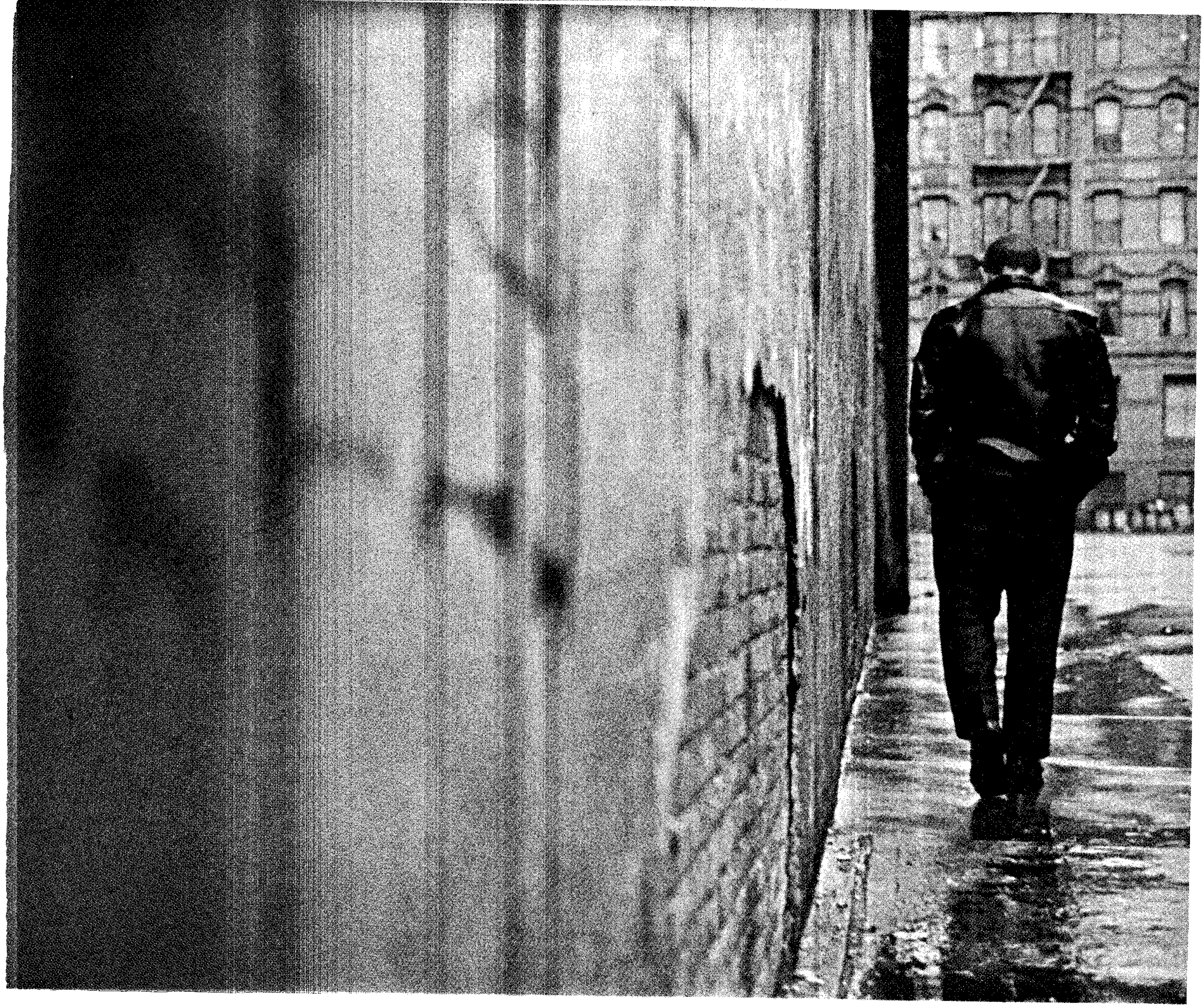

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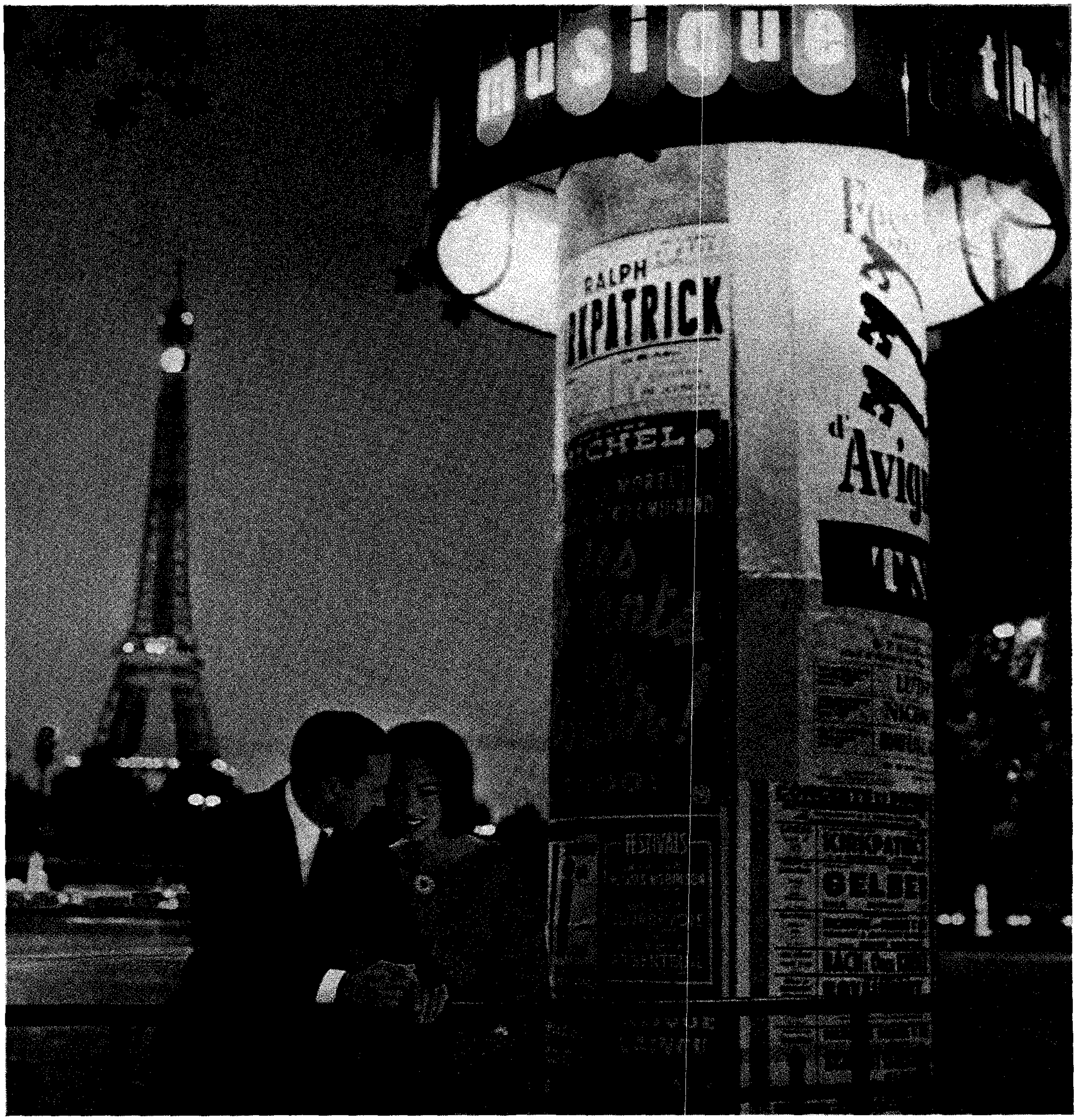

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fours and forty-eight two-by-sixes. Put together without a plumb line, a level, or a carpenter's rule, it was a two-story structure. Downstairs were a living room, a dining alcove, a kitchen, and a bathroom. The kitchen had a kerosene stove and a kerosene refrigerator. The water for it, and for the bathroom, which had a basin, a tub, and a vertical iron pipe that served as a toilet, came from a garden hose hooked up to a cistern outside the house. The cistern was fed by rain running off a tin roof. The roof leaked. When it rained, as it did steadily during our visit, water would spill into the house through half a dozen crannies; in a heavy downpour, a stream would gush onto the living-room floor. Downstairs, also, was a small room, with bunk beds in it, that the Milners used as an office. Dr. Kummer and his son got that room. A steep, ladderlike flight of stairs led up to the Milners' bedroom and an adjacent landing. They set up a cot on the landing for me.

The Milners had not learned the native language, though they talked vaguely of doing so when they found the time, and only a handful of the natives knew English. For a time after they settled in, the newcomers were disturbed by the Kapingamarangans' habit of peering into their living room, or climbing palm trees to peer into their bedroom, or simply strolling in through the front door. Milner tried to get the chief magistrate to hold this traffic down to reasonable proportions. The chief, misunderstanding and thinking that the Milners wanted to be left alone outside of school hours, had convened the municipal council, and the council had forbidden all Kapingamarangans to go near the teachers' house, which was not what the Milners had wanted at all. However, a good many natives ignored the restrictive edict, among these most of the younger children.

During the day, as canoes shuttled between the islands and the Kaselehlia, our gear was ferried ashore and carried along a palm-shaded dirt trail to the house. Milner told me that when he and his wife first arrived, they had had no place to live (they occupied a vacant native hut for the two months it took to get their house up), and that when the Kaselehlia pulled up anchor and sailed off and they knew they were utterly on their own, they sat down on the ground with the only liquor they had brought with them—a half-full bottle of vodka—and drained it then and there. Then they felt better. I had a bottle of vodka in my suitcase, and broke it out

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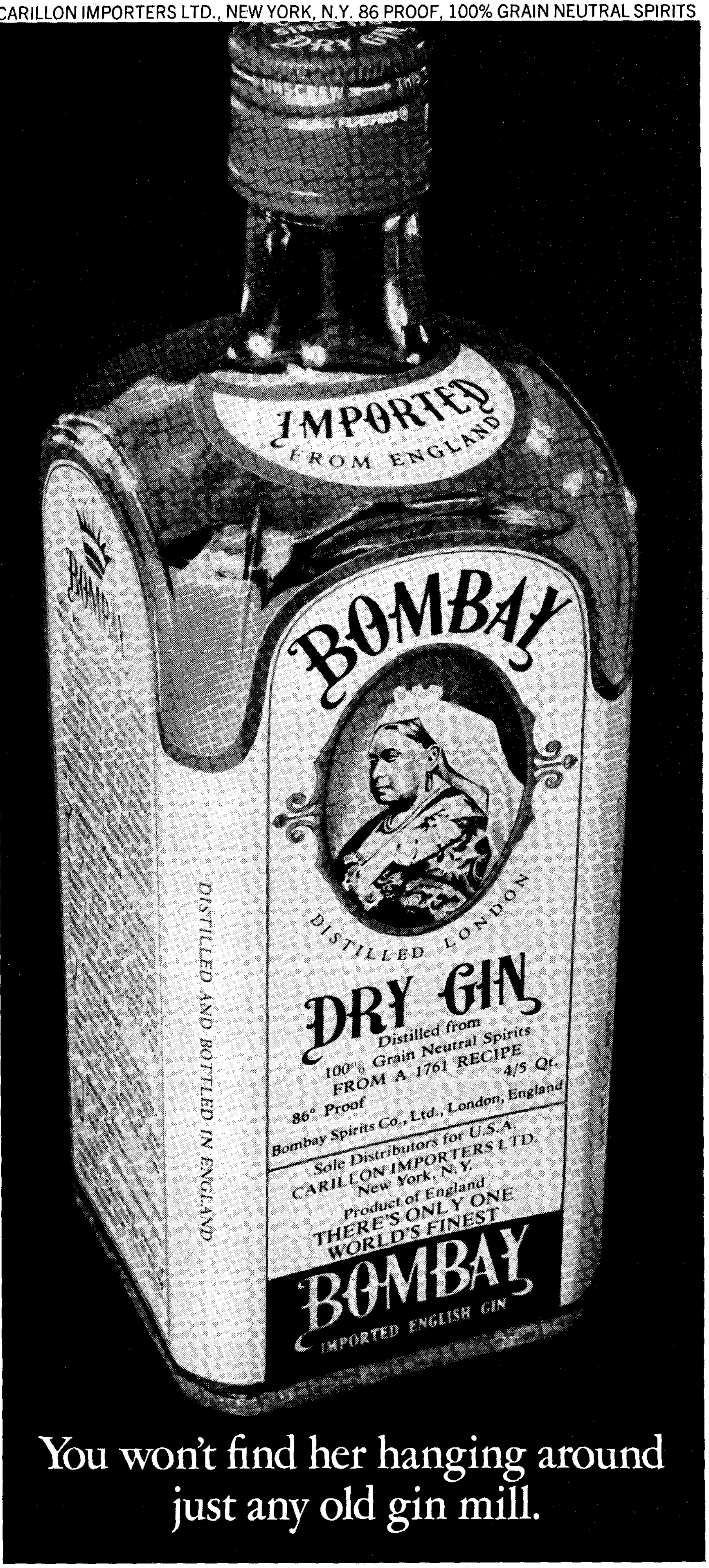
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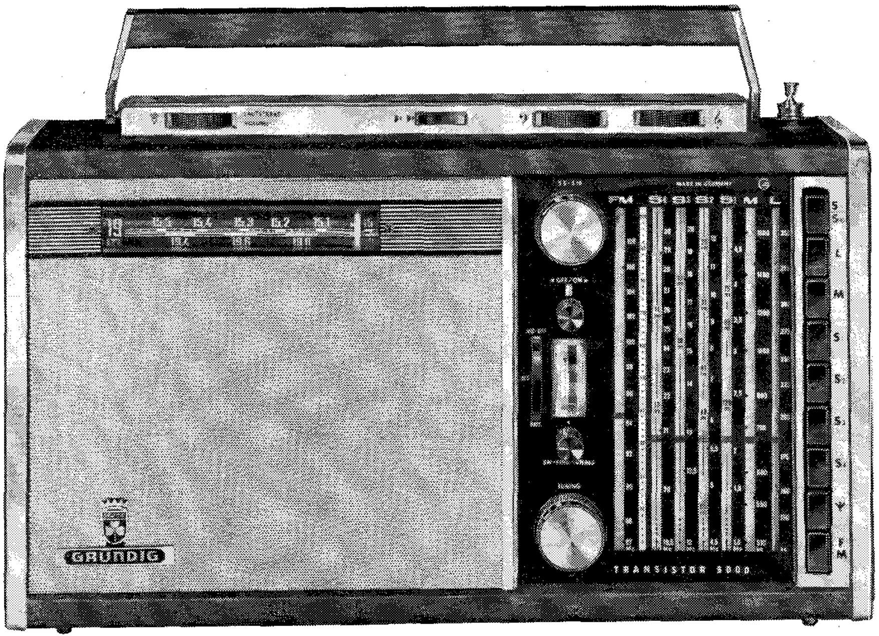

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then and there, and we all had a drink and felt better.

Opening up the cardboard boxes with my name on them, I found I had some bedding, a case of paper towels, two frying pans, fifty pounds of rice, five pounds of sugar, a hurricane lantern, and enough assorted canned goods to last a castaway indefinitely. I didn't quite know what the protocol was, so I just gave everything to Nancy Milner, who said that she had plenty of food as it was but that she sure could use the frying pans. This being ship-arrival day, the whole pattern of Kapingamarangan life was dislocated, and, the council's edict notwithstanding, the house was surrounded by onlookers, many of them staring at Dr. Kummer's son, who was the first white child they had ever seen.

I spent most of that day getting unpacked, and conveying to the Milners the gifts that had been entrusted to me. I needn't have worried about the eggs, all but one of which I delivered intact; the Milners had chickens of their own, and were getting two or three fresh eggs a day. Oliver Arten ceremonially handed over the Norfolk pine, and Milner said he would get it into the ground just as soon as he had the time. While we were all inspecting some of the Milners' other gifts, I noticed that the stem on my wristwatch was broken, and I asked Arten if he would try to buy me a cheap watch in Rabaul. I had no idea how I would make out at Kapingamarangi without a watch, but I soon came to realize that it is one of the few places on earth where a timepiece is absolutely dispensable. At Kapinga, Milner told me, it is 6 A.M. whenever the sun rises and 6 P.M. whenever it sets.

With only twelve hours of daylight and no electricity, the Milner household was geared to the sun. After a daybreak breakfast of fresh eggs and Spam, the Kummers and I walked over to the lagoon shore of Ueru and watched the Kaselehlia sail away. We would have to stay where we were until the ship came back, and there would be no point in our changing our minds, for there was no way of letting anybody in the world outside Kapingamarangi know about it. When the departing ship was only a speck on the horizon, Dr. Kummer rounded up his resident health aide, a lethargic young man named Maita, and we went off to the dispensary, which was on the Ueru side of the strait separating Kapingamarangi's two main islands. Dr. Kummer was pleased to discover that the dispensary, a shack with wooden siding

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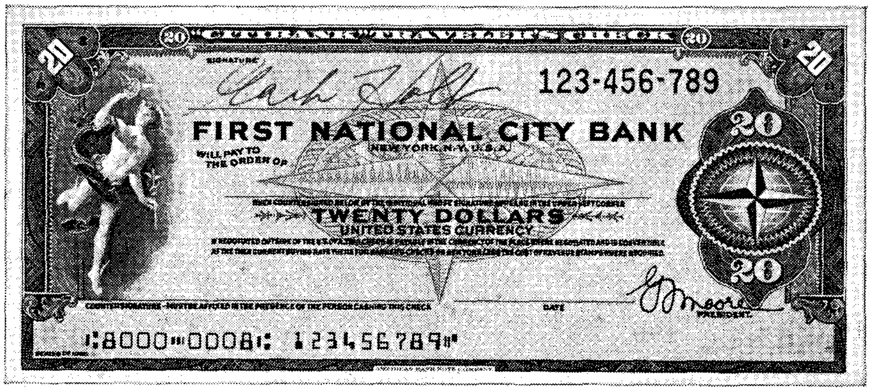
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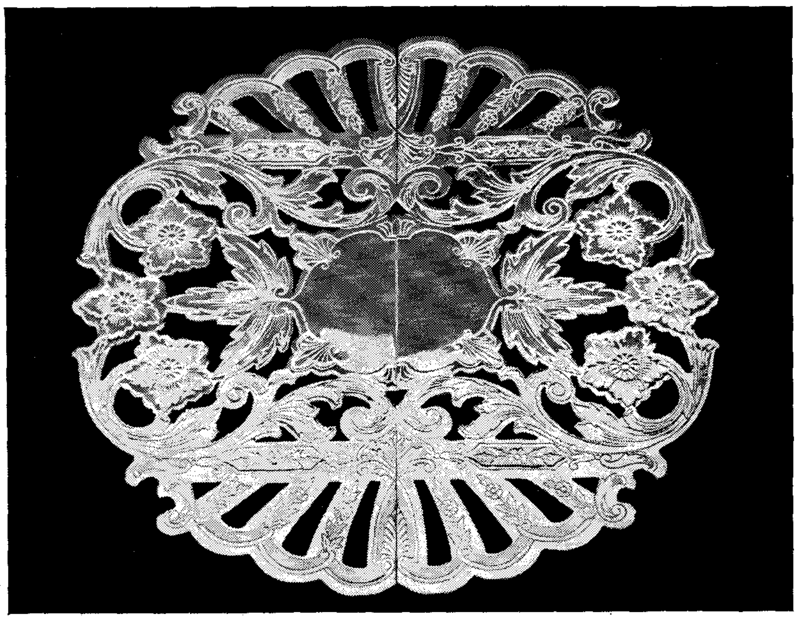

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and a pebble floor, was considerably more sanitary than either Ngatik's or Nukuoro's. The building was furnished with a cupboard containing a few drugs and bandages, and with a rusty metal operating table—a hand-me-down from a military field hospital. A clean straw mat was spread on the table. After looking the place over, Dr. Kummer decided that he wanted some space where he could examine people in relative privacy, so he rigged up a curtain he had borrowed from Nancy Milner as a partition. Then, while seeing patients, he himself could be seen only by the half-dozen or so Kapingamarangans who could simultaneously stick their heads through a window.

Outside the dispensary, a tall young Kapingamarangan came up to me and said that his name was David and that Chief Hyup had told him to take me around Ueru. David, who was twenty-seven, had gone to a Catholic mission school on Ponape for three years and spoke fairly good English. One of the first Ueru sights he showed me was the Catholic church, which was distinguishable from the buildings around it merely by a wooden cross at its summit. Kapingamarangans are predominantly Protestant; there are only forty Catholics among them, and they have no priest. So David, as the most erudite member of the flock, usually reads the Stations of the Cross and says rosaries. As we strolled around the island at a leisurely pace, David introduced me to several of his fellow-islanders. A few women were making straw mats from strips of dried pandanus leaves. David told me that if I wanted to take a mat home he could arrange to have one woven for me, at the going charge of twelve cents a square foot. In nearly every hut where there was a woman there was a baby, usually in a straw hammock slung between roof posts; every so often the woman would reach out and give the hammock a firm push. Whenever we passed a house where somebody was eating something, David would matter-of-factly help himself to a portion—a slice of taro, a piece of breadfruit, a coconut. He told me that this sort of freeloading is perfectly acceptable, provided one is related to the people whose food one takes; after making the rounds with him for several days, I deduced that the size of his appetite was matched only by the size of his family, for there seemed to be hardly a house at which he could not, and did not, pause for a snack.

At one fuelling stop, David introduced me to an English-speaking Kapingamarangan whom I was to see a

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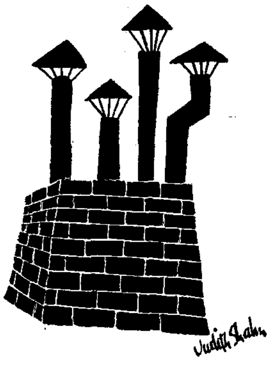
good deal of. His name was Elison, and he pronounced it as if he were Japanese—"Erison." Elison, a chunky, powerful man, had a tattoo consisting of the letters "E," "N," and "K" on one arm, the "E" and the "N" standing for his name, and the "K" for his atoll. He is the dude of Kapingamarangi—the only resident of the atoll who has a turtleneck sweater, and the possessor of gayer lava-lavas than anyone else around. Sometimes he makes known his presence in one of his homes by flying one of the more colorful of his skirts from a pole at its door. Elison told me that if I was interested, he'd take me out some night on a lobster hunt. He said that the Kapinga way to get lobsters was to walk along the shore in shallow water until one of them nipped one's bare toes, but that since my feet were more tender than his, I might be happier if I wore shoes. I thanked him, and said that as far as I knew, my calendar was clear.

David led me on to one of Ueru's two school buildings. There are a hundred and five schoolchildren on Kapingamarangi; the older ones have classes on Ueru and the younger ones on Soho. At the Ueru school, an open-sided structure with a thatch roof, Lee Milner was presiding over an eighth-grade class. There were fourteen students, ranging in age from twelve to twenty-two, sitting on the ground around a table that had once been the deck of a boat. Deportment was first-rate; the students, their teacher told me afterward, had elected their own counterpart of the local government—a chief magistrate, a scribe, and a policeman. Some things, Milner said at dinner that night, are far easier to teach than others. He had made little headway with doorknobs, for instance, inasmuch as nobody in his classes had ever seen a doorknob, but he was doing quite well with satellites. Not only do the natives see them but they have found it necessary to think about them, for when they go out at night to catch flying fish they navigate by the stars, and anybody who mistakes a man-made star for a real one might get lost.

That night, the Milners told me a little about themselves. Both are Midwesterners—he from Missouri, and she from Michigan. Nancy had graduated from the University of Michigan in 1961, and, after teaching elementary school in Flint and Grand Rapids, had decided it would be edifying to travel. She had applied for a job in the Defense Department overseas-school system, and the next thing she knew, she had received a letter from the Trust Territory administration, which has had some difficulty recruiting teachers on its own and has used Defense and other federal lists to seek out prospects. Lee, who has an M.A. from the University of Iowa, had come to Micronesia after the breakup of a first marriage. Partly deaf since childhood, he had worked for many years with handicapped children in special schools of the Iowa public-school system. He now feels that this experience has helped him deal with Micronesian children, who are handicapped at least to the extent of having to be educated in an alien language. (He had taught some Kapingamarangan children the manual alphabet used by the hard of hearing, and they had caught on very quickly.) After meeting and marrying at Ponape, the Milners had been assigned to the Sokehs municipality there. They had to commute to work by canoe, and since Nancy, like so many Midwesterners, can't swim, they had decided that Kapingamarangi, for all its inaccessibility, would be safer than Sokehs, because the water she'd have to ford on her way to school was only waist-deep. Their Kapingamarangan students, raised in a one-name society, called Mrs. Milner "Nancy" and her husband "Milner" (many of them under the impression that it was spelled "Mirnel"). Both the Milners looked tired, and Nancy was pale. What with teaching school and keeping house, she rarely got out in the sun.



THE next morning, I waded over to Soho. It was food-distribution time. The rice, flour, and milk that our ship had brought was stacked inside the community house, a big, open-sided hut that is the secular hub of Kapingamarangi. Several yards away stands the Protestant church, the religious hub. Outside the community house, a group of villagers were sitting around. Two of them were playing a game somewhat like Chinese checkers. Their board was a flat piece of breadfruit wood with a design scratched on it; one player's pieces were small stones, and the other's were larger stones. Each had twelve pieces, and nearly as many kibitzers. Near them sat some older, more industrious men, making rope out of

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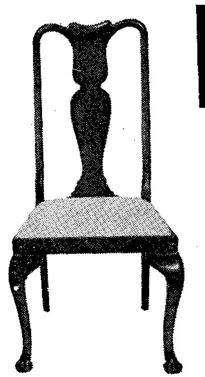
coconut fibre that had been soaked in salt water and dried in the sun. They would coil the fibres together by rubbing them back and forth against their bare, glossy thighs. Other elders were fashioning fish nets from the new-made rope. I asked one of the ropemakers approximately how much rope he could turn out in a day; a hundred fathoms, he told me. There were also some far younger and sprightlier men hanging around, doing nothing. Several of these had long sideburns and were wearing bowling shirts with inscriptions on them like "Clearlite Trophies, Borba Manufacturing Company, JU 9-1542, South San Francisco," and "Kehner Manufacturing Company, Industrial Sheet Metal." They didn't seem interested in what the older generation was doing, and I learned subsequently that few have troubled themselves to acquire their fathers' and grandfathers' skills. Indeed, there are only about fifteen or twenty Kapingamarangan men who are considered steady, reliable workers. Apartness can generate apathy. There isn't much that most Kapingamarangans have to do in the course of a day, and there isn't much that they *can* do, so a good many of them get into the habit of doing nothing. Sometimes, the Milners told me, they would dismiss school and find their students still in the classroom an hour later, having no reason to go anywhere else.

Inside the community house, Chief Hyup and David, my guide of the day before, were at a long table, figuring out how to allocate the free food. The Chief cannot speak English, but he is adept at long division. As the representatives of different families appeared, he would tell them how much to take, and make a suitable notation on a list before him. I never did comprehend the formula he was using, but David told me as we were wading back to Ueru what *he* had received for himself, his wife, their two children, and three relatives who happened to be living with them: ninety pounds of rice, forty pounds of flour, and twenty pounds of milk.

That evening, Dr. Kummer happened to say that he was concerned about the natives' diet. As nearly as he could make out, they ate very little except pandanus, breadfruit, coconut, and taro. Unlike Nukuoro, Kapingamarangi has no bananas or limes, and its fish, the Doctor was convinced, were more abundant in the water than on the menu. He had noticed a disturbing number of dental cavities and a high incidence of anemia. He asked Nancy what sort of breakfast the young-



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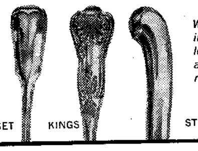

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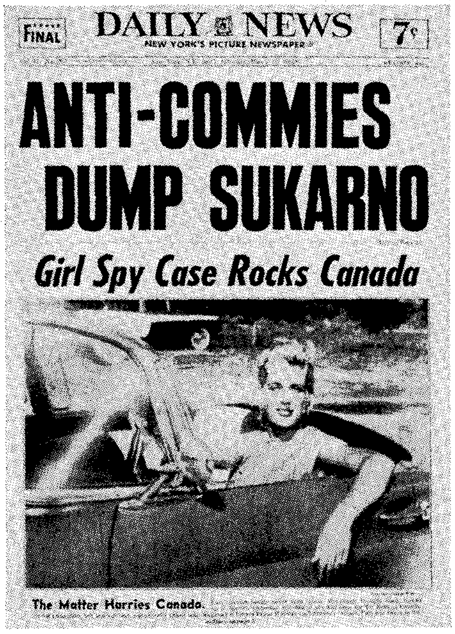

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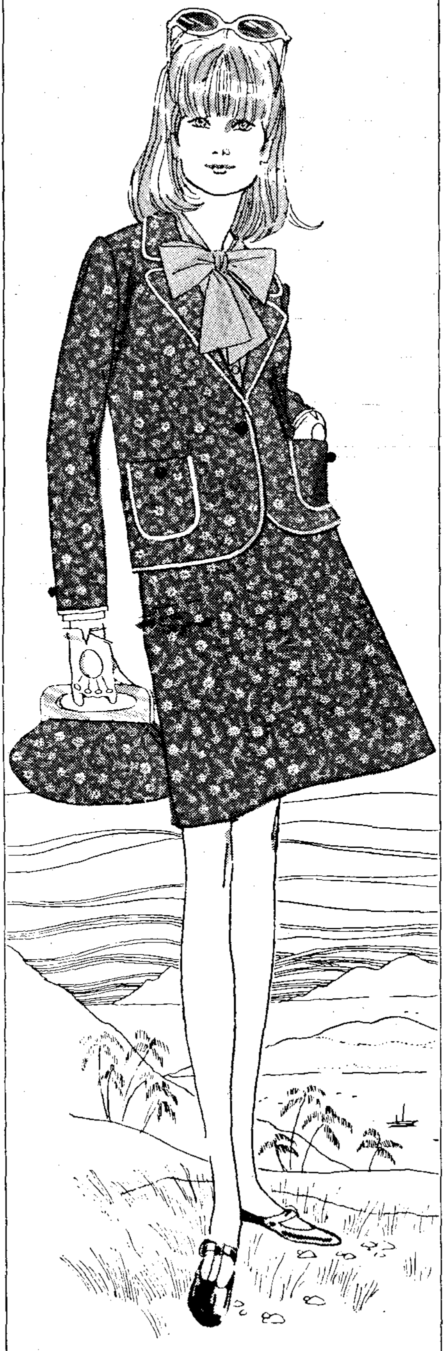

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er children had before they came to school, and whether she could encourage them—whatever they had—to eat more fish and boost their protein intake. Nancy said it was her impression that many of the children didn't bother to eat *any* breakfast (several Kapingamarangans I spoke to said this was not so), and that the best she had been able to do about it was to get their parents to send some powdered milk to school. She mixed it there with water from a rain barrel, and served it in receptacles that the children kept on the premises—a cup or a jar or, more often, a halved coconut shell on which the teacher had inscribed its owner's name in nail polish.

The following day was a Sunday, and Nancy offered to escort me over to Protestant services at Soho, which was a real sacrifice for her, inasmuch as it was the one day in the week when she could have stayed snug and dry on her own island. Services began at nine o'clock—or, at any rate, three hours after sunrise. The church, the biggest building at Kapingamarangi, stands almost exactly in the center of Soho, a few feet from a single limestone slab that marks the site of Utamatua's pre-Christian *heleu*. Built of cement, the church is also Kapingamarangi's solidest structure. It is austerely fitted out inside with a plain wooden altar and some backless wooden benches. For the Sunday-morning service, the sexes were segregated, the women sitting on benches at the right hand of the minister, a handsome, huge, white-haired man wearing a long-sleeved white shirt and white trousers, and the men on benches at his left. Behind the women were the girls, sitting on the bare cement floor; behind the men sat the boys. There were only half as many males as females, and all the women were shrouded from neck to ankle in Mother Hubbards. (On non-church days, unless a ship is in port, the women wear only skirts.) There were two choirs—one from Soho and one from Ueru. Both sang in a harsh, strident, nasal manner that is popular throughout Micronesia. They sang some hymns in Ponapean, some in Kapingamarangan, and one, for reasons beyond me, in Trukese. The Bible has never been rendered into Kapingamarangan; the minister read from a Ponapean version, translating into the local language as he went along. His text was Romans 12:1-21, which concludes, in English, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." At the end, the congregation sang the doxology, in Kapingamarangan.

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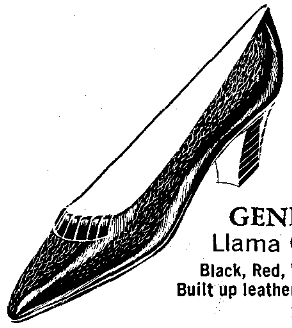

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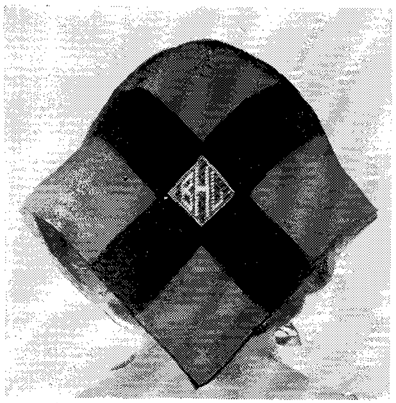

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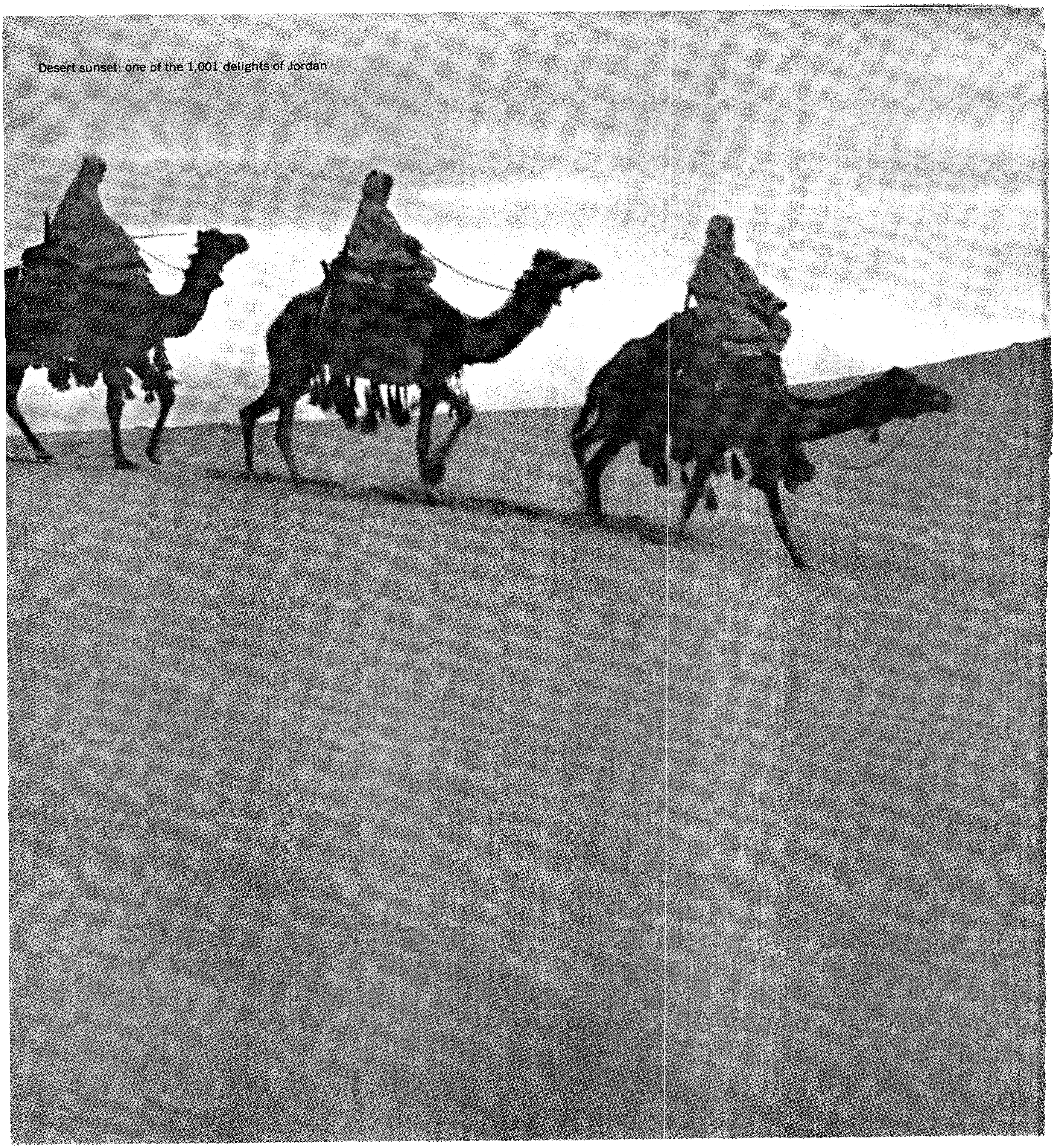

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HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

to the community house. A new sign had been posted on its bulletin board. Elison was nearby, and I asked him to translate it. The message was that all children should report to the dispensary at seven-thirty the next morning. When, back at the Milners', I mentioned this to the Doctor, he winced. He didn't want *every* Kapinga child at that morning hour, he said; he merely wanted pre-school children. Lee Milner, whose wife had just reminded him that he really ought to do something about planting Oliver Arten's Norfolk pine, said he would be glad to go off and try to find somebody who could straighten out the situation. It began to rain, and the roof began to leak. After dinner, Nancy went to bed with a headache, and Lee said he had to get some letters written before the Kaselehlia returned. Robbert Kummer and I, by the light of a kerosene lantern, played chess for several hours, with the surf beating against the coral shore outside and the rain banging on the tin roof.

It didn't matter much who turned up at the dispensary at seven-thirty the next morning, because the Doctor couldn't find Maita, his health aide. Maita had overslept. Things were so chaotic there that when Elison materialized and offered to take me by sailing canoe to Nonuket, one of the atoll's small uninhabited islands, I leaped at the chance. His canoe, he said, was forty years old. I raised my eyebrows, and told him I had read in an anthropology book that Kapingamarangan canoes have a maximum life expectancy of ten years. Elison laughed, in a that's-anthropologists-for-you way. He said the canoe had been built before he was born, and he was thirty-eight. He was also, he revealed, one of only three Kapingamarangans who are conceded nowadays to be skilled canoemakers. He and the two other experts have vague hopes of training some of the younger Kapinga men to carry on after them, but he didn't think the prospects were especially good. Nonuket differed from any other island of the atoll only in that it had once been the site of a small Japanese military installation. In the underbrush were the remains of a concrete barracks building and of a Shinto shrine. And there was a crumbling fifteen-foot concrete tower at the water's edge that the Japanese had used as an observation post for spotting enemy ships. They pressed Kapingamarangans into service as sentries, Elison said, but the islanders got bored with that duty and, when the Japanese weren't looking, substituted

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dummies with coconut-frond bodies and coconut heads. The island was deserted except for some coconut crabs and some wild chickens, which went squawking every which way when we accidentally flushed them. As we sailed back home, Elison said he would take me out after flying fish some night soon. He said it was quite a sight. A fleet of canoes would set forth after dark, with a torch man standing in the bow of each; attracted by the torches, schools of fish would come skimming and skipping toward the boats, to be scooped up, hundreds at a time, by net men perched at the gunwales.

Back on Ueru, I dropped in on a sixth-grade science class being conducted, in halting English, by Deruit, one of three indigenous teachers in the Kapingamarangi schools. Deruit also teaches art, and is an accomplished draftsman. He was sitting on a coconut grater and talking about the difference between simple and complicated animals. But he was having trouble; his students didn't know what "simple" and "complicated" meant. I moved on to the other Ueru schoolroom, where Lee Milner had some eighth-graders practicing a song. "I have that joy, joy, joy, joy, down in my heart," they were chanting nasally. "I have *that* peace that passeth understanding down in my heart." I swung around—there could be little variation in one's daily itinerary—to the dispensary. Robbert Kummer had begun giving physical exams. His health aide was measuring heights and weights, his laboratory technician was doing hemoglobin tests, and he, behind his curtain, was giving once-over-lightly general physical exams. He invited me in. "I've never seen so many umbilical hernias in my life," he told me. He had been somewhat slowed down, he said, because the parents of babies who ordinarily run around naked all day had brought them swathed in clothing, which he had had to remove. A lot of the children, he said, had coral in their ears. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, squinting into one captive infant ear. "A whole reef in his head!" By the end of the day, in spite of everything, he had managed to complete a hundred and seven physicals. He had seen seventy-seven preschoolers, and in this group alone he had found twenty-eight umbilical hernias, an identical number of cases of bad teeth, eighteen of pyoderma (that is, impetigo, skin ulcers, and the like), four of fungus, two of bronchitis, one of heart disease, and one of diarrhea so aggravated that he had told Maita to have the afflicted child ready to board

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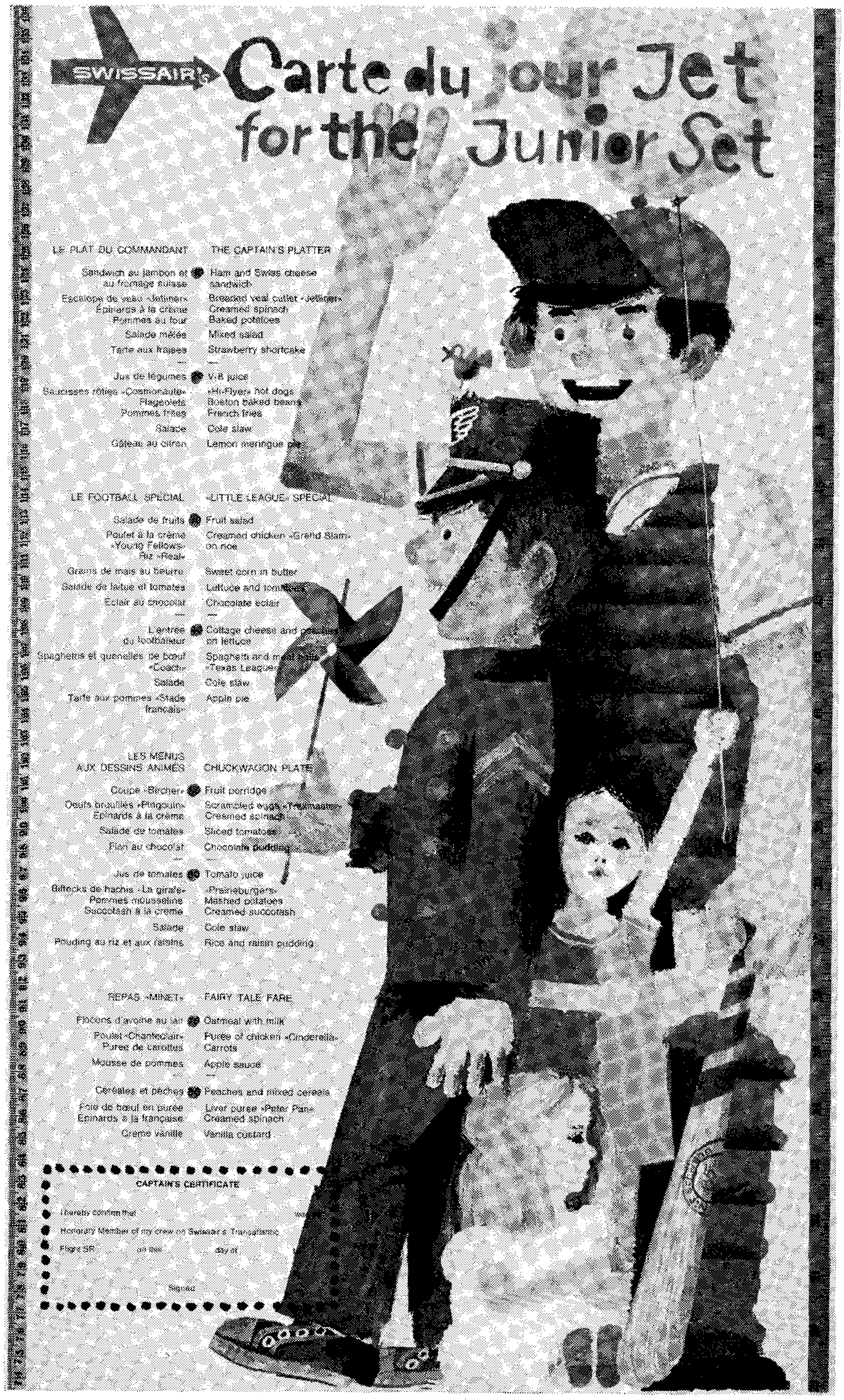
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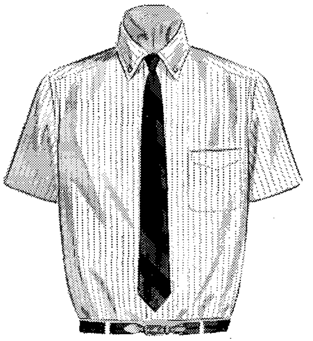
the Kaselehlia and go to the Ponape hospital. Robbert hadn't kept statistics on anemia but he had on ears: six children had otitis media, and fifteen others had coral in their ears.

Outside the dispensary, a feast was in progress. It was an important occasion—a first-birthday party. When a child reaches twelve months, the time has come, the natives believe, to assume that he will survive, and therefore to stop coddling him and begin subjecting him to family disciplines. To celebrate so big an event, food preparation starts at dawn, and consumption lasts until dark. Sometimes a pig is slaughtered, and today there were heaping bowls of hot pork, and slices of fresh, raw red-tuna steak, and slices of taro basted with coconut oil and baked in a fire pit, and huge, rocklike doughnuts, and pandanus and coconuts galore, and baked flying fish with a sauce made of flour and curry. Several dozen people were enjoying the festivities—including, inevitably, David, who, after helping himself to a slice of tuna, graciously helped himself to a slice for me as well. The guest of honor, a plump girl, looked glum. She had been imprisoned in a tentlike red dress, while all the other small children were running around naked and free. Dr. Kummer emerged from the dispensary to pay his respects to the birthday child, and on glancing at her *he* looked glum. "Clear-cut case of malnutrition," he remarked, to my surprise.

The next day, Lee Milner played hookey to do an errand for the Ponape District Administrator, and I decided to go with him. Ponape wanted to know whether any of the buildings that the Air Force weathermen had left on the island they occupied six years earlier were salvageable—specifically, whether they could be disassembled, floated across the lagoon to Soho or Ueru, and used for some community purpose. Our escort for the six-mile canoe trip was Isaiah, the head of the Kapingamarangi municipal council. For a Polynesian, he was uncommonly lean; his grandfather, or perhaps great-grandfather, was reputed to have been a Western trader. The six galvanized-iron buildings that the weather people had abandoned proved useful right away, for the weather was dreadful, and, except where falling coconuts had drilled holes in the metal roofs, the structures sheltered us from the rain. What a trove of ruined, rusty equipment there was! Presumably because it would have cost more to move the stuff out than it was worth, the Air Force had left behind, among other things, generators, re-



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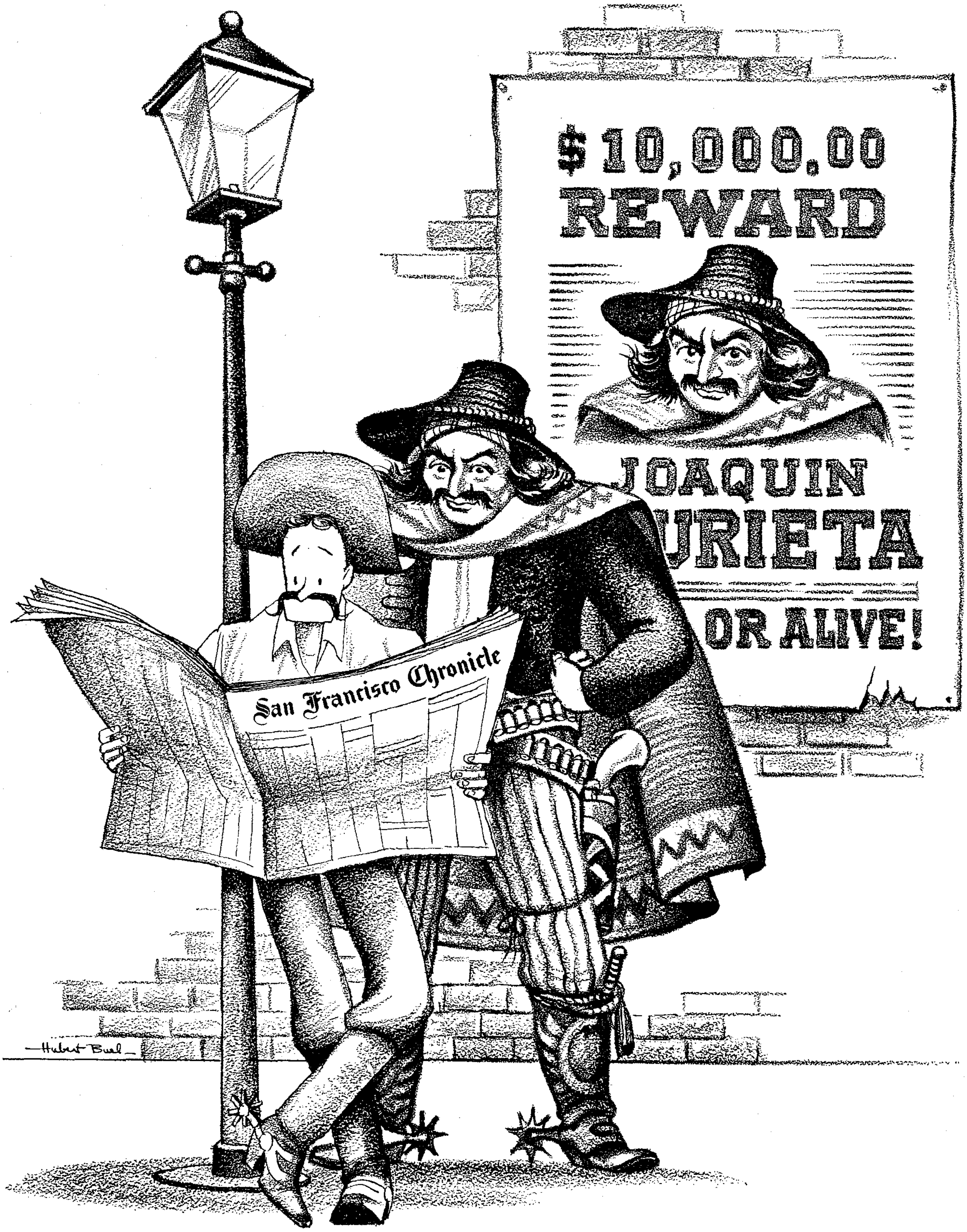
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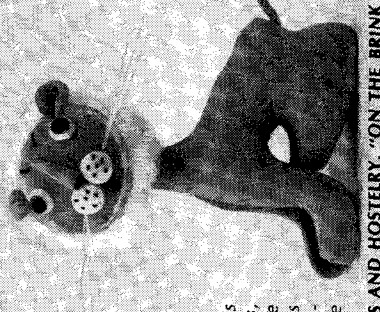

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frigerators, and some desalinization machinery. (While the weather station was in operation, its complement had motion-picture shows; to share in the fun, Kapinga children, who hadn't seen any movies before, and haven't since, would run ten miles along the inner shore of the lagoon, barefoot, unconcernedly skipping from island to island over ridges of coral.) We had brought along a crowbar and a machete. With the crowbar, Isaiah and Lee pried a few plywood panels off interior walls; they concluded that it would be possible, though by no means easy, to break up some of the structures into portable and rejoinable pieces. The floors were cement, and would have to be left where they were. With the machete, we hacked open a coconut apiece for lunch.

The next day, Robbert and I had an appointment with Chief Hyup. The Chief's house, on Soho, was quite near Nancy's first-and-second-grade classroom, and as we drew near our destination we could hear her pupils singing, "This is the way we go to school, go to school, go to school . . ." Her classroom was a tidy place, with "Jobs for Month" written out on a bulletin board: Kesin and Walden were in charge of crayons, Septina and Emerina of mats, Eluru of Cuisenaire rods (a method of teaching arithmetic to toddlers), Usuru of ringing the bell, and Nena of art supplies; Kalina and Kimson were line leaders; and Naker and Ugo were supposed to pick up paper. Chief Hyup received us—Robbert, me, and David, who was acting as interpreter—in magisterial style. Attired in a Shocking-pink lava-lava, he was sitting, Buddha-like, on a raised wooden platform in his house. He had a bad cough, and was drinking something, conceivably medicinal, from the spout of a teapot. Robbert got down to business at once. He had concluded that Kapingamarangi had an intolerably high incidence of perinatal deaths, and he thought the reason for this was that the local women had their babies at home. The Doctor wanted a delivery room built as an annex to the dispensary, and while he was at it he advocated the construction of an entirely new medical building. The Chief, a man of few words, grunted occasionally during the Doctor's exposition, and finally nodded his assent and suggested that perhaps such an installation could be created out of the Air Force structures. Then Robbert said that he hoped to put an X-ray machine aboard the Kaselehlia on its next trip south, so that the islanders could be checked for tu-

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berculosis. He told the Chief that the equipment would be too cumbersome to ferry ashore; the natives would have to paddle out to the ship to be examined. The Chief grunted, coughed, and nodded. Finally, the Doctor said, he had found the condition of most Kapingamarangans' teeth to be very bad. He also wanted to send a dental team out on the Kaselehlia, and have it remain on the atoll for at least a month. The Chief grunted assent to this proposal, too, and with that Kapingamarangi's health program was settled, at least at the policy level.

AFTER living together for six days, the Milners and the Kummers and I all got to know one another fairly well. Night after night, once the Doctor had tucked young Peter into bed, we would sit around and talk, raising our voices to compete with the surf and the rain, as we swapped war experiences and family histories. I learned more about the education of handicapped children in the State of Iowa than I would ever have thought possible. Robbert told us one night, graphically, about his boyhood sufferings during the Nazi occupation of Holland, and both Milners, in the best Trust Territory tradition, grumbled a good deal about the inadequacies of the administration of Micronesia. The Milners were fairly indifferent to what was going on in the rest of the world. They had brought a short-wave radio with them, but it had soon stopped working, and they hadn't taken any steps to replace it or get new parts for it. They hoped that district headquarters at Ponape would send them a two-way radio someday; it would be nice in emergencies. Meanwhile, they were inured to ignorance. They hadn't learned until a month after the 1964 election that Lyndon Johnson had beaten Barry Goldwater.

The day came when Robbert and I, who had been harboring the same silent thoughts, both began to wonder aloud when the Kaselehlia would retrieve us. By now, as I walked around the two little islands, I could recognize and identify a good many of the people who smiled and nodded greetings, and even some of the pigs were beginning to look familiar, like suburban neighbors' dogs. Therefore, it was exciting news when Elison told us that he had got Port Moresby on his radio, and that, although the reception had been poor, he thought he'd heard in a broadcast of ship movements that the Kaselehlia had left Rabaul the night before. When the word spread,

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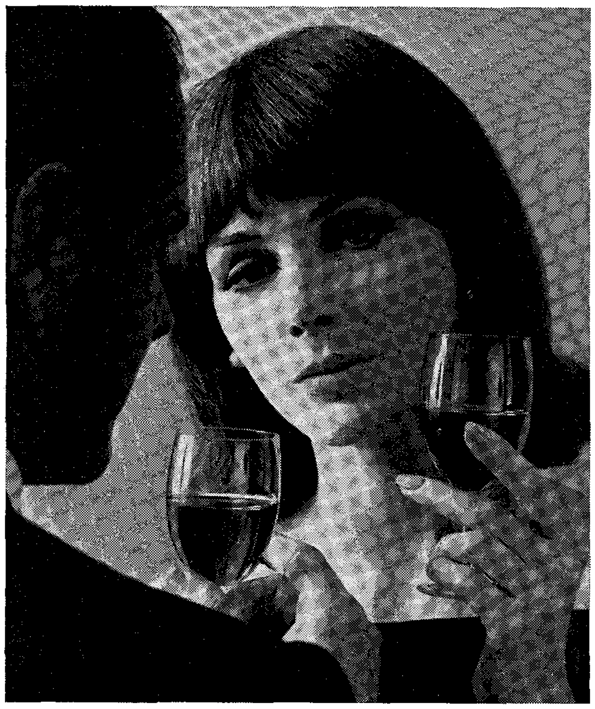

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there was a stir of activity among a dozen or so natives who hoped to obtain deck passage to Ponape. Some of them had been on a waiting list for more than a year. Now, as they had done in vain half a dozen previous times, they were assembling food and clothing and sleeping mats, on the chance that they could get aboard. I learned for the first time that a ship may not enter a Trust Territory port from outside waters without medical clearance. If Robbert had not been on Kapingamarangi, the Kaselehlia would have had to go first to some island where one of the five doctors in Micronesia was present. I felt boundless gratitude to Robbert for being where he was. In any event, there was no rush, for this was a Saturday, and even if the ship appeared within the hour, it would not leave before Monday. For all their dependence on copra as a cash crop, Kapingamarangans are not permitted by their spiritual leaders to load cargo, or do any other gainful work, on Sunday. It was raining hard, but just on the possibility that we might see something on the horizon, Robbert and I walked to the shore and looked long and longingly out to sea. Nothing.

It rained all night. Two empty coffee cans, a ten-quart bucket, a mixing bowl, and an ashtray, strategically placed, collected most of the water that dripped into my sleeping quarters, but the living-room floor was awash. Shortly before dawn, the rain stopped, and when we got up the sky was clear and the sun was out. Lee went out to plant the Norfolk pine. For breakfast, Nancy opened up a case marked "Corned Beef." It contained Mazola. But who could have cared less, because, while we were eating Spam and scrambled eggs instead, one of the Milners' students came flying up their path. The ship! The ship!

We left the eggs and made for the beach, where we watched the Kaselehlia pick its way through the channel. Soon we could see our old friends waving from the compass bridge—Tekkie Kummer, Yvette Adams, Oliver Arten, Neomy Johnny, and Captain Morrison himself. Elison dragged his canoe into the water, and Robbert, Lee, and I climbed in. Robbert soon pronounced the Kaselehlia cleared for reëntry into its home waters, and the Captain invited us all to his cabin for a celebratory round of South Pacific Lager, brewed in Port Moresby. Yvette Adams had been unable to obtain a propeller shaft for her father's boat—it needed a fourteen-footer, and Rabaul had only sixteen-footers—but she had acquired

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a good deal of merchandise. Lashed on the cargo deck were forty drums of kerosene, not to mention a new Land-Rover. In the hold were trade goods of all kinds, including several dozen cases of South Pacific Lager. Captain Morrison said that, whatever happened, he wanted to save a case for Judge Kinnare, who would probably be parched by the time we got back to Ngatik. Everybody, it seemed, had been on a shopping spree at Rabaul. Tekkie Kummer had some new clothes, and Oliver Arten had bought himself a deck chair, to loll in on the trip home, and had bought me a wristwatch. Lee reported to Oliver that the Norfolk pine was in the ground.

Robbert and I had by now imposed on the Milners for nine nights, so we moved back onto the anchored ship that afternoon. The copra loading would begin at dawn. Kasiano Joseph calculated that the hold could accommodate sixty tons of copra; Kapingamarangi had seventeen tons—about seventeen hundred dollars' worth—weighed, graded, and bagged. It took most of the next day to load the copra, along with the deck passengers—five in all—whom Captain Morrison decided he could accommodate. There was a last-minute flurry over the makeup of this group when Dr. Kummer discovered that the baby with diarrhea, whom he had wanted to hospitalize at Ponape, wasn't aboard. Her mother had refused to make the trip, being more fearful of a voyage on the Kaselehlia than of her child's fate. Chief Hyup, who was seeing us off, agreed to go ashore and try to talk the mother into changing her mind, but he couldn't get anywhere with her. So the child would have to stay and, in Robbert's professional judgment, die. He did what he could. He gave Maita twenty Terramycin tablets and instructed him to give the baby half a tablet four times daily for ten days.

Three squealing, protesting pigs were brought aboard by the deck passengers and stowed in rickety wooden cages on the cargo deck, alongside the kerosene drums. Neomy Johnny, Carlos Etscheit's supercargo, seemed to be acting as social director for the deck passengers, and as we set forth, shortly before dusk, she was diverting them with phonograph records. We slipped through the channel and away from Kapingamarangi to the strains of "Love Songs of Polynesia." It was dark by the time we circled around and passed the ocean side of Ueru. A lantern was flickering in the Milners' house. They would have two or three months to catch up on

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their reading before they saw our ship again.

There was no particular reason to get up early the following morning, since we weren't due to reach Nukuoro until noon, but most of us were awake before daylight. There were four Micronesian merchant-marine students on board who had been attending a course in the British Solomon Islands, and I fell into conversation with one of them. He was a stocky, twenty-nine-year-old eager Palauan named Elias Okamura, who while going to high school on Guam had become acquainted with a Navy chaplain. The chaplain had got him a four-year scholarship at Susquehanna University, in Pennsylvania. Okamura said he was the smallest fullback Susquehanna ever had. Later, he'd gone to a celestial-navigation school on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles, only three blocks from Hollywood. He hoped someday to be a sufficiently skilled seaman to command one of the Trust Territory ships, and he seems to be well on his way toward realizing his ambition, for after I left Micronesia I learned of his appointment as second mate on the Kaselehlia. (The former second mate, a Kusaiean named Tetrick J. Melander, succeeded Morrison as skipper. The Boston Mission Society influence on the Kusaieans is strong; one of the first rules laid down by Captain Melander was that there would be no consumption of alcoholic beverages aboard the Kaselehlia by passengers or crew.)

Ashore at Nukuoro, we were in for a surprise. The Nukuoroans, who had expected to have thirty tons of copra awaiting us, had only fifteen. They had all been sick, and it was apparently the Kaselehlia's fault. Our ship had hardly left Nukuoro a fortnight earlier when practically everyone on the atoll came down with a respiratory disease, presumably carried ashore by one of us; as a result, most of the Nukuoroans had been too weak to make copra. Even so, I was easily persuaded to dine at the Vern Carrolls'. It was an idyllic tropical evening. A glorious golden sunset gave way to a breathtaking full moon. The moon's reflection shimmered on the nearly calm surface of the lagoon. Coconut palm fronds were gently waving. It was a made-to-order setting for Polynesian love songs, and a Nukuoroan girl did in fact turn up with a ukulele and sit in a shadowy corner of the Carrolls' porch, strumming soft background music. Captain Morrison materialized out of the night and sat on the porch steps for a while. Then a bell rang out.

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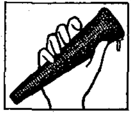

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"What was that?" asked the Captain. Nine-o'clock curfew, Vern Carroll told him. The Captain called for his whaleboat, and we rode back to the Kaselehlia and had a beer and went to bed.

THE next morning, we were under way at seven. Just after lunch, we encountered one of those medical emergencies that can arise in an area of many square miles and few doctors. Kusaie was on the radio, requesting a conference with Dr. Kummer. But the static was so bad that none of us gathered on the bridge, straining our hardest to listen, could make out what was being said. So Kusaie got Ponape to relay its message, and that came in more clearly. A boy had been sick for several weeks with an intestinal virus, followed by tonsillitis and an ear infection. The virus seemed better, and the tonsils were less swollen, but the ear was still acting up, and should Kusaie try to get the boy to the Ponape hospital? (It would have required a special flight by one of the amphibian planes, provided one was available.) Dr. Kummer asked Ponape to ask Kusaie a few questions: What was the boy's temperature? It had been 102.6 but was normal now. What medication had he been getting? Sulfadiazine. Robbert listened thoughtfully as the conference went crackling on, and finally scribbled a message for the ship's radio operator to transmit to Ponape to pass along to Kusaie: "Give 1.2 million units of Bicillin (4 c.c.s) intermuscularly every two days, clean ear by syringing with sterile normal saline solution every day and afterward use as eardrops a solution of ten-per-cent Chloromycetin in water. No emergency; need not remove to hospital."

It was dead low tide when we came into Ngatik, but this time we negotiated the channel without a jolt. Captain Morrison nevertheless said he didn't want to try anything like that again; he was going out at high tide and would hoist anchor at one-thirty that afternoon, and any person or copra bag not aboard by then would be out of luck. It was, accordingly, a day of hustling. Two deckhands lowered a wooden platform off the starboard side, to serve as a way station for copra being transferred from canoes to the cargo deck. The supercargoes hauled their trade-goods chests out of the hold and set them up on top of the kerosene drums. Ngatik, it developed, had twenty tons of copra to load. Our engines had scarcely been stilled when a canoe pulled up alongside the loading platform. The little boat had nine one-

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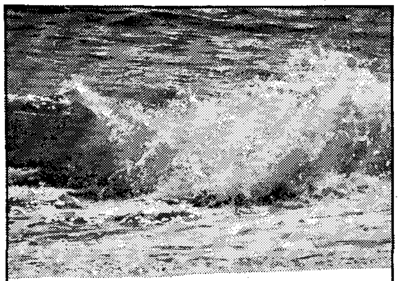

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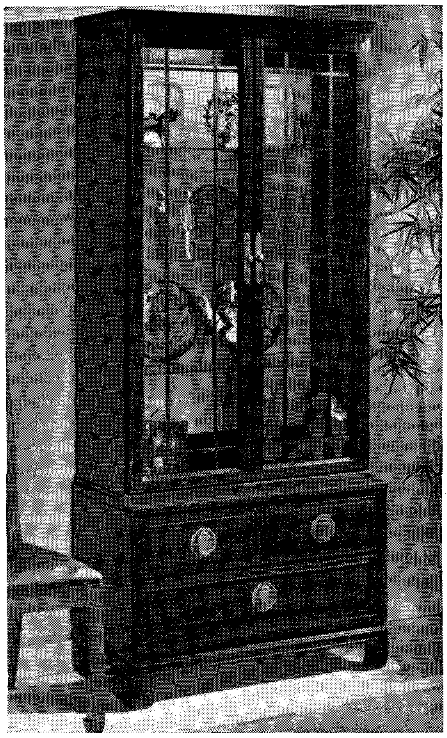
hundred-pound sacks of copra stacked on it, and a crew of one—a stocky, incredibly agile Ngatikese in a green baseball cap. All by himself, he transferred his nearly half-ton burden from canoe to platform, platform to deck, and deck to hold, leaping back and forth as if he were on solid ground and as if his merchandise were feathers. And that virtuoso solo performance proved to be merely a warmup preceding an orchestral tour de force, for as an armada of canoes converged on the Kaselehlia, Green Cap lent a muscular hand in the loading of at least two-thirds of the two hundred bags of copra that the Ngatikese managed to get aboard before the Captain ordered the cargo hatch made fast. Canoes with copra bags aboard were still coming toward us when we pulled away. The flailing paddler of one of them, I later learned, had been delayed in leaving shore because he had been helping Judge Kinnare get his gear packed; he may have had some private thoughts about injustice.

The Judge and Nancy Hattori, his court reporter, were in good shape after their fifteen-day sequestration. I asked him how his work had gone, and he said that, as expected, he had had to deal mostly with routine squabbles over land. One case involved a single taro patch. A woman named Emiso Etwin and her half brother, Wales Etwin, had been arguing over it since 1935, when the Japanese ran Micronesia. Wales had paid a twenty-yen debt of hers, and claimed that she had given him the patch in exchange. She claimed that she had merely let him use it until she could repay him the money, and that when she tried to repay it in 1963, twenty-eight years later, Wales had demanded retroactive interest at the rate of ten per cent a month, which she thought a mite steep. Judge Kinnare had ultimately ruled, after several days of testimony, that Wales, who was seventy-three, could use the taro patch as long as he lived, and that on his death it would revert to his half sister, who was a couple of years younger.

At dusk, Elias Okamura took a fix on the receding atoll. He told me that at fix time the night before he had found us to be eight and a half miles off course but that he anticipated no further difficulty of the sort. Above us, on the compass bridge, Captain Morrison stood in solitary grandeur, with a large seagull hovering, like a winged halo, directly over his head. Down in the wardroom, Judge Kinnare was reading an Australian detective story. Oliver Arten had his cribbage board at



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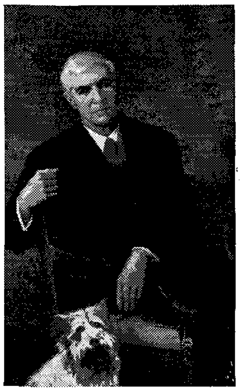

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the ready. Neomy Johnny sat at one end of a mess table totting up sales slips. Across the room, the second mate, an engineer, and a seaman were playing seven-card stud. All of them dealt the cards counterclockwise. It was one of the few basic differences that I discerned between Micronesian culture and our own.

At six the next morning, we were all on deck, and there it was ahead of us—the huge, dark bulk of Ponape. There was Madolenihmw, and there was U, and there was familiar old Kolonia! When we tied up at the dock, Jack Adams came aboard to greet his wife, and asked me if I didn't agree, now that I'd been there, that Kapingamarangi had by far the healthiest inhabitants in the entire Ponape District. I said that I didn't think Dr. Kummer, who ought to know, would wholly concur—that, in fact, he had been worried at the state of Kapingamarangan health. "Really?" said Adams. "Well, if Kapingamarangi worries him, he'd better not go to Pingelap. He'd drop dead of shock."

The deck passengers from Kapingamarangi were clutching their Ponape relatives in joyous reunions, and showing them the gifts they had brought from home. Watching them, Judge Kinnare remarked, "I suppose the time will eventually come when a man on Kapinga will bring his family a ten-dollar bill instead of eighteen pandanus, six stalks of taro, a pig, and some chickens." The time may eventually come, but I would hate to have to try to set a date for it. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second of a series of articles.*)

•

The staff at Cheetah includes five club managers, five Pinkerton guards, five bounders (all former footballers from the New York Giants, over 6-foot-5) and 30 bus boys.—*The Times.*

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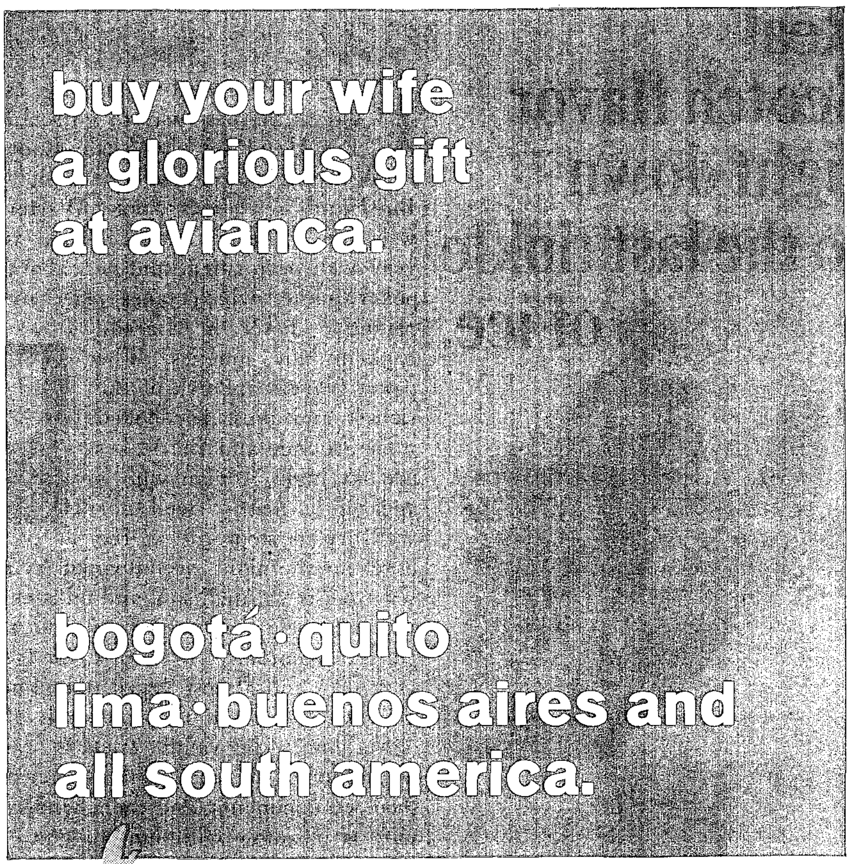

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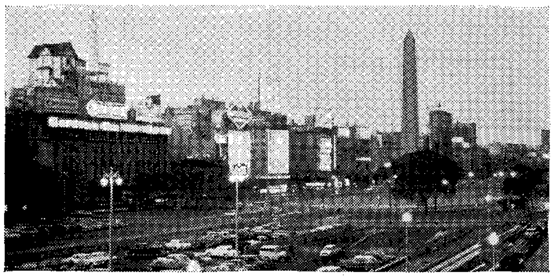
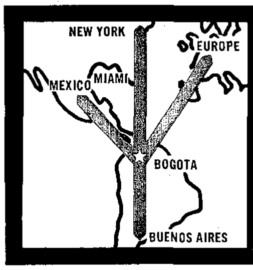

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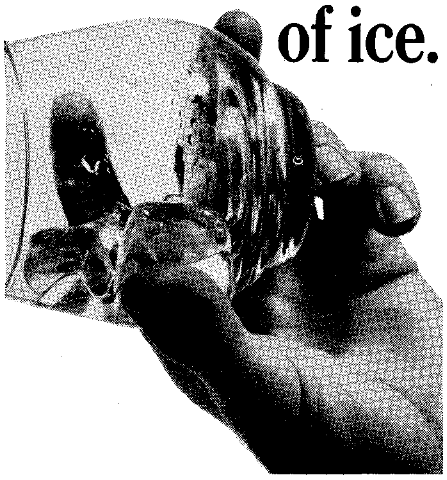

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PERHAPS expecting nothing, as I did, is the best way to go see "A Big Hand for the Little Lady." A Western? About *poker*? Well, "A Big Hand" *is* a blatant, noisy Western, which is exciting, often funny, and very well performed, and it *is* about a poker game, which takes place in a primitive hotel in Laredo back in the nineties. The poker players are five of the richest and most hardboiled men around, and the stakes are sky high. A man who is apparently neither well nor well-heeled stops off at the hotel for the night, accompanied by his wife and their small son, and talks himself into being allowed to watch the game. Eventually, of course, he gets sucked in and almost wiped out. Then he is dealt a hand that obviously delights him. He vainly tries to raise more money for chips from his jeering, slit-eyed opponents, and then, while his wife is pleading with him to quit, he collapses. Before he is carried off by a doctor, he persuades his wife to take over his hand. She does, and, what is more, she decides to try to use it as collateral on a loan from the local bank. From then on, and without any perceptible break in the tension, the picture becomes a funny one.

Thinking back, I have a number of reservations about it. I feel that there was far too much whipped-up, mechanical excitement when no faking at all was needed—too many closeups and abrupt jumps of the camera from one scene or enormous face to another, too much synthetic urgency—so that I wondered, and still do, whether the opening sequences were meant to be an in-and-out spoof of Western melodramas. Also, there was a certain callousness in the mixture of misery and comedy, but since I joined in the laughter, I can't get pious about that. The action is full of surprises; one is never a jump ahead of it. Visually, there are some extremely effective scenes, my favorite being one where, seen from way above, Joanne Woodward, as the wife, crosses the main square of the town from the hotel to the bank, followed by the gamblers in single file. It is a droll sight, but something else as well, because the colors are those of Degas. Best of all, though, is just watching the practiced hands among the cast, who are so good and who, by training and talent, make it all look so easy—from Charles Bickford and John Qualen, as comparatively minor poker players, to Burgess Meredith, as the sly, genial doctor, all the way to Henry Fonda, as the tempted, stricken husband. At the beginning, I felt that Mr. Fonda was a bit too theatrical, but later I realized that he was perfectly right. Mr. Bickford could give listening lessons, if he has any spare time. As for glorious Paul Ford, playing the president of the bank—stonehearted and impregnable at first—he is a Christmas bonus, and his "Back to your cage, Fleeson!" to a fussy teller would have done credit to W. C. Fields. Miss Woodward is good, too, but in a different way, and she looks very handsome indeed in a demure lavender gown. Her delivery of the line "How do you play this game?" to the hard-bitten bunch around the table gives great pleasure. I also enjoyed James Kenny, as the harried proprietor of the hotel.

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—EDITH OLIVER

* * *

Close your eyes and tell yourself that they are dropping forward out of their sockets. You can see nothing at all. There is a soft, soothing darkness. With your eyes closed, let your head drop until your jaw is almost on your chest, and you feel that the hinges of the jaw are relaxed. Take a deep breath and begin to rotate the head—don't pull it; just let it roll softly—slowly around to the right, then to the back so that it falls back on the shoulders—ouch, that hurt, didn't it!—then to the left and forward. Now exhale and rest. Start to the left and rotate in the same way.

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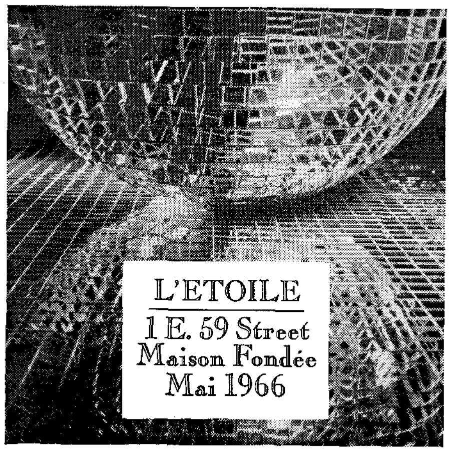

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The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

IN writing of children's food and drink, past and present, in your issue of May 21st, Mrs. M. F. K. Fisher discusses the recuperative egg-nogs, well spiked with brandy or whiskey, with which her mother used to fortify the little invalid recovering from measles or mumps. My sisters and I had our share of restorative eggnogs in our childhood, but I do not remember them with half the pleasure that I do the preventive hot whiskey lemonades that my father believed in and served up to himself and his daughters at the first premonitory tickle of the throat—the sign of an oncoming cold. We lived in Brookline, outside Boston, in an ill-heated brick house, and colds and sore throats were the commonest ailments of our youth. I, who, in the fashion of the day, had had my tonsils clipped but not removed, specialized in tonsillitis, quinsy sore throats, and earaches, and I remember well the soothing delight of these hot lemonades. When it was evident I was sick, and I had put on my flannel nightgown and crocheted-wool bedsocks and had been tucked into bed in my cold chamber between the icy sheets heaped high with blankets, a hot-water bottle at my feet, the lemonade was brought to me by my aunt. My father mixed it himself. It was served in a tall glass, almost too hot to hold, and I would sit up in bed and sip the thick, sweet liquid, cloudy with unstrained lemon juice (the juice of two or three lemons to a glass, I would guess), with a half inch of sugar still undissolved at the bottom of the glass and a tall spoon to stir it up with, while the pleasant, aromatic fumes of the whiskey permeated the air. The flavor of superior Scotch and the heavy dose of sugar made the lemonade a very different thing from the thin, acid lemonade of our summer picnics. The sugar and lemon soothed my rough throat, and the whiskey soon wafted me off into healing sleep.

This Scotch—regrettably, I forget its brand name—came bottled in a sturdy earthenware jug with a handle, and a jug of it always stood on the sideboard, but my father, a temperate man, never drank it himself unless he had a cold. I must admit that he

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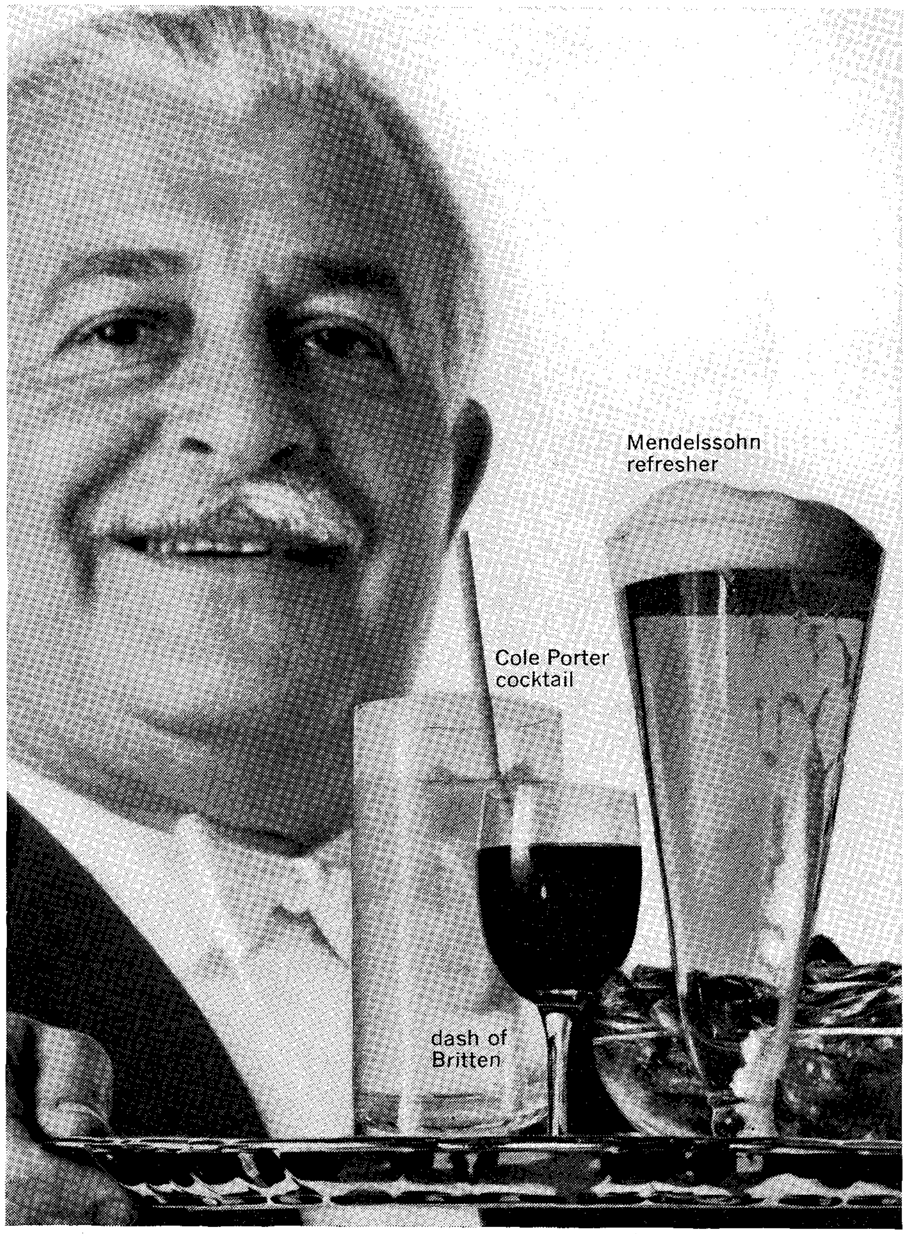
seemed to have a lot of colds each winter, but they were genuine. He rightly feared bronchitis, which he was apt to contract in his work when, first as operations manager, and later as vice-president and head of the engineering department, of the Boston Elevated Street Railway (now the M.B.T.A.), he drove himself about in an open horse-drawn sleigh to inspect track and construction, or to supervise snow removal during a blizzard. After a storm, he would take a bit of Scotch-and-soda when he reached home, or, if he was coughing, one of those hot whiskey lemonades, but the Scotch was bought by the bottle as needed, never by the case, and one bottle would last a long time. Our locked wine cabinet down cellar contained various French clarets, but these were served only when we had dinner parties, which were infrequent until my older sisters grew up and had beaux. Cocktails had never been heard of in our family, and I don't remember ever seeing a bottle of gin in the house. Benedictine, kirsch for flavoring fruit, brandy for puddings, and a decanter of sherry on the sideboard were the only other liquors I can recall, except for that lovely Scotch.

DID I have the sense to do as well by my own children? Alas, no. I was a modern mother, in the grip of that new invention, the pediatrician, whose directions I followed slavishly for my first child. She, poor dear, was fed for her first solid food only thin hot cereal at breakfast and, once a day, a dreadful concoction, its base a beef broth made from the juice of stewed chunks of round steak, to which were added strained carrots and quantities of cooked farina. (This was, of course, long before the day of strained baby foods in cans.) I fed her this orange-colored mixture by spoon, and she would stow huge amounts of it in her mouth and cheeks, without swallowing, and, when she had accumulated enough, would blow it merrily right back into my face. I didn't blame her at all; it tasted horrid. This was the only problem eater I had, if one can call her that, and because she was a fat baby with a big appetite she soon learned to gulp down the nasty mess and ask for more. Also, she loved the stewed dried apricots the baby doctor recommended—everything he recommended seemed to be orange in color—and because these apricots were around, my husband and I ate them so often that I have come to detest the flavor of apricots.

This daughter is now a sylph in her



The Boston Pops & Arthur Fiedler serve up a second "live" recording of "An Evening at the 'Pops'" in this new album—as in the first—the Pops and Fiedler capture all the on-the-spot excitement and informal atmosphere of the "live" concerts so popular among Boston's music lovers. "Short of attending the Pops in person, this is about as close as you can come to the real thing," wrote *High Fidelity*, about the first "Highlights" album. Hear Britten's *Matinées Musicales*, Mendelssohn's *Piano Concerto No. 1 in G Minor* with Susan Starr—the young Tchaikovsky contest winner making her recording debut, plus seven Cole Porter songs like "I Love Paris" and "Night and Day." Don't miss this great "Evening."

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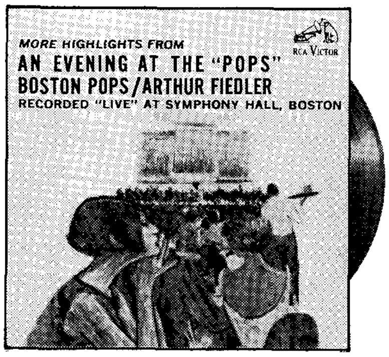
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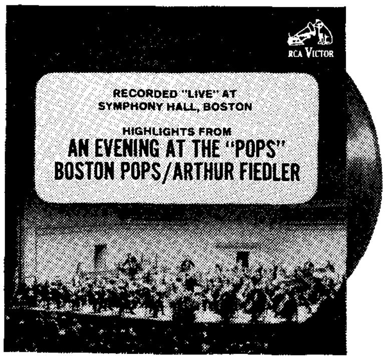
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HIGHLIGHTS FROM
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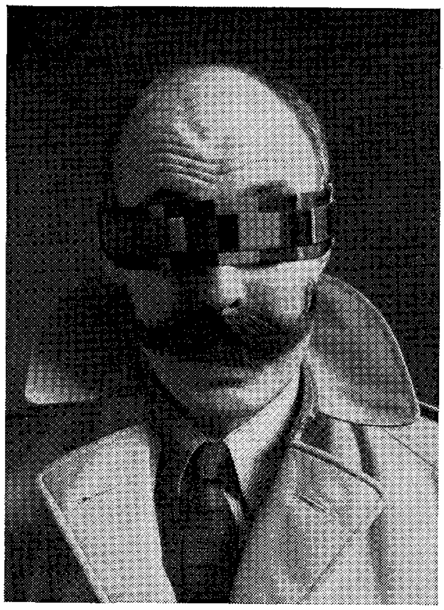

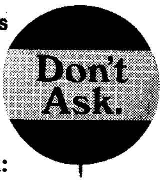

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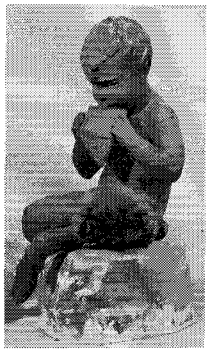

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late forties and has brought up her own children in the more modern, permissive school. One of her three used to refuse to eat eggs and another couldn't tolerate peas—I always forgot which one refused which. They have now grown up, and probably eat everything set before them. I have another grandchild, a boy of six, the youngest of my eight grandchildren, who has only recently begun to enjoy eating with the family, and he is the strongest fellow of the lot. He very sensibly picks up a living as he goes along, in the manner of any small animal—nuts, fruits, sprouts, berries, candy bars, anything that falls in his path or can be reached by climbing. He eats when hungry, which is most of the time, and so can't be called a problem eater. If the food or the talk at the table interests him, he will join the family. If not, he's allowed to roam, often to the nearest tree filled with green apples.

Perhaps it is time to try that soothing hot whiskey lemonade on the grandchildren.

Very truly yours,

KATHARINE S. WHITE

•

Q. "We are retiring next year and are already plagued with that devastating thought. Where shall we live: How can we solve our dilemma?"—Mrs. G. S.

A. You should make every effort to determine the cause of this notion. Many people approaching retirement are vulnerable to a filament of their imagination. If it isn't due to the lack of sociability or the loss of old friends it may be due to frustration, restlessness or from compulsion.

You should not tolerate the inflation of synthetic thoughts that mean nothing. If you can separate the myth from the factual, your problem may be solved.—*Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press Democrat.*

We knew a fellow once and the filament of his imagination burned out during an electrical storm.

•

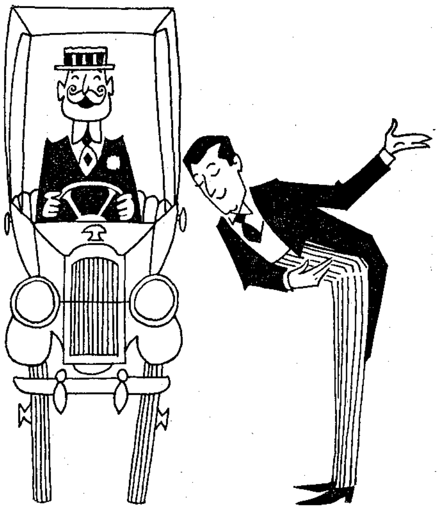
ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Milwaukee Journal*]

DALLAS, TEX.—AP—An eight second clocking in the 100 yard dash and a 42 second time for the 440 is not impossible, said Dr. B. B. Lloyd of the University Laboratory of Physiology at Oxford, in a speech Wednesday at a symposium at the University of Texas Southwestern medical school.

He said the 100 yard dash record of 9.1 should be lowered to 8.6 by the year 2000. He believes the 440 will be run in 42.4—the record is now 44.9—and the mile in 3:41, as compared to 3:53.6.

He said that all present track records would eventually be broken, barring a nuclear war.



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THE RACE TRACK

To the Ladies

IN the paddock before the Mother Goose Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday, four fillies stood out—at least in the eyes of a number of lookers-on. One was Marking Time, the favorite, who is a striking individual, all right, but then everybody always somehow sees something special in a favorite. The others were Prides Profile, an attractive bay, whom the Rokeby Stables had bought the day before the race from C. W. Smith Enterprises; the sturdily built Native Street; and Lady Pitt, who seemed bright and fit and the pick of the lot on looks. Well, as no doubt you've heard, they got all the prize money. Lady Pitt won, Marking Time was second, Prides Profile was third, and Native Street was fourth. Prides Profile was quickest away from the starting gate, but she was soon joined by Native Street, and the two went together the way Native Street and Justakiss did in the Kentucky Oaks a month ago. On the turn for home, Lady Pitt, who had never been far behind, passed them and appeared to be the easiest of winners until Marking Time came bearing down on her. As in the Acorn Stakes, which she won a fortnight before, Marking Time had been last for half a mile, but once she hit her stride the gap began to close, and for a moment it seemed that she'd make it. In the final furlong, however, Lady Pitt came up with an extra spurt and passed the winning post a length and a quarter to the good. So there won't be a winner of the Triple Crown for Fillies this season. As you know, six years ago the Aqueduct management made a package deal of the Acorn Stakes (at a mile), the Mother Goose (at a mile and a furlong), and the Coaching Club American Oaks (at a mile and a quarter, to be run a week from Saturday). A single entry fee made a three-year-old filly eligible for the three events, and there was extra prize money and a trophy for the winner of all three, which somebody, probably from Madison Avenue, called the Triple Crown. Up to now no racer has brought off the triple. Next year, perhaps?

EARLIER in the week at Aqueduct, fillies and mares had a lively sprint in the Liberty Belle Handicap. Triple Brook, the longest-priced of the

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Nogales......El Dorado Motor Hotel
Phoenix.Samoan Village Motor Hotel
Tempe (Phoenix) ......Park Riviera
Tucson ....Tucson Hiway House

ARKANSAS
Fayetteville..Downtown Motor Lodge
Hot Springs...Avanelle Motor Lodge
Hot Springs.Velda Rose Tower Motel
Little Rock.........Coachman's Inn
Little Rock ....Magnolia Inn
Pine Bluff ....Pine Bluff Motel

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Arcadia ....Westerner Hotel
Beverly Hills....Beverly Crest Hotel
Eureka ....Eureka Inn
Fresno .....Tradewinds Motor Hotel
Hollywood ....Hallmark House
Los Angeles.......Gala Motor Hotel
Manhattan Beach.......Pen & Quill
Monterey ....Casa Munras
Mount Shasta......Shasta Royal Inn
Palm Springs........Howard Manor
San Francisco ....Del Webb's TowneHouse
San Francisco...Handlery Motor Inn
Santa Barbara....Santa Barbara Inn
Stockton ..Ambassador Motor Hotel
Upland ......Uplander Motor Hotel

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Colorado Springs .....Palmer House
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Denver ....Writers' Manor
Estes Park........Horseshoe Lodge
Montrose ....Lazy IG Motel

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Farmington ...Farmington Motor Inn
Hartford ....Tobacco Valley Inn
New Haven..West Haven Motor Hotel
Stamford ..Roger Smith Motor Lodge
Wallingford.........Yale Motor Inn
Waterbury......Schrafft's Motor Inn

DELAWARE
New Castle......Gateway Motor Inn

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Daytona Beach....Summit Motor Inn
Ft. Lauderdale.....Sea Ranch Motel
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Panama City.........Holiday Lodge
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Pompano Beach..Beachcomber Lodge
St. Augustine...Monson Motor Lodge
St. Augustine........Ponce de Leon
Sarasota...Golden Host Motor Hotel
Sarasota.......Lido Beach Jolly Inn
Tallahassee Tallahassee Motor Hotel
Tampa ....Hawaiian Village
Winter Haven Landmark Motor Lodge

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Augusta ...Continental Airport Hotel
Augusta ....Horne's Motor Lodge
Jekyll Island..Stuckey's Carriage Inn
Macon ....Town Pavilion Motel
Perry ....Colonial Manor Motel
Tifton ..Davis Brothers Motor Lodge
Vienna ....Burton Motor Inn

ILLINOIS
Des Plaines............O'Hare Inn
Peoria ....Voyager Inn

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Indianapolis ....Airport Hotel

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Wichita.... Town House Motor Hotel

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Louisville....Standiford Motor Hotel

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Lafayette...Town House Motor Hotel
Lake Charles.......Chateau Charles
Leesville...Continental Motor Lodge
New Iberia............Beau Sejour
New Orleans ....Carriage Inn
New Orleans ....Fontainebleau
New Orleans........Governor House
New Orleans...Tamanaca Downtown Motel
New Orleans Vieux Carre Motor Lodge
Shreveport........The Shreveporter

MAINE
S. Portland ....The Royal Motor Inn
Waterville Fenway-Maine Motor Hotel

MARYLAND
Bethesda.........Governor's House
Ocean City....Yankee Clipper Motel

MASSACHUSETTS
Auburn........Yankee Drummer Inn
Edgartown ....Harborside Inn
Falmouth ....Cape Codder Hotel
Framingham..Framingham Motor Inn
Newton..Charter House Motor Hotel
Plymouth ....Governor Bradford Inn
South Egremont......Jug End in the Berkshires
Taunton..Town & Country Motor Inn
Wakefield ....Lord Wakefield

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Dearborn .... Dearborn Inn
Grand Rapids.........Mr. President Motor Inn
Kalamazoo ....Y-Master Motel
Traverse City..Park Place Motor Inn

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis........Inn Towne Motel

MISSISSIPPI
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Biloxi ....Buena Vista Motel
Hattiesburg .....Southernaire Motel
Jackson...Jacksonian Highway Hotel
Jackson....Sun-N-Sand Motor Hotel
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Oklahoma City....Howard Johnson's
Tulsa ....Camelot Inn

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Gleneden Beach.....Salishan Lodge
Portland ..Cosmopolitan Motor Hotel

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Santee ....Clover Inn

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McAllen........Fairway Motor Hotel
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San Antonio El Tropicano Motor Hotel
San Antonio...Wayfarer Motor Hotel
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SUMMER AND FALL 1966 MASTER HOSTS DIRECTORY

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eight starters, led throughout the six furlongs, running the distance in 1:09⅗, beating Queen Empress by a nose, and paying $48.60 in the mutuels. It was a week that Eddie Neloy, who trains the Wheatley Stable and the Ogden Phipps horses, would like to forget. He didn't saddle a winner at the Big A, and the losers included Queen Empress; Marking Time, who came out of the Mother Goose quite lame; Successor; and Great Era. The last-named, a two-year-old filly who ran brilliantly early in the season, turned in a dull effort. Successor, also a two-year-old, is a full brother of Bold Lad, whom he resembles, and although it was his first appearance under colors, he was odds-on. As luck would have it, he was slow to get going, and Bold Hour, another son of Bold Ruler, beat him by a nose. Observers are sharply divided about these colts. Some assert that Successor will beat Bold Hour easily the next time they meet; others are equally positive that Bold Hour is the best of his age they've seen to date, and will win more easily than he did the last time.

FROM all accounts, Kauai King is as sound and fit as he ever was; anyway, he has gone to Arlington Park, Chicago, where there are three races for three-year-olds—the Classic, the Chicagoan, and the American Derby—with purses running into six figures. Amberoid is resting, and no announcement has been made about his next appearance. Moccasin is out of the picture; after an easy workout the morning before the Mother Goose she developed what her vet diagnosed as a muscle spasm in her right hind leg, and nobody knows when she'll be under colors again.

THE jumpers have moved on to Delaware Park; now for more flat racing on the grass. The main event at Aqueduct this weekend will be the Bowling Green Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs over the turf course. Sorry, no selections.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

> Producer Blake Edwards joined TV producer Rod Amateau to judge the second annual Hugh O'Brien Acting Awards a $500 scholarship from at UCLA. Each winner receives O'Brian, who set up the awards to help promising talent.—*Hartford Courant.*

Is that a help?

Five tips for travellers to Britain:

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2. Don't call a Scotsman 'Scotch' – the first drinks the second!
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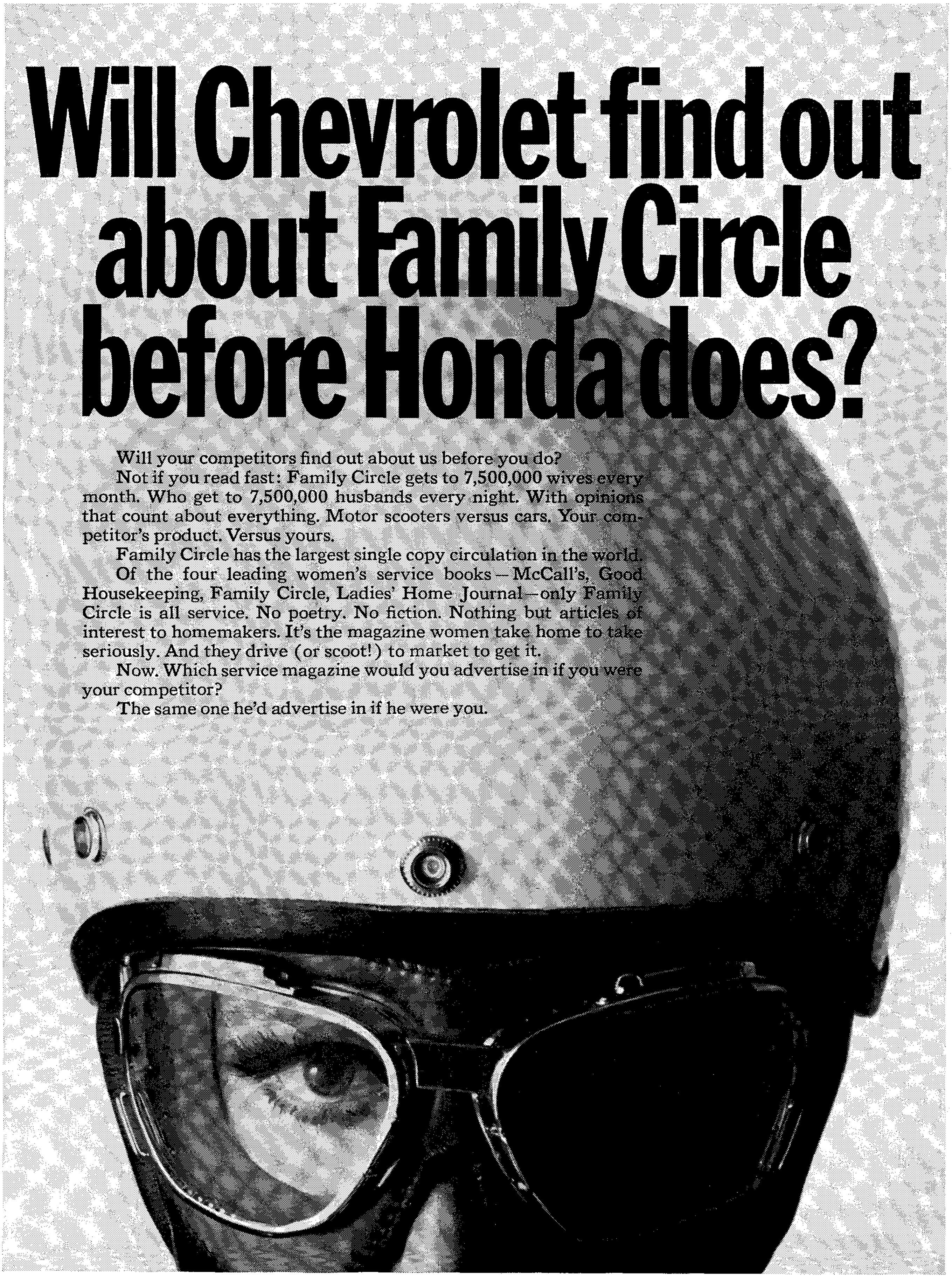

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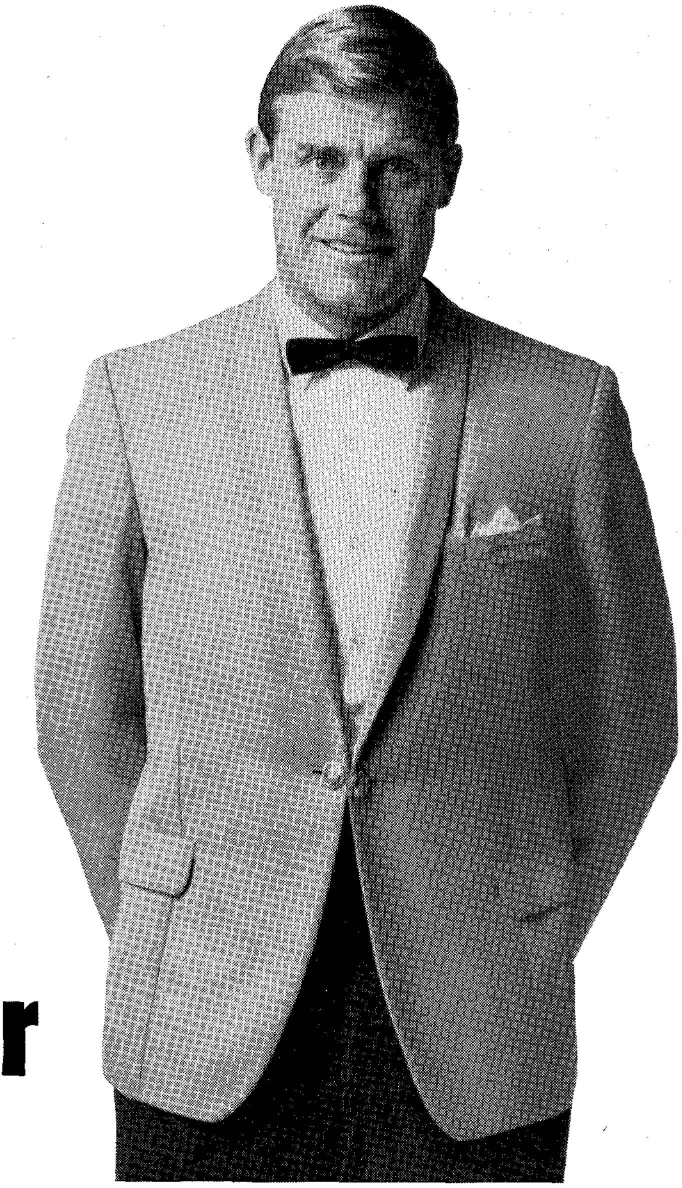
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 9

JUST over a year ago, in a commencement address at Howard University, the President announced his intention of holding a White House conference later in 1965 to explore ways and means of helping "the American Negro move beyond opportunity to achievement." Congress and the courts, the President said, had cleared the path to opportunity; the path to achievement was for society to clear, and that was more difficult. The address was notable in several ways. For one, it is rare for a political activist like Lyndon Johnson to affirm the truth of Samuel Johnson's famous observation "How small of all that human hearts endure/ That part which laws or kings can cause or cure." In the wealthy welfare states of Western Europe and North America, the curative and creative power of law and government is far greater in this century than it was two hundred years ago. Governments that are so inclined can provide schools, stimulate the economy to create jobs, and, in the administration of justice, protect most of the individual citizen's specified rights and liberties. But these benefactions are useful only to people who are in a position to take advantage of them and who know how to do so. To the Negro American, it is often one thing to have a legally defined and legally protected opportunity, and quite another to make use of it. According to law, he is welcome in all schools. In actuality, since the law is unable to repeal the past or replace hostility with hospitality, he continues to find himself unwelcome in most schools and—even where no hostility exists—unprepared to get what he needs from the educational system. History played another cruel trick by giving him access to certain jobs just at the moment when machines were being trained to do those jobs. In most jurisdictions, there are sturdy legal defenses for his rights and liberties; this would be fine if it were not for the fact that he often loses, occasionally forever, his liberties in extralegal proceedings—such as shootings and bombings. In announcing the autumn White House gathering, the President, aware of all this—and certainly mindful of the political credit to be won as a result of his awareness—gave it the grammatically suspect but nonetheless descriptive title "To Fulfill These Rights."

The conference was held not last autumn but last week, on the first two days of June. The reasons for the delay were numerous, complex, and revealing. Though the Howard University speech had met with almost universal approval among Negro leaders and civil-rights strategists, relations between some of these people and the administration became quite tense during the summer and fall of last year. The President had promised to escalate his wars on poverty, illiteracy, and discrimination, but the only war that he escalated dramatically and broadly was the one in Vietnam. A number of Negro and civil-rights leaders had opposed this war even before it was escalated. Even among those who did not oppose it as unjust or immoral there were many who feared that a heavy American involvement in Vietnam would draw both money and attention away from the various domestic programs. When some of the leaders began quarrelling with the administration, others began quarrelling with the quarrellers, saying that civil rights and Vietnam had little to do with each other, and that the Negro movement would only divide and damage itself if it became involved in controversy over foreign policy.

One particular cause of the postponement of the conference had nothing whatever to do with Vietnam, though it had a good deal to do with relations between the President and the Negro leaders, and with the growing divisions among the leaders themselves. Being the canniest of politicians, the President does not announce that he is seeking a solution to a problem unless he is fairly certain of the answer he is going to find. When he called for a conference to find a way of moving from opportunity to achievement, he thought he already knew which way would be taken. At the time of his speech, he accepted the analysis of the problem that had recently been made by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, an eminent authority on ethnic minorities in the United States, who was then an Assistant Secretary of Labor. In a government paper entitled "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action"—more commonly spoken of as "the Moynihan Report"—he contended that most of the disadvantages suffered by Negroes were related to the peculiar and tragic history of the Negro family in this country. As long as slavery was legal, the Negro family was illegal. After emancipation, it emerged from underground, and very shortly began to develop a matriarchal structure. This, according to Moynihan, was because the Negro male drew more hostility from white society than the Negro female; it was the male who was regarded as a threat and who was therefore himself threatened and feared. Many developments in this century, the Report went on to say—offering an abundance of statistical support—had diminished the authority and pride of the Negro male, particularly as a leader of his own family, and had thus encouraged the growth of matriarchal leadership. (Had this happened in a traditionally matriarchal society, there would have been little difficulty. It just so happens that the society in which the Negro now wants full membership is a patriarchal one.) Today in the ghettos, it is often beside the point to say that the female rather than the male heads the family. In millions of cases the father is no factor at all, for there is not, and never has been, any "family;" from the beginning, the father's role is that of an absentee progenitor. Even



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where a union has been legitimized by church or state, it is often advantageous, because of the workings of the welfare laws, for the father to get out of the way—far out of the way. Millions of Negro males are displaced persons; they do not appear even as statistical entities on census rolls.

Moynihan concluded that the key to the entire problem was the reconstruction of the Negro family. He cited figures showing that the absence of a father from a household guaranteed a loss of seven points in the children's I.Q. scores. While segregation makes for inferior education, so—even where there is no segregation—does the absence of a father. In fatherless families, the children generally get inadequate schooling or none at all. The unschooled are the unemployed. The unschooled and unemployed males sire more candidates for unemployment. Moynihan's solution, though he did not argue for it in the Report, was to break into this incontestably vicious circle with a system of family allowances: financial subsidies designed to reward—rather than to penalize, as so often happens where the welfare regulations are scrupulously applied—the family that has a father on the premises. Such a system, he felt, would produce immediate results, for it could be put into effect almost at once and function while the economy was being restructured to provide jobs of some kind for unemployed and unskilled Negroes.

According to a number of people who were working with the White House on these and related matters last year, the President had accepted this solution, was prepared to seek the necessary funds from Congress, and was determined to use the conference to build up political pressure for the program. Moynihan and other advocates of this approach had, in fact, written most of the Howard University speech. A few weeks after the speech, however, both Moynihan and his Report came under heavy attack from certain members of the administration, from many eminent Negro leaders, and from other students of the problem. Although the Report was prepared for a limited readership within the government and was clearly labelled "For Official Use Only," a good many people were giving the press their own versions of its contents, and, in time, the text itself. Attacks were made upon it—quite often by people who had not seen it—as an assault on the morality of the American Negro, written from a racist viewpoint. A number of Negro leaders—including Roy Wilkins, of the N.A.A.C.P.; Whitney Young, Jr., of the National Urban League; and the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference—had praised the Report and had not thought of questioning its integrity and freedom from prejudice, but once Moynihan came under attack by some of the younger leaders who were actively challenging the authority of such men as these within the movement, it was difficult for the older leaders to go on praising the Report and to assume the burden of defending a strategy devised by a white liberal in the Johnson administration.

Ironically, though, it was from the citadels of white liberalism that the heaviest attacks on the Report were mounted. It did not take long for the bureaucrats who were professionally concerned with the government welfare programs to realize that Moynihan had, in effect, challenged their analysis of the root causes of Negro inequality and the rationale of many of the programs they were administering. In the Department of Labor and elsewhere, government economists and statisticians got to work on papers disputing Moynihan's logic and facts. Liberal journals like the *Nation* and the *Christian Century* were instinctively hostile. In time, through an odd series of circumstances, a large part of the weight of American Protestantism was mobilized against the Report. In New York, Dr. Benjamin F. Payton, director of the Office of Church and Race of the city's Protestant Council, took offense at it from the moment it was first mentioned by newspaper correspondents, who themselves knew of it largely through rumor. He devoted his considerable energies to recruiting the services of academic experts of various sorts to criticize what he and they understood to be Moynihan's approach, and in time, armed with their findings and his own, he published two critiques, one of which he himself distributed, under the title "The President, the Social Experts, and the Ghetto: An Analysis of an Emerging Strategy in Civil Rights," and the other of which he had published in the influential journal *Christianity and Crisis*. He accused Moynihan of employing "simplistic logic . . . inadequate empirical evidence . . . and erroneous premises." In the view of certain others, including

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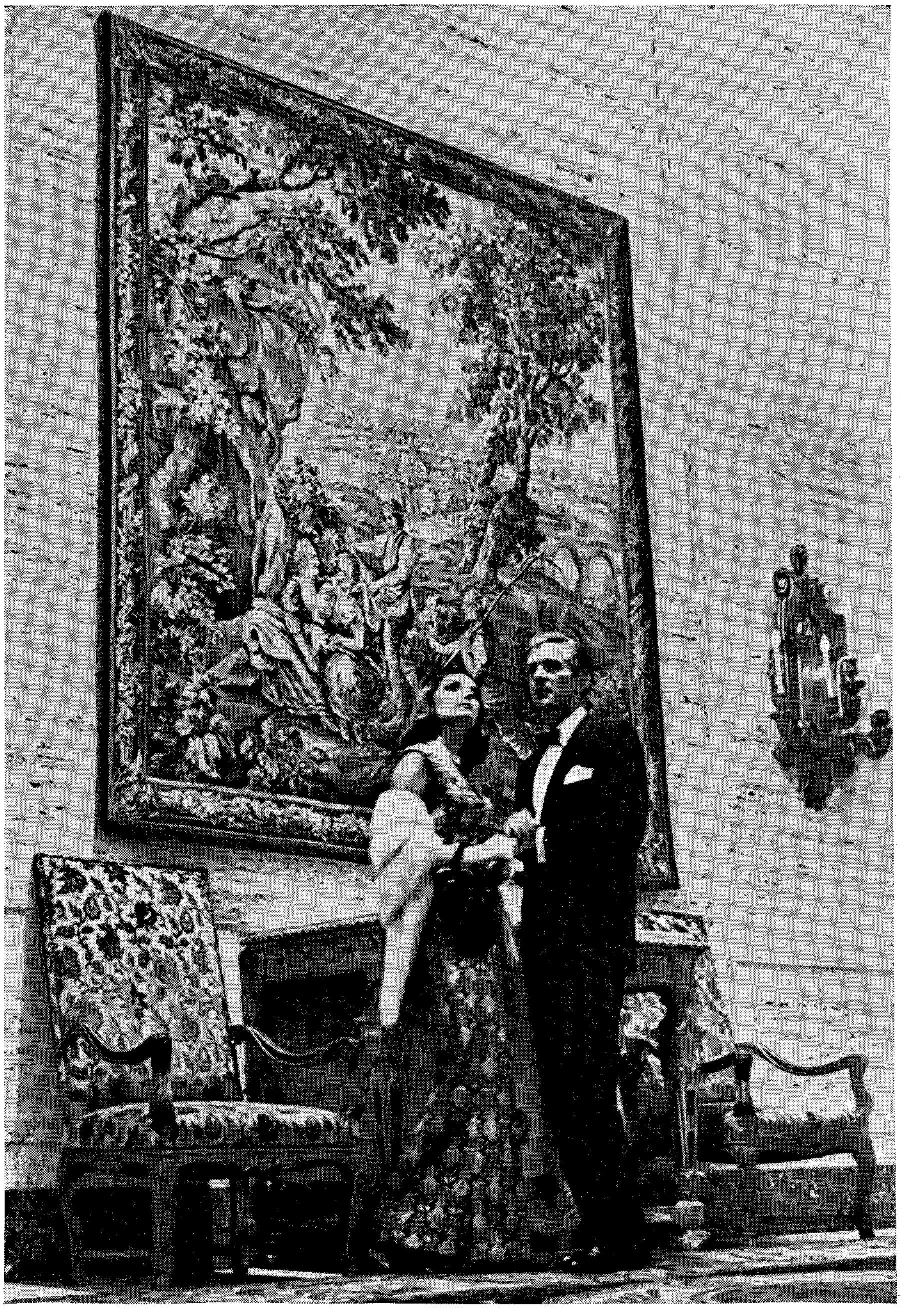
Reinhold Niebuhr, one of the founders and editors of the magazine, these undesirable tools of analysis were more characteristic of Dr. Payton's work than of Moynihan's. Nevertheless, Dr. Payton prevailed. On November 9th of last year, when it was clear that the proposed White House conference would not take place before 1966, if it took place at all, approximately a hundred New Yorkers describing themselves in press releases as "leaders of New York City civic, religious, and civil-rights organizations" adopted a resolution that read, in part, "It is our position that the question of 'family stability' be stricken entirely from the agenda," and went on to propose that the conference concern itself with the preparation of an "economic-development budget for equal rights," with particular attention to jobs and job-training programs, housing, and "quality integrated education."

IN view of all this, the President could not possibly base policy on the Moynihan Report. To do so would require him to fight many members of his own administration; the leaders of Negro, civil-rights, and church organizations; and most of the congressmen whose support he needed. The plan for a November conference was abandoned in July, shortly after combat troops were sent to Vietnam. It had by then become clear that the indispensable condition for any Johnsonian undertaking—consensus—no longer existed. Further divisions were brought about by the disturbances, in mid-August, in the Watts section of Los Angeles. The administration, to show that its interest was still alive, called a "planning conference" on November 17th. More than two hundred leaders met in Washington, and the conference began with an announcement—in a spirit of mixed irony and drollery—by the executive director, Berl Bernhard, that he had been informed that no such person as Daniel Patrick Moynihan existed. Moynihan, who had sought the Democratic nomination for president of the New York City Council and had joined Wesleyan University's Center for Advanced Studies when he failed to get it, was a lively presence in Washington at that moment, but he had no voice in the planning conference. (He was a delegate to last week's conference, but his role was that of an interested but silent onlooker.) Very little was decided except that there should be another conference, in June, and that plans for it should be laid by a council made up of leaders in many fields related to the civil-rights move-



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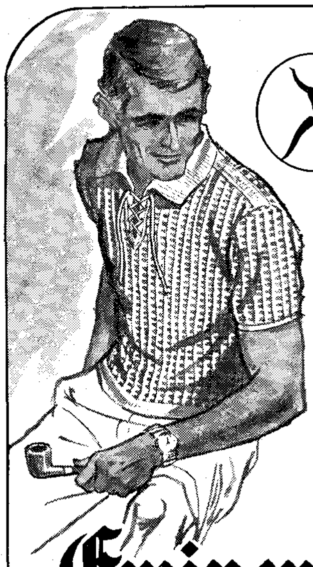

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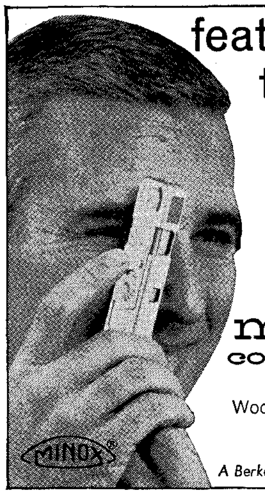

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ment and to Negro life in America. The high point of the pre-conference conference came at its opening, when A. Philip Randolph, the head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and much the most respected Negro spokesman in the country, announced to the press that the only thing the government could do for the Negro was to raise a hundred billion dollars and spend it on bringing the Negro to full participation in American society. Reporters asked Randolph how he and the other conferees had arrived at this round figure and how they planned to allocate it. Randolph said that he could not answer these questions at the moment, but promised an analysis and a breakdown the following day. According to well-authenticated reports, Leon Keyserling, an economist who has served Democratic administrations and liberal causes ever since the Roosevelt administration, performed a heroic service for the movement by staying up all night figuring out ways in which the hundred billion might be spent.

By Presidential appointment, Randolph became honorary chairman of the planning council, and Ben W. Heineman, the head of the Chicago & North Western Railway Co., became the working chairman. The twenty-eight other members were, in the main, leaders of the civil-rights movement and representatives of industry, labor, the churches, and the universities. Assisted by a staff of fifty-three consultants, they met periodically during the winter and spring, and, in time, produced a document of a hundred and two pages entitled "Council's Report and Recommendations to the Conference." The report was very much in the spirit of the November resolution of the hundred-odd New York leaders. The Negro family is nowhere discussed. It had indeed been stricken from the agenda, and the Moynihan Report, though it has been by far the most widely discussed piece of literature in the field over the past year, was not even among the working papers presented to the council. (One member of the council, a New England industrialist, had been closely associated with Moynihan on other matters over the years, but as of the time the conference ended last week he knew of the Report only as a dim rumor, and was hardly aware of the controversies that had raged about it.) The council reported and recommended under four headings: Economic Security and Welfare, Education, Housing, and Administration of Justice. The document is admirable in many ways. It is written in Civil Serv-

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ice prose of a superior order. There is nothing surprising in its findings; what it proposes, in general, is simply an expansion of existing programs in all four fields. Nevertheless, in this context it is quite bold and imaginative. It proposes doubling or more than doubling the per-annum averages spent on each public-school pupil—striking toward the figure of a thousand dollars per year per student. It urges, for example, a system of indemnification for victims of police brutality or of the kind of violence that James Meredith met with in Mississippi a few days ago, the principle being not only that indemnification would serve the ends of justice but that a public that had to foot the bills for brutality would have an interest in eliminating it. Though there was no advocacy of family allowances, there was a striking and unexpected endorsement of the federally guaranteed annual income—a proposal that up to then had been spoken well of by only a handful of radical economists:

> There should be explicit acceptance of the *government's responsibility for guaranteeing a minimum income* to all Americans. This involves (a) making available "last-resort employment" to those willing and able to work but who cannot find jobs, and (b) utilizing an improved public-assistance system to provide income to needy persons who are unable to seek employment because of age, physical or mental disability, family responsibilities, or other reasons, and who are not adequately protected by social-insurance programs.

The Great Seal of the United States is imprinted in gold on the cover of the council's report. Though the document itself is addressed to the conferees and does not have any formal endorsement by the President, it is, in effect, a government white paper. Its political status is somewhat similar to that of a party platform. Though the party's candidates may not have participated in drafting the platform, it is understood in advance that it will not contain any provisions that the candidates cannot support, and also that the candidates, if elected, will put their best efforts into writing the platform into law. As of now, the council's report, including the proposals to indemnify the brutalized and to bring about a guaranteed annual income, is the Johnson administration's platform for assisting the American Negro to move beyond opportunity to achievement.

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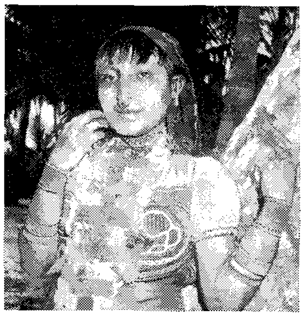

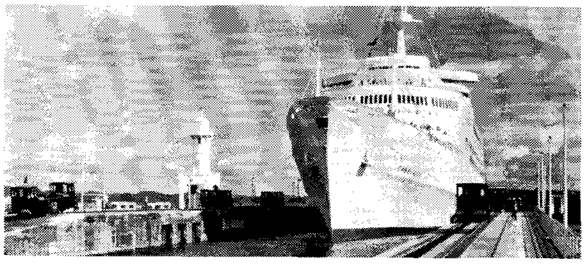

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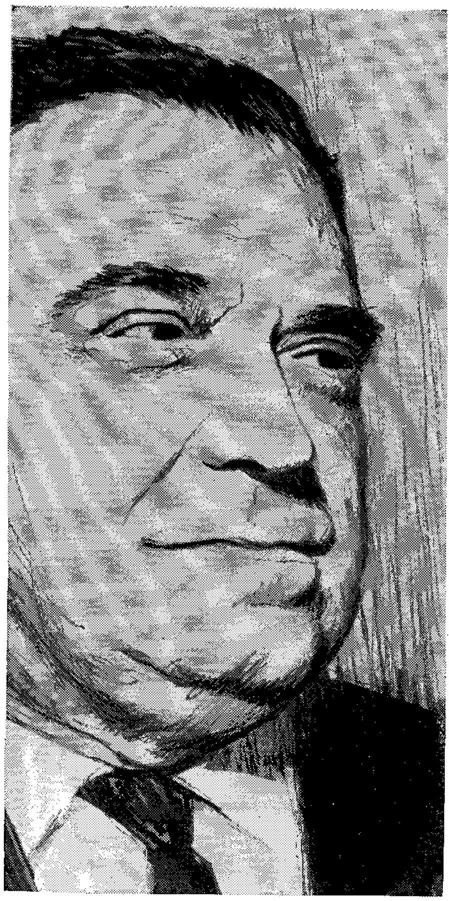

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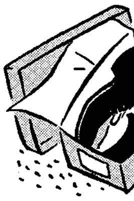
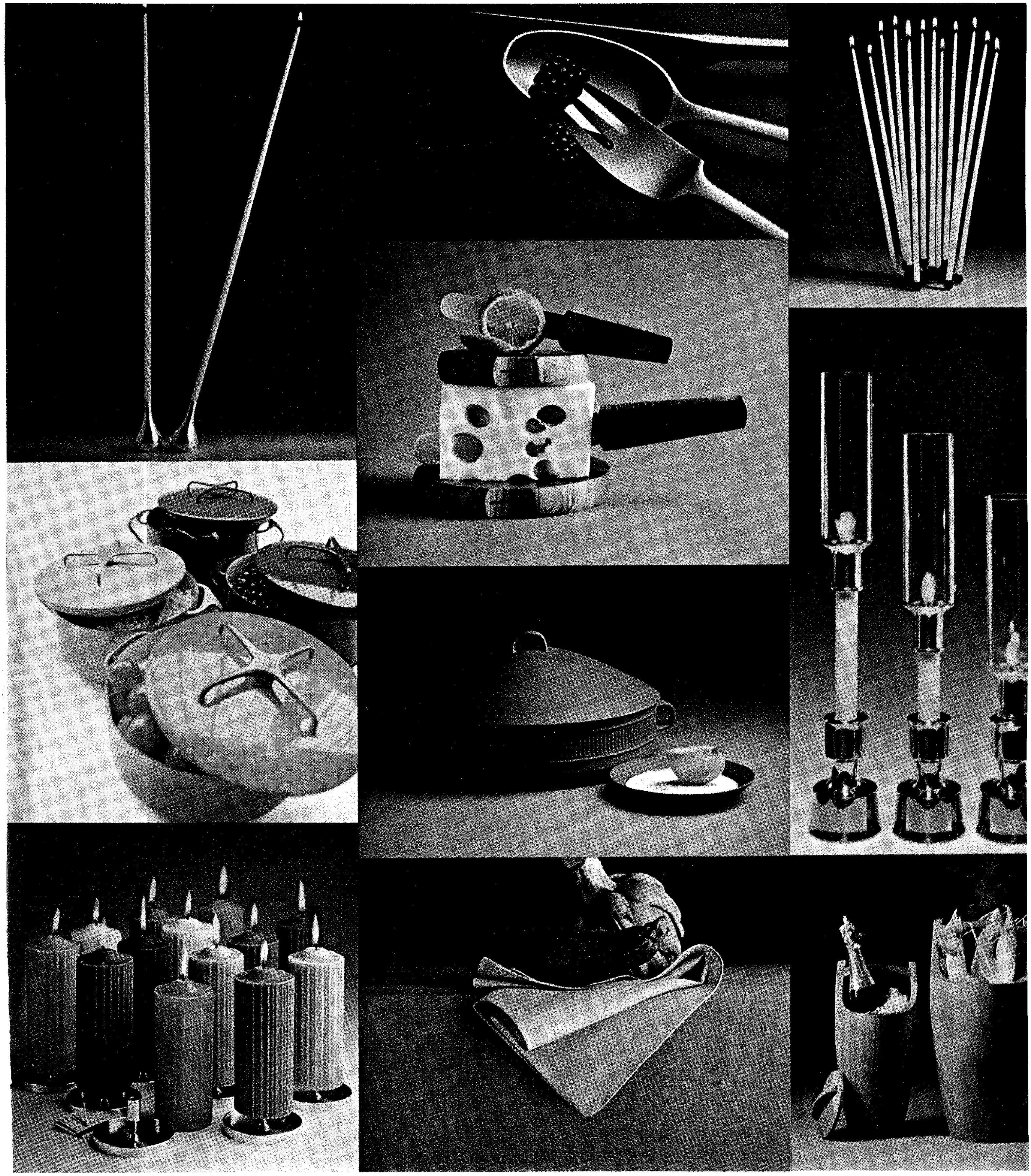


The ostensible purpose of any conference is deliberation. But there can be little profitable deliberation by twenty-six hundred people assembled for less than forty-eight hours. When the conference was nearly over and it was apparent that its deliberative aspect had been largely a frost, some of its leaders were asked whether they didn’t think that things might have gone better if participation had been limited to, say, five hundred or fewer. The response was that while this might have been desirable from certain points of view, it would have been politically impossible. For this revolution—if that is what it is—is a vast and sprawling thing, engaging the energies of an incredible number of organizations in this incredibly organized (perhaps overorganized) society. Even when the final figure of twenty-six hundred had been determined, the planners had had to exclude thousands of men and women active in Negro and civil-rights leadership. For example, the oldest, largest, and best-known of civil-rights organizations—the N.A.A.C.P., which has a membership of four hundred and forty thousand, sixteen hundred branches, and a national board of sixty—was given a quota of forty-five delegates. A bewildering variety of institutions and organizations demanded representation—labor unions, industries, schools, universities, churches, state and municipal and federal agencies (including police and prison departments), hospitals, fraternal



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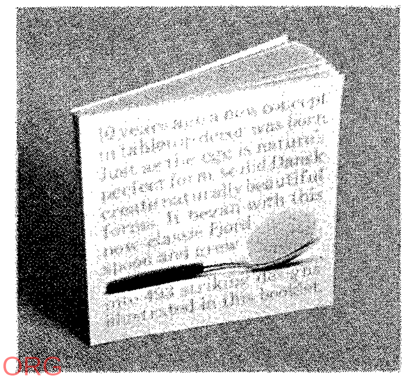

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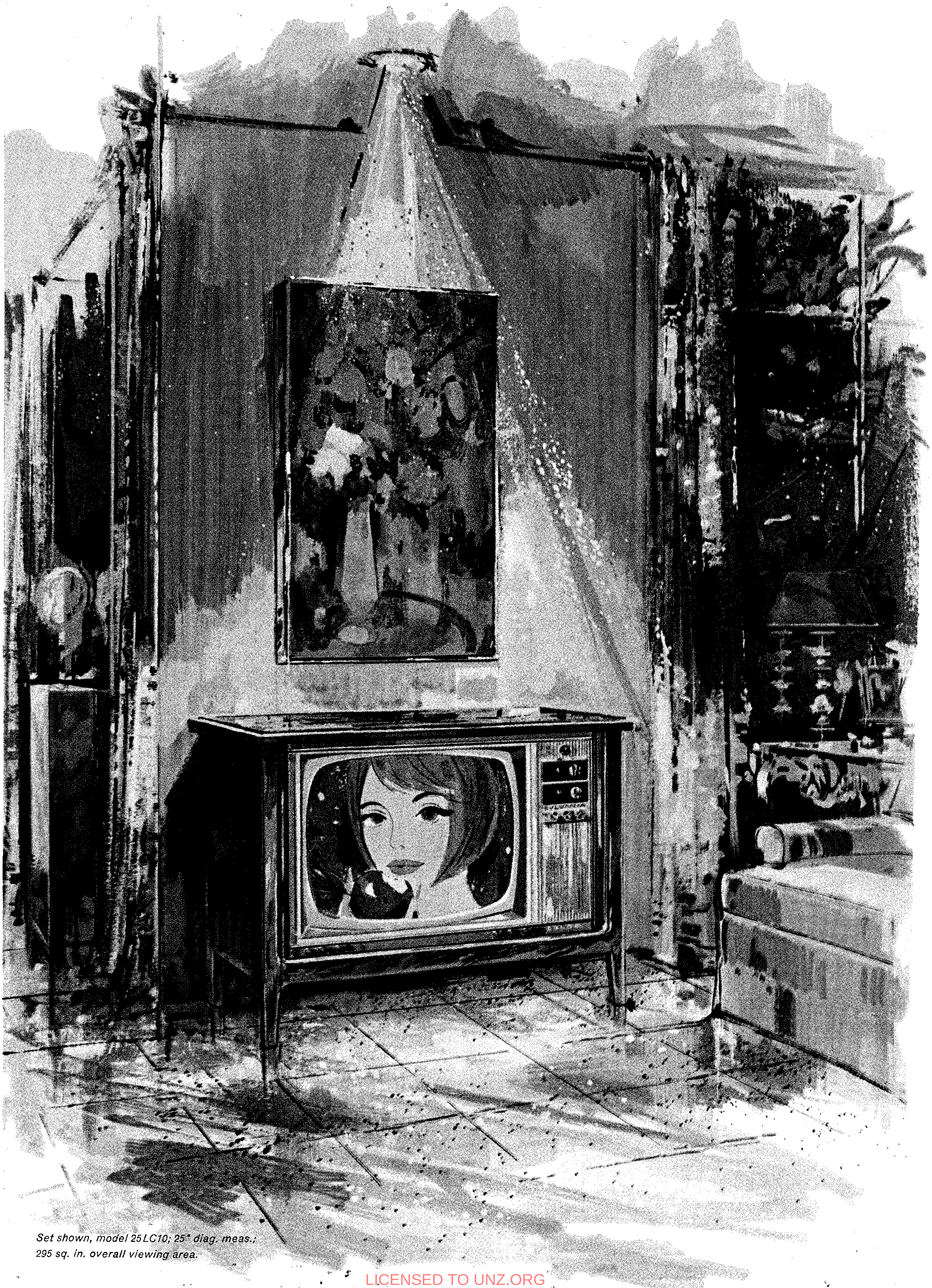

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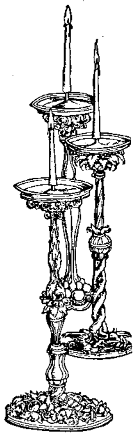

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orders, any number of professional associations, and individual specialists in a host of disciplines. A directory of participants listing functions as well as names covered a hundred and twenty-two pages. It was a most revealing list. In addition to all the civic, religious, educational, labor, and industrial organizations that one might have expected to find represented, there were such organizations as The Chums, Inc., of Fayetteville, North Carolina; Wednesdays in Mississippi; the Young Presidents Organization, of New York; Media Women; Jack and Jill of America, Inc., of St. Louis; Can Do, of Jersey City; Yardstick Project, of Cleveland; Rose Meta House of Beauty, of New York City; Eta Phi Beta Sorority; Michigan Barber School; Operation Independence, of Las Vegas; Womanpower, Inc.; McGuire Funeral Service, of Washington, D.C.; Glass Bottle Blowers Association of the United States and Canada; Omega Psi Phi Fraternity; the Girl Friends, Inc., of Roanoke, Virginia; Daughters of Isis; Partners for Progress, of Atlanta; Center for Cognitive Studies, of Harvard University; the Texas Correction Board; Knights of Peter Claver; and such individuals, well-known and obscure, as the Reverend Dr. Billy Graham; Bill Russell, of the Boston Celtics; Mr. A. J. Brown, Box 215, Frogmore, South Carolina; and Mrs. Evelyn Lomax, Clubwoman of 1965 for Utah.

THE planners of the conference—the council and representatives of the White House—had felt that things would get entirely out of hand if discussion was permitted to go much beyond the subjects dealt with in the council's report, or if the gathering had to entertain resolutions proposed by individual participants. Even if the planners had not feared that some of the discussion and some of the resolutions would embarrass the administration, it would have been necessary—simply in the interests of avoiding a chaos born of logorrhea—to apply, or at least try to apply, some rule of relevance. But political embarrassment was very much feared, particularly over Vietnam, which has a way of derailing all debate and discussion here and becoming Topic A even on agendas that have been carefully planned to avoid it. The White House Conference on International Cooperation, which was held last November largely for the purpose of demonstrating that there is a good deal more to American foreign policy than Vietnam, very nearly turned into an anti-

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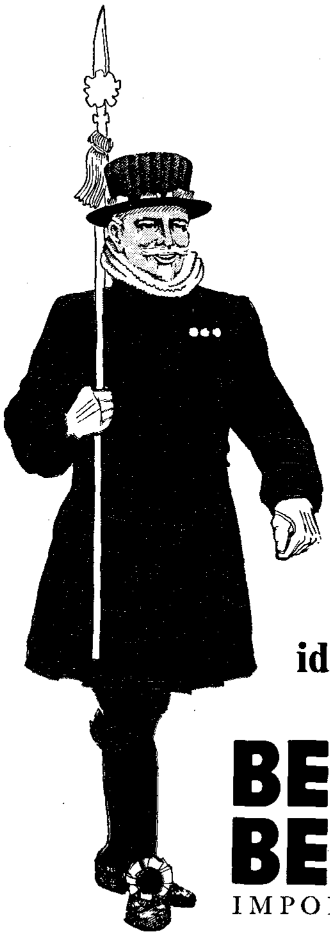
war demonstration under administration auspices. It was feared that the same thing might happen at last week's gathering, and that this, beyond the damage it might do the administration, would wreck the conference and divide the movement. As it turned out, the rule against resolutions and discussion beyond the report had to be discarded. There was too much resistance to the rule within the conference, and there were too many good arguments against it. For example, the issue of self-government for the District of Columbia was nowhere mentioned in the council's report, but it is a lively concern of almost everyone in this predominantly Negro city, and there was little sense in attempting to keep it out of a conference whose members were very much in agreement on the importance of mobilizing the political powers of Negroes. On the eve of the conference, which for most of the two days was to be divided into twelve committees for discussion of the report, an agreement was reached to entertain resolutions in the committees and, with a single exception, to forget about relevance. (This seems to be the fate of all rules of relevance. Without police or strong parliamentary powers, they are unenforceable.) The exception was, of course, Vietnam. The strategy was for committee chairmen to talk down—or, if necessary, gavel or vote down—anyone who brought it up.

Predictably, Vietnam was brought up everywhere. At each committee meeting, a staff reporter kept minutes of the proceedings; these were quickly mimeographed and distributed. Some of them were reasonably candid; one report began, "Vietnam crept in as an issue in the afternoon session of the Committee I panel on housing." The verb was well chosen. Those who were moved to bring up the issue inched slowly toward it, laying an elaborate groundwork to establish its bearing. In most cases, the discussion leaders simply ruled it out of order and the ruling was accepted, generally with a great show of relief. In one sense, this could be described as sheer demagogy. For there is really nothing in American life to which this war—which is so much at the center of American consciousness, and which is beginning to have a deep effect on our economy and may, in time, have an even deeper effect on our society—is irrelevant. In another and perhaps more immediately important way, though, the rulings seemed expressions of great common sense. One of the dreadful things about the war is the way it has of standing at the center of consciousness and conscience, despite



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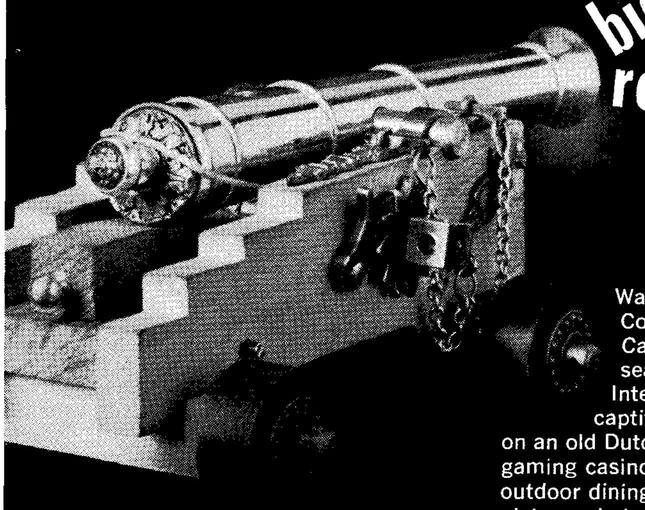

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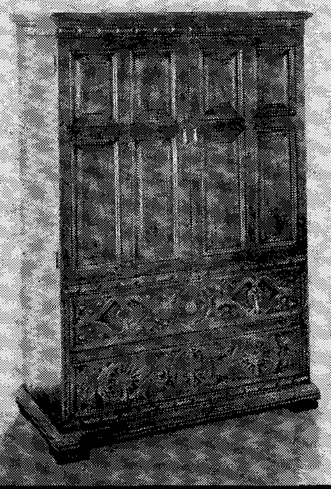

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the fact that it *is* only one aspect of American foreign policy, and despite the fact that most of our problems would be with us even if there were no Vietnam. While Vietnam may be bound up with everything else, it has a way of wrecking discussion of almost anything else. And although there were anti-war picket lines and demonstrations outside the Sheraton-Park and many passionate opponents of the war inside it, the desire of the participants was, plainly, to put the subject aside, to say nothing about it, to drop it altogether for two days and avoid further divisions in the leadership or in the ranks. The prevailing mood expressed itself in what was generally regarded as a brilliant put-down by one of the discussion leaders, a sharp-spoken Negro attorney named Chester Lewis, from Wichita, Kansas. He did not attempt to deny Vietnam's importance or relevance. "But we're not going to talk about it here," he said. "The Negro was getting the axe two hundred years before there was any war in Vietnam. And he'll be getting it for another two hundred years if we keep getting hung up on other things." The remark met with widespread applause.

Floyd McKissick, of CORE, was the only adamant anti-war man among the leaders. He brought a resolution—rather a mild one, as it happened—to the floor in one committee. It was voted down by slightly more than ten to one, and that was probably a fair measure of the strength of his position. It was generally assumed, however, that if an anti-war resolution had been put before the same people in a setting they considered appropriate, it would have passed by a large majority. This may be so, for in spite of the efforts to make the gathering a representative one, it was by and large representative of the élite of the movement, its most politically and intellectually sophisticated leaders. It is among such people that disaffection runs highest. But it was clear to many here that the attitude of American Negroes toward both the war in Vietnam and the military establishment in this country is too complicated to be compressed into slogans for picket-line posters. One delegate, an elderly and immensely dignified man from Mississippi who combined an obvious lack of formal schooling with an equally obvious superiority of intelligence, was asked at one point why he had resigned from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, a political offshoot of the Student Nonviolent Coördinating Committee. He explained that he had had only one important difference with

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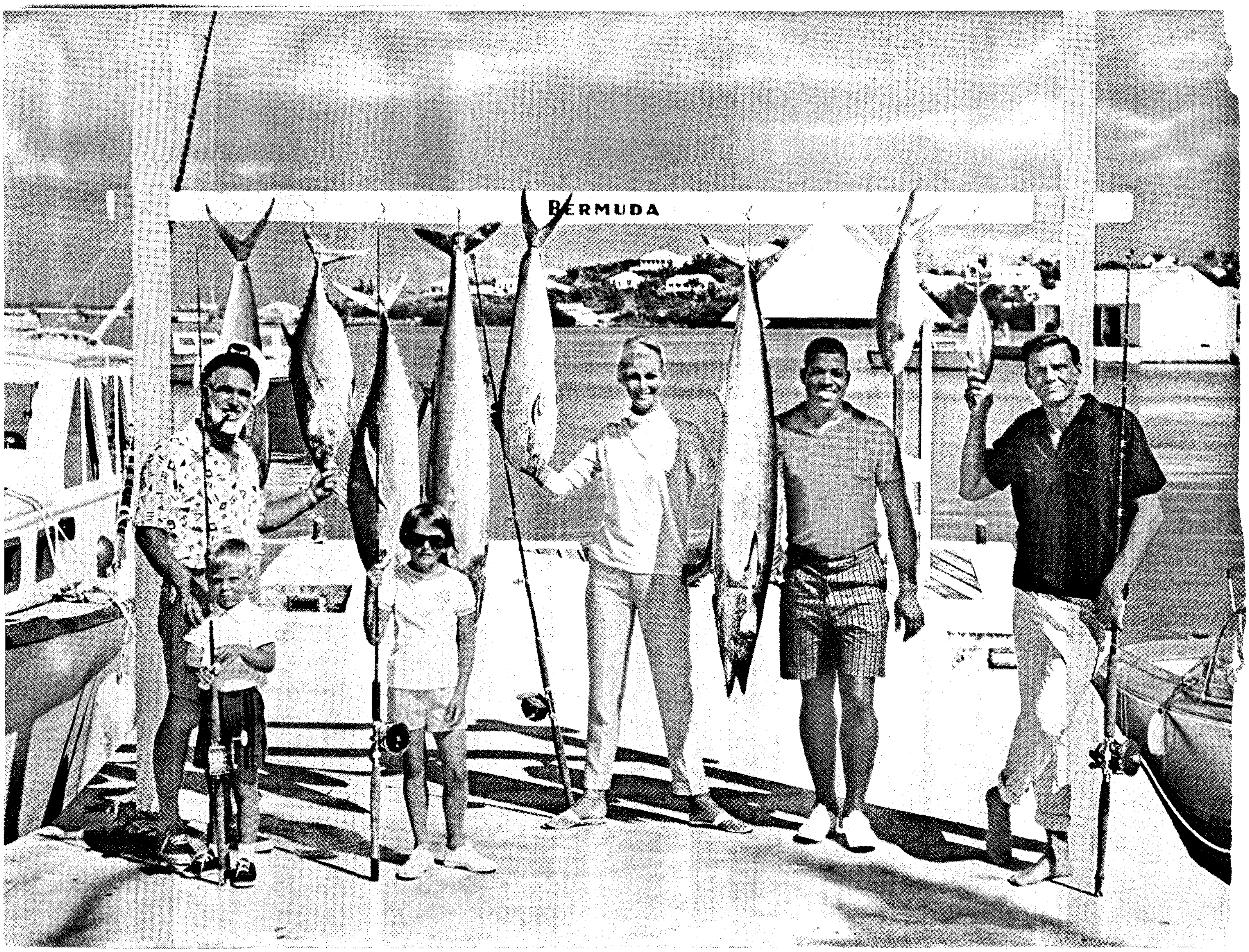

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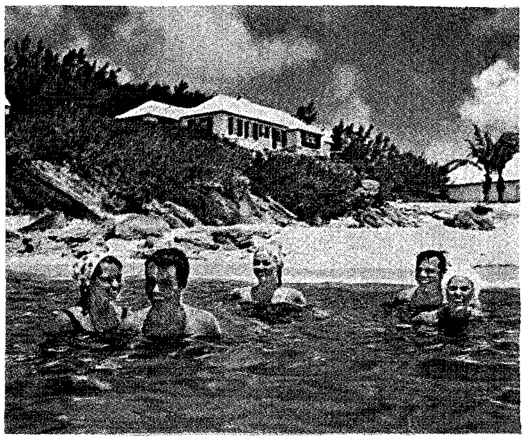

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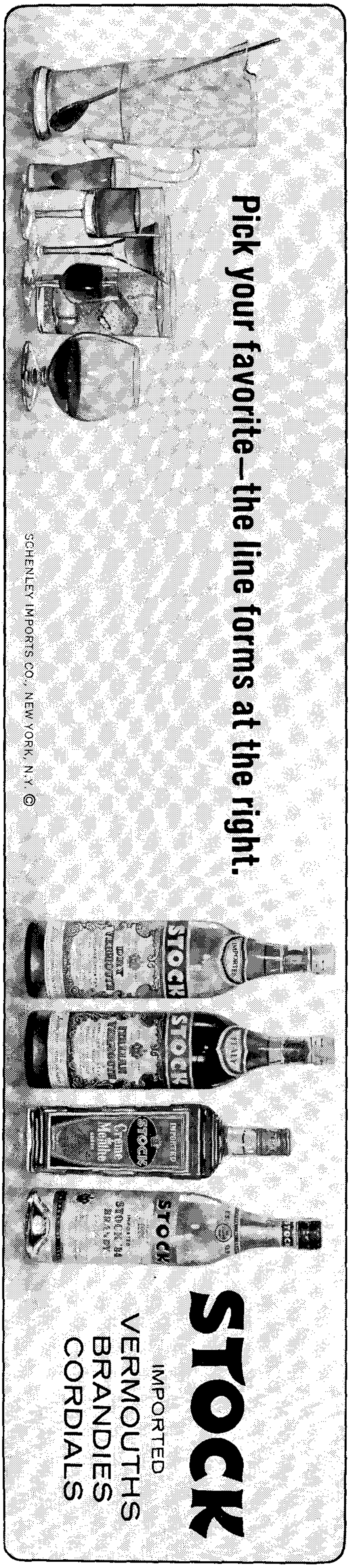
the M.F.D.P. Some of its leaders and members, he said, had been urging young Negroes in Mississippi to avoid military service by any means they could, including deliberately failing intelligence tests. This attitude he found intolerable—not for any reasons of patriotism but, rather, because he, like a good many other Negroes, regards the military as a great, free, and integrated educational institution for young Negroes, and the only one to which many of them can win admission and in which they can afford to study. Thus, to plead with a young man not to take advantage of the opportunities that the military offers is tantamount to pleading with a high-school student to become a dropout or advising a poor but talented young man to refuse a Harvard scholarship. Indeed, the military is to a large degree the Negro's high school and his Harvard, and it is sometimes astonishing how military in outlook some of the most militant Negroes can be. James Meredith, in a press briefing he held in the Sheraton-Park to announce plans for his march from Memphis to Jackson, acknowledged this. "I was spoiled in the military," he said. He meant that his life in the Air Force had given him an attitude quite different from that of many others in the civil-rights movement. He believes, for example, that the struggle for civil rights should be looked upon as a war of sorts and regarded as strictly a man's business. He said he would welcome companions on the march—but only male companions. He said he thought it close to criminal to involve women and children in anything as dangerous as walking down a Mississippi highway.

Negro attitudes toward the war in Vietnam cannot be polarized in the terms the politicians use. There are probably very few Negro "hawks," and there are certainly a good many Negro "doves," but there appears also to be a great deal of indifference to the moral and political questions raised by the war. This indifference, however, is very often indifference accompanied by a high degree of interest in the war as a rather special one from the Negro point of view. It is the first of our wars to which the Negro's military contribution has been so high—higher, relatively, than the white contribution. It is the first war in which there have been no special problems of Negro morale; the morale problem in the field, in fact, is said to be almost exclusively a white one. It is the first war in which white combat troops have served in battalions commanded by Negro officers. Whatever else may be said of it, it is a war that fosters the kind of racial pride that people who attend conferences such as this generally find decent and desirable, though they hardly think of war as a decent or desirable means toward this end. Yet there it is—and there is no doubt that the feeling plays some part when the Negro leaders decide that, on balance, it is not particularly wise for them to become, in their role *as* Negro leaders, intransigent critics of the war.

Moreover, this gruesome combat offers the young Negro many opportunities above and beyond those he can find in conscripted military service outside combat zones. If service can be the Negro's high school and now and then his Harvard, Vietnam may lead him on to his own graduate school. One observer who was at the conference from start to finish found a poignant instance of this as he flew from Washington to New York the morning after the closing banquet. Boarding his plane at National Airport, he fell into conversation with his seatmate, a young Negro of perhaps twenty-one who wore what looked like a military beret (not green) and had only one leg. The older man supposed that the other leg was probably somewhere in Vietnam, which, as he later learned, was the case. The conversation began with the young man asking the older one if he had heard any late news from outer space. The older man said that he had just heard something on a taxi's radio about the difficulties of the Gemini 9 mission, but that he really couldn't convey the message, because he was a scientific illiterate and didn't understand the alien tongue in which the announcement was being made. The young man thereupon undertook a generous but utterly hopeless crash program to put an end to the cultural lag of the bewildered older man, who now began to suspect that his original surmise was wrong and that he was talking not to a war veteran but to a Doctor of Philosophy who might have lost a leg in a nuclear reactor or by falling off a launch pad. He asked the young man where he had acquired all this erudition, and was told about being shot out of a helicopter by Victor Charlie and about relieving eight months of hospital tedium by reading science. The eight months had come to an end that very morning at Walter Reed Hospital here, and now, thanks to Uncle Sam's Veterans Administration and his space program, the am-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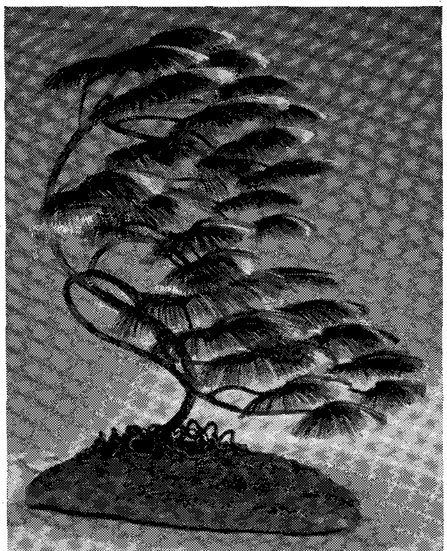
putee was going to New York to fetch his wife, a trained nurse, and proceed to a university where, at the expense of Uncle Sam and an Oklahoma corporation that would eventually hire him, he would be trained as an aerospace engineer of some kind. (The older man frequently lost his grasp on the simplest of details and was too proud to display his ignorance by asking specific questions.) The veteran talked freely about the war, but never in terms that suggested he had ever been interested in anything about it except in terms of technology and terrain. He had an opinion (mixed) of the Vietnamese people and their government, and an opinion (also mixed) of the quality of the American military performance, but what he was mainly interested in talking about was the shining future, the imminent fulfillment of private dreams. The older man could not help but be charmed, but he left with the appalling thought that it was altogether possible—and seemed on the evidence at hand rather likely—that this young man, reflecting upon his childhood and upon the opportunities that would have been his if he had not become a soldier, had concluded that it was not at all a bad deal to face death in Vietnam, to leave a leg there, and to be hospitalized for most of a year, if the payoff was a career as an aerospace engineer.

THERE were three plenary sessions of the conference. No business was done at any of them. The first was on the morning of the opening day. The participants were addressed eloquently and exhorted rousingly by Vice-President Humphrey and by A. Philip Randolph. The two others were occasions for food, drink, and, again, oratory. Thurgood Marshall, the N.A.A.C.P.'s counsel in some of its most celebrated courtroom victories, including Brown vs. Board of Education, in 1954, and now the Solicitor General of the United States, was to be the first after-dinner speaker, but as the plates were being noisily removed from the great banquet hall, word came that the first address would be delivered not by the Solicitor General but by the President of the United States. His name had never been on the schedule, but he had planned all along to make an appearance. Had he not done so, the whole affair would have been a bust from his point of view and from that of the movement. Nevertheless, he could not have come to a meeting that might turn into a demonstration of protest. When, early in the evening, word went



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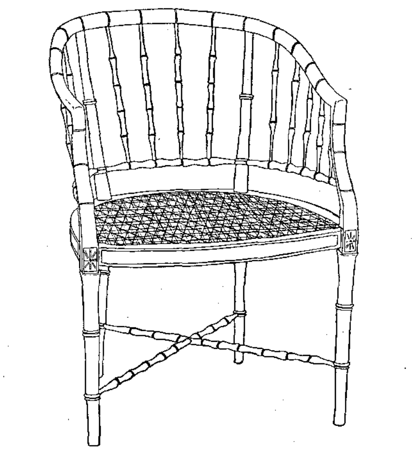

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to the White House from its command post somewhere in the hotel that everything was in good shape—that the anti-Vietnam people had been properly squelched, and that the whole atmosphere could not at the moment be more agreeable—he came out right away. His prepared speeches lately have tended to be pedestrian, but this was above the recent average. He began by referring back to the Howard University speech, but he did not revert to any of its central themes, except in a suggestion that the writ of the federal government has its limits. For Lyndon Johnson, it was a modest speech. "So do not expect from me . . . a miracle," he said. He closed with a shattering of protocol by saying, "It is an honor to introduce to you the Honorable Thurgood Marshall." This was a formula for triumph.

Conferences need excuses for their own existence. They also need devices for killing the time of the participants. Committee sessions serve both purposes. Attendance at these committee sessions was slack—never more than half the delegates. The other half were in the corridors and in hotel rooms making points, making deals, making friends. Attendance could be rewarding, though, and instructive. At one session, a woman representative of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was trying to argue that federal intervention in local situations could make them a good deal worse. She said that the Negro leaders in one Southern community had asked Washington to force the integration of a hospital board. Washington agreed. Somehow it got the names of three Negroes who were said to be suitable for the board, and forced their appointment. "What Washington didn't know and couldn't know," she said, "was that it had managed to find the only three John Birch-type Negroes in the state and to give them positions of power." At another session, a man who seemed to have quite an intimate and extensive knowledge of policemen said that in his experience the ghetto is a choice beat for many policemen, and not, as is commonly supposed, a reluctantly accepted one. A good many men, he went on, become policemen because they romanticize the life. Some think of themselves as becoming warriors in a dangerous and exciting war on crime, others as bringing cheer and mercy, safety and consolation into the lives of children and old people. It can be terribly disillusioning for a certain kind of policeman, he said, to find himself working where there is no crime to be fought, no underprivileged children to be given

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candy or organized into teams; it is common for such officers to request duty where the action is, where the poverty is. For obvious reasons, the ghettos are also attractive to policemen of larcenous or sadistic instincts. This Negro authority was somewhat skeptical of the wisdom of demanding more Negro policemen if this means sending more of them to the ghettos. There, he said, they are often more feared and hated than white policemen. "The Negro policeman," he said, "tends to be all cop."

One committee was electrified by an impassioned speech by a young man from Watts named Johnnie Scott. After listening to some quite stupefying social-work rhetoric, Johnnie Scott took a microphone and delivered himself of a moving description of the conditions of life that he and his Watts contemporaries faced. He described with considerable literary and dramatic ability his own family circumstances, which were far from enviable, and how he would never have known that such things as Scholastic Aptitude Tests existed if he had had only the information given him by the public-school authorities. "We'd never have heard there were S.A.T.s if some white kids hadn't come into Watts and told us where to go for them," he said. He added that he had taken them and was now in college. It was a powerful and appealing talk, and within the conference Johnnie Scott became an instant celebrity. One older person after another got up to say that Johnnie Scott had the right spirit, that what this country needed was a lot more Johnnie Scotts, that Johnnie Scott was the first man at the conference to tell it like it is. The elders were outbidding one another in praise and were finding it hard to raise the bids when one man arose and said that *he* thought so much of Johnnie Scott that he had taken him aside and hired him. When Johnnie Scott finished his education, he would go right into a good job. Everyone joined in applause. The man hadn't said what *kind* of job he had promised Johnnie Scott, but one liked to think that he was going to be made principal of a Watts school or some kind of organizer or leader. A private inquiry revealed that the man was the head of an automobile agency in a large Midwestern city and that he probably saw in this attractive and persuasive youth a most promising car salesman. Happily, though, further inquiry revealed that Johnnie Scott had no intention of becoming a salesman. "I took the man's card and I told him I might look him up someday," he said. "But I'm

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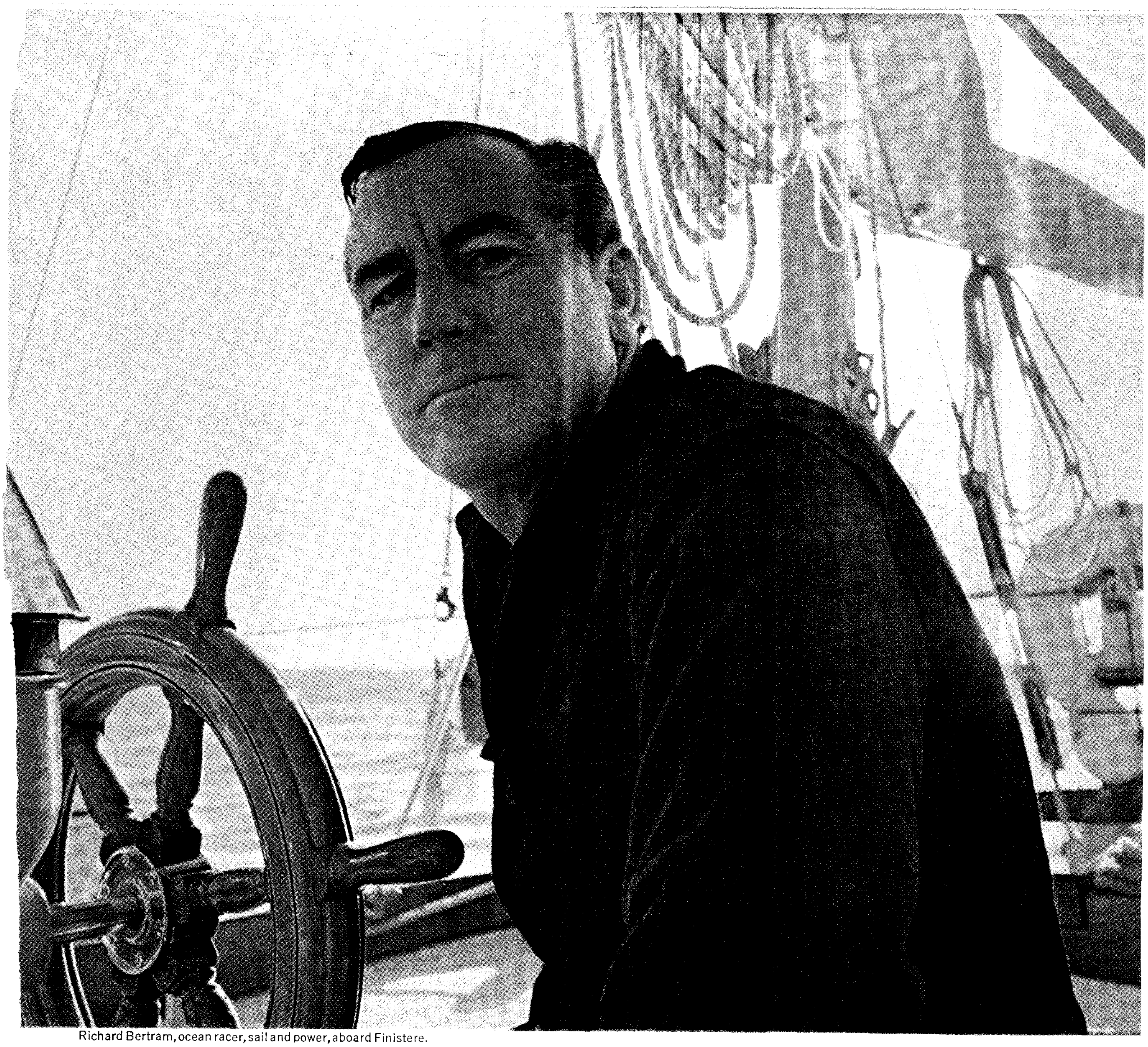

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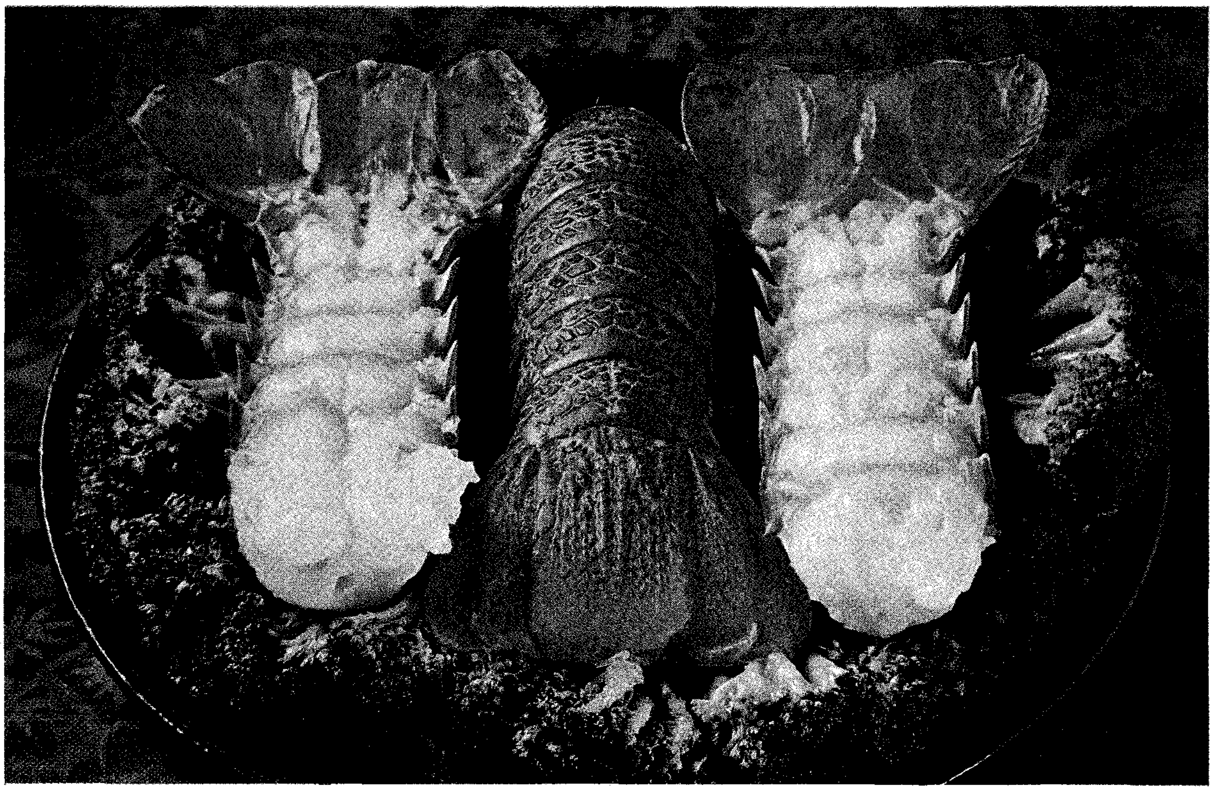

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an English major. I want to write."

It was plain from the outset that some people, white and Negro, have come to regard Watts as having a kind of glamour of its own. Most people think of it as a place of great desolation and hopelessness—physically quite different from Harlem, because it is a product of another historical period, but not unlike certain other ghettos spread out across the country. Still, there seemed to be a peculiar fascination with it here, and a Negro writer from Los Angeles, Louis Lomax, brought some of this out when he arose in one session and said, on the basis of information whose source and nature he did not make clear, "Watts is erupting again. They are starting to break windows. Tonight's the night." Tonight turned out not to be the night, but there was endless talk of Watts, much of it cued by people from Watts, who seemed to regard themselves as a breed apart, just as they regarded the section as a place apart. At one point, Lomax called a "Watts press conference." He appeared with a Los Angeles city councilman from Watts and a clergyman. Both were men of striking mien—handsome, erect, and with tense, solemn, expectant expressions, as if they had seen (as surely they had) things of great terror and awfulness and were braced for similar sights. Nevertheless, one wondered why there seemed to be separatist tendencies in Watts, why its representatives spoke in its name rather than in the name of persons from the ghetto—any ghetto—as most of the others did. There were no separate press conferences to discuss the particular problems of other slums. One of the best-known of the national leaders of the movement thought he had an explanation. "I'm tired of hearing Watts, Watts, Watts," he said. "The only difference I can see between them and anyone else is that they're Californians. Californians are all like that. They think everything they've got is the greatest, and the Negroes have caught it and want everyone to think that Watts is the greatest in misery, the greatest in poverty, the greatest in danger, in everything. It isn't, but they want it to be. Now that California has passed New York in population, they want to shove Watts out in front of Harlem. It is worse in a lot of ways, but it isn't the worst in all ways. And they want to be the leaders."

IN the current issue of *Life*, there is a hairy, scary article about young Negroes in every city in the country

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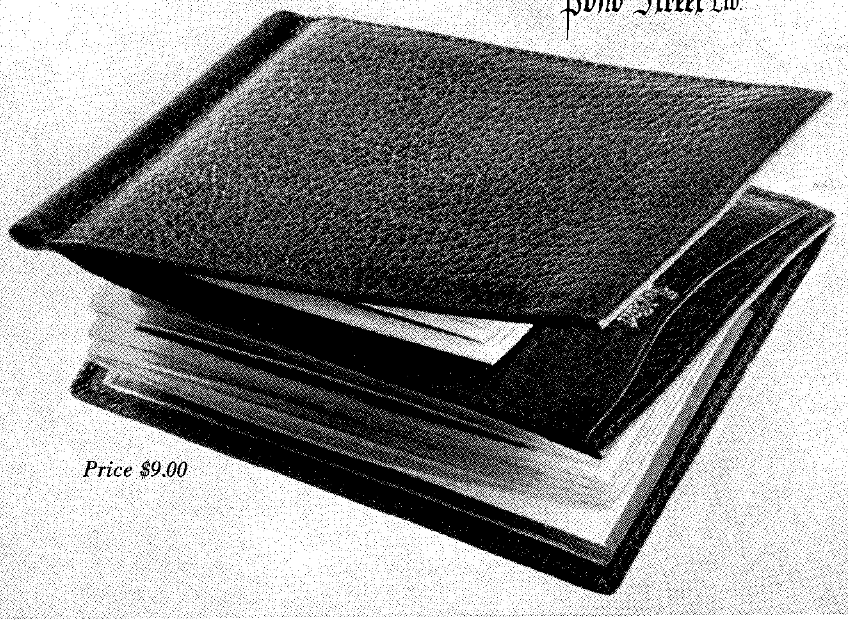

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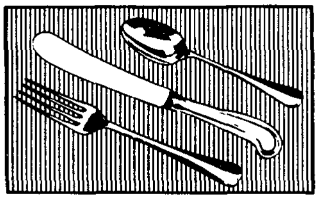

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who have nothing but contempt for the leaders of the civil-rights movement and for the idea of social and political change wrought by nonviolent strategies. They are armed, they are organized, they are desperate, according to *Life*, and they are "working resolutely toward an Armageddon in which Whitey is to be either destroyed or forced to his knees. Their avowed aim is a summer of chaos—'Wattses, lots of them, only worse, much worse.'" As far as is known, these people were not represented or even spoken for at the Sheraton-Park, but much was said about their existence, about their mood, about their guns and other weaponry, and about their intentions. Some of the people here may have been in sympathy with them; many, certainly, were no less desperate. But what nearly all of the people here seemed to know is that Whitey simply isn't going to be destroyed or brought to his knees. There are too many of him, he has superior weaponry, and he is by no means committed to nonviolence. A serious attempt at an Armageddon could lead, even at this late day in the civil-rights "revolution," to an American apartheid. The legal barriers to "opportunity" have mostly been removed; this, however, is not the first but the second time they have been removed. In the late nineteenth century, ingenious lawyers and lawmakers found ways of setting them up again, and ingenuity is not lacking today.

No white man and probably no Negro can foretell even the immediate future. It may be a summer of terrible violence or a relatively peaceful one. The only certainty is that for most Negroes and many whites it will be a terrible summer anyway, with or without violence. One felt here, though, another certainty. If this militant but nonviolent movement fails, it will not be for lack of able and talented leadership. At almost any civil-rights gathering, one is impressed by the fact that the leaders, at least down through the middle echelons and often far into the lower ones, are men and women of extraordinary intelligence, dedication, and strength. No other American movement since the founding of the Republic has been so fortunate in the talents of its command. Compared to these people, the leaders of the American labor movement, for example, have mainly been clods and clowns. There was more eloquence and wisdom here than in any twenty Democratic or Republican National Conventions. Listening to the conference, one gained not another certainty but at least a near cer-

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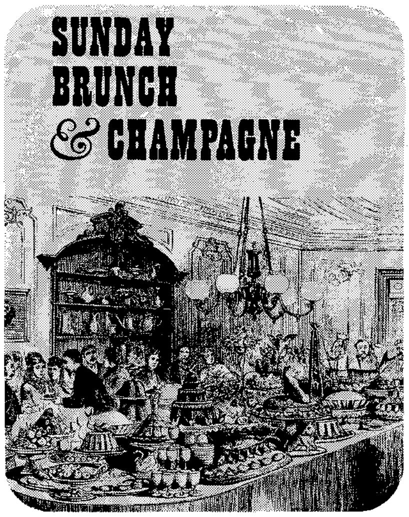

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tainty. Though no one would care to admit it, and though the word "revolution" is on everyone's lips, this is essentially a most conservative movement. Integration is a conservative ideal, segregation a reactionary one. And most of those who speak of integration do not ask to be integrated into some utopia dreamed up on the New Left or into some new sort of American hell created by hoodlums. The fact appears to be that American Negroes want to be part of the American society that now exists, worthless and very much in need of change as much of it may be.

At every conference, everyone is always asking himself and everyone else: What good is this doing? Why are we here? What good can come out of a conference anyway? The political-minded always have a ready answer—and one whose truth has often been tested. The conference builds support for the programs that are agreed upon. It puts pressure on the agencies of government. The answer is not entirely satisfying. Of course the presence of twenty-six hundred more or less influential people reminds the politicians that they are going to be watched and judged. But two pellets in the hide of James Meredith (whose march many of the leaders here had attempted to discourage) probably have had much greater effect. And what political effect such meetings may have comes from the mere *presence* of these leaders, not from what they say. If they all stood mute in the street, it might be more effective. Roy Wilkins closed the conference by addressing himself to this point. "It has been held in some quarters that conferences such as this are nothing but talk," he said. "The answer is that in an honest and accurate sense, they *are* talk. But so, too, was the Sermon on the Mount. . . . So were the Lincoln-Douglas debates. . . . What were the lamentations of the ancient Hebrews but talk to revive their people and to restore their relationship to God and to hope? What, indeed, were the spirituals of the slaves of our own South but talk set to the chants for a new day of freedom and dignity?" —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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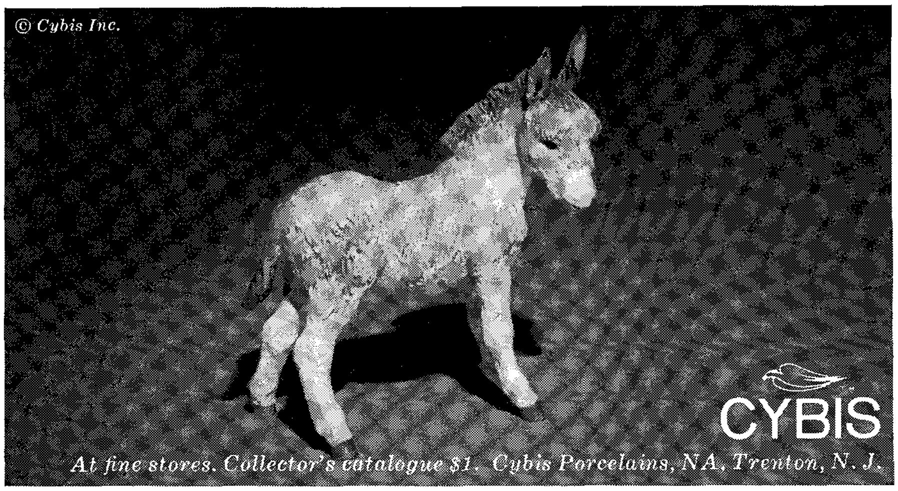

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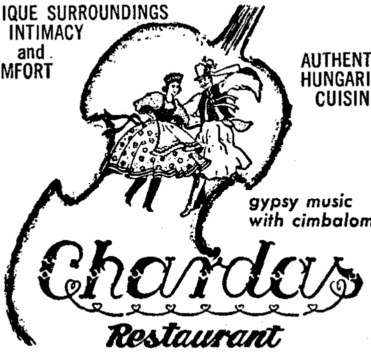

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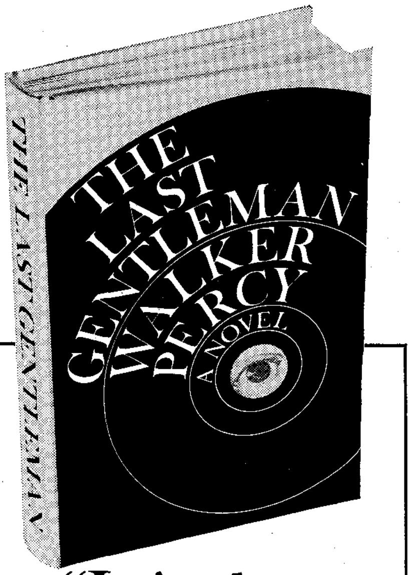

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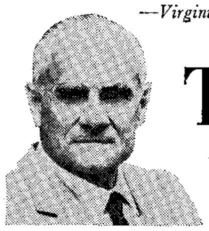

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CHURCHILL, TAKEN FROM THE DIARIES OF LORD MORAN: THE STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL, 1940-1965 (Houghton Mifflin). In 1940, Sir Charles Wilson, later Lord Moran, one of Great Britain's most distinguished doctors, was asked to look after the country's new Prime Minister, Winston Churchill. Lord Moran became more than a medical adviser; he became an intimate friend not only of Winston but of all the Churchills. His view is one the reader is happy to have—that of a sensitive, cultivated man whose technical skill is amplified by a professional and a personal interest in psychology. (He once wrote a book, "The Anatomy of Courage," examining what makes men do exceptional things.) In Churchill, of course, he had an unsurpassed subject for study. Lord Moran is both loving and critical as he constantly tries to deepen his understanding of a complicated, good, difficult, and surprising man. Though this impressive book is in some respects exhaustive, it suggests a few fascinating political questions that it does not answer; for example, was Churchill in decline less diligent than, say, Stanley Baldwin in his prime? Even so, it offers a meticulous, credible portrait, including aspects of Churchill that seemed astonishing to Lord Moran. The Prime Minister's courage, as the Doctor slowly learned, was not natural fearlessness but willed—a victory in a constant battle against too much imagination and a hereditary tendency to depression. Moran's bulldog-breed idol had not feet of clay but nerves of cobweb. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Ten dollars.

RARE BOOKS
LASZLO

THE CORRUPTED LAND: THE SOCIAL MORALITY OF MODERN AMERICA, by Fred J. Cook (Macmillan). Part editorial, part reporting, totally gloomy. Mr. Cook feels that the country's morals are going to the dogs, and to prove it he offers good accounts of the electrical companies' price-fixing conspiracy, the television quiz-show frauds, and the shenanigans of Billie Sol Estes and Bobby Baker. In all these affairs, he points out, many people knew that the principals were up to no good, but nobody cared or dared stop them. Mr. Cook believes that the bigness of business and government makes wrongdoing seem less than wicked; a crook may feel he is not injuring anyone in particular—only corporations, governments, or similar aggregations of strangers. But Mr. Cook's stories do not quite bear out his contention that impersonality causes corruption, since his subjects lied to and defrauded, face to face, people who trusted them. Mr. Cook's thesis about the decline of America's ethics is not proved, either—if only because it is impossible to compare the sins of the fathers to those of the sons.

A PASSIONATE PRODIGALITY, by Guy Chapman (Holt, Rinehart, & Winston). The first American publication of an Englishman's memoir of the First World War. The author, who has since become a well-known historian, published it in 1933 (English reviewers were dazzled), but managed to make his experience in France read less after the fact than very much of its moment. Mr. Chapman preserves his amazement at the strangenesses of war—broken landscapes, rats in the trenches, and the often unexpected heroism of comrades-in-arms. He does not attempt to place his battle experiences in the war's over-all course, which is a limitation, especially for readers too young to know as much about actions on the Western Front as Chapman's contemporaries do. But it is more than made up for by the author's thoughtful, evocative prose.

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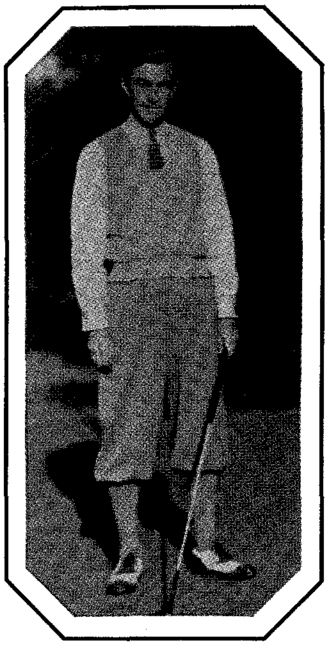
LO AND BEHOLD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Damariscotta (Maine) Lincoln County News*]

This is a warning of vandalism of a new kind discovered, as posy picking cheep. Early Monday morning Mr. and Mrs. Phillips arose early to see how good the shower had done when lo and behold the front dooryard was covered with trampled blossoms. Two big white glads missing from the garden, lying pulled to pieces in the driveway add was Tinias, Bright red roots, Geraniums, pulled and chom ped and scattered, calendulas lend ing their bright yellow and Nasturtion all trampled. Such destruction and mourning over the beautiful destruction. Two sheep appeared over the road and we found hteir hoof prints.

GENE SARAZEN

CRAIG WOOD



JOHNNY FARRELL

JIMMY DEMARET

Imagine one golfer with the swing of all these. That's what we did with a Scotch.

The whiskies we were after occur about as often as a hole in one.

Rothes, Tains, Cardows and a handful of others.

These are the prize key whiskies you'll find at the heart of the world's greatest Scotches.

Most distillers will settle for one or two of these whiskies and round out their blends with others.

We wanted to take the whole lot and combine them into one.

(Which is sort of like trying to break 70 with a broomstick.)

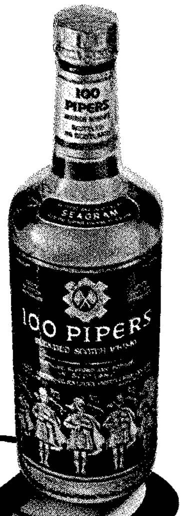
It took more than 20 years to collect the whiskies we wanted.

And once we had them, it took 530 tries to get the perfect combination.

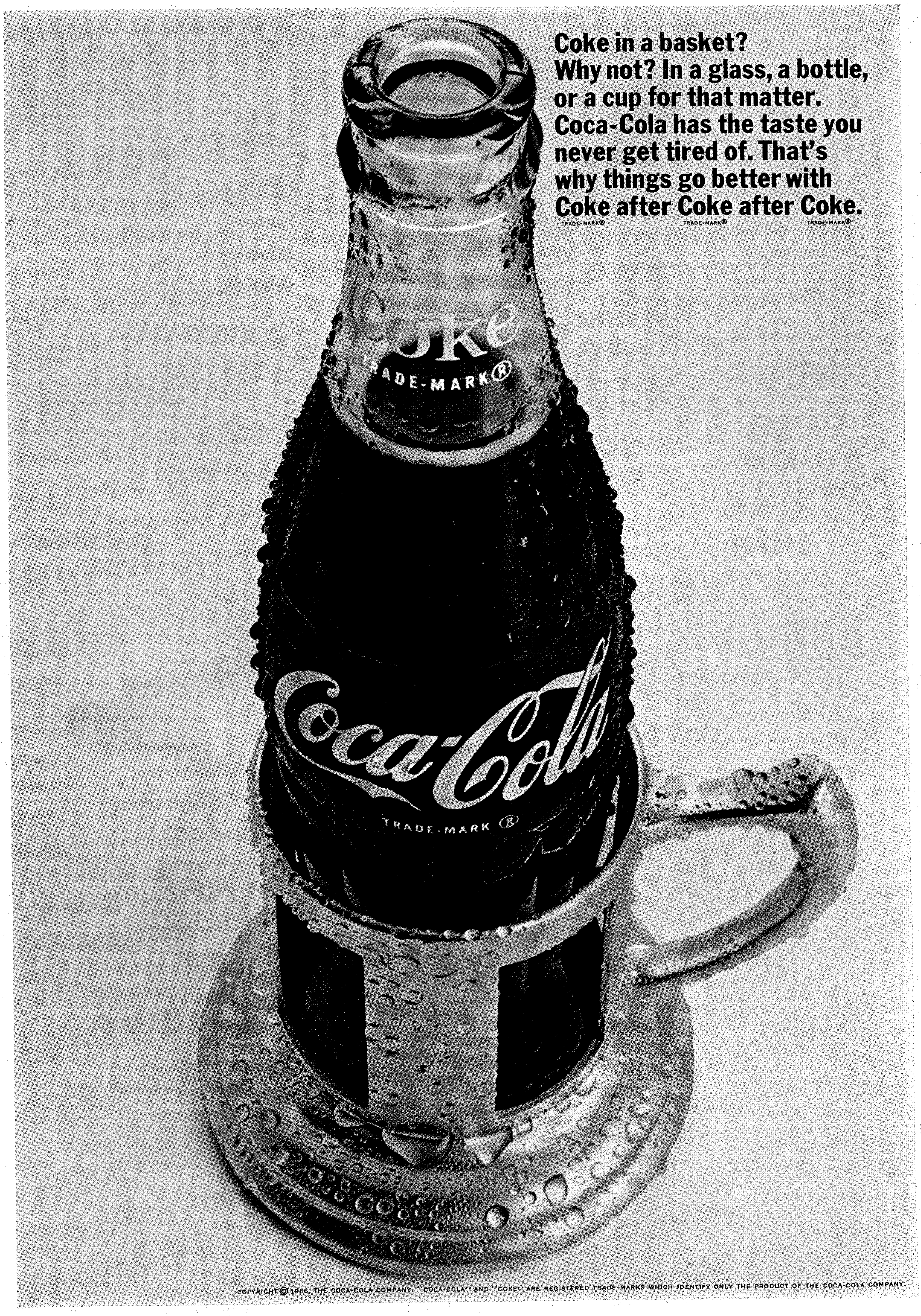
But the Scotch we came for is now being bottled in Scotland at a price you'll find is fair.

In fact, once you try a bottle, we think you'll find our approach is one of the smoothest you've ever tried.

EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF.



100 Pipers
Scotch by Seagram



Coke in a basket?
Why not? In a glass, a bottle,
or a cup for that matter.
Coca-Cola has the taste you
never get tired of. That's
why things go better with
Coke after Coke after Coke.
TRADE-MARK® TRADE-MARK® TRADE-MARK®

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